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THE MORAL WEAPON

Buck Leaned Heavily Against the Boy's Leg and Set Up a Barking Whose Brave Defiance Merely Covered His Primeval Fears

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

THE boy put down his brimming milk pail and let himself through the pasture bars; he stopped there a moment, listening to the voices of night and the mountains. Across the new-fallen sodden snow came the regular lapping of the lake. The gentle breeze from the top of Mount Ebert above, which was making a baby surf on the pebbly shore, had stirred up a ghostly soughing in the grove of dwarf pines by the bank. Buck, his black nondescript dog, leaned against his leg and gave a low controlled growl. Something had stirred among the pines—a rabbit or bobcat perhaps; something whose padded feet could be heard in a tiny, muffled, staccato roll as it scurried over the sodden snow of early autumn. On the mountain slope above a blend of yelp and bark sounded, reverberated, grew by the echoes of cliffs and gorges to the winter yearning of a wolf pack. Buck leaned heavily against the boy's leg and set up a barking whose brave defiance merely covered his primeval fears.

There was no moon; the coyote was singing to the stars. They shone jeweled at that mile-and-a-half altitude, their faint distant light thrown back by the blanket of snow. Above, almost through a quarter of the arc of the heavens, the shadowy mass of the mountain blotted out the stars and their faint background of sky. On its dim edge perched one vivid planet, whose diffused light made along the snowy crest a faint aurora. The coyote had now stopped his hunger call in the midst of a bark as though his appeal to the ancient gods of the wolf pack had brought him prey of squirrel or snowshoe rabbit. The last echo died away. The breeze was falling; the lake lapped more faintly. Except only for that, the silence was profound, absolute. It was stillness rather than silence. It seemed to be compound of many tiny whispering voices—as a blend of all colors makes white. It was eternity, life itself, calling in the still voice of God across that night from which was forged the universe.

Buck had stopped his cowardly defiance of the coyote and was making a swift excursion toward the pine grove, whimpering under his breath.

"Here, Buck—come here!" cried the boy in the stern tones of authority. But under that tone, as under Buck's, was the hint of a quaver. This young tender manifestation of the highest form that life has taken and this friendly animal were both a little subdued by the awe of creation. As the boy started across the door yard toward the house, the white foamy surface of his milk pail ran into nervous ripples from the shaking of his hand. The single window of the kitchen lean-to threw a warm reassuring beam of light from an oil lamp. Inside he took down a clean square of cheesecloth from a line of dish towels and began to strain and set the milk.

The oil lamp, burning briskly above a glass globe polished like a fresh-cut diamond, revealed a room papered with printed matter. Old, yellowing newspapers made great art squares on one side; on the other, the sheets of periodicals, illustrated pages alternating with letter press, patterned themselves into an irregular checkerboard. An old crayon portrait, an advertising calendar showing a brightly tinted maiden holding a flaming rose between her teeth, a chromo of Vesuvius by moonlight broke this pattern. Above a kitchen table covered with red diamond-patterned oilcloth ran a shelf holding three specimens of galena ore.

Except for the stove, the cupboard with its curtain of faded turkey-red cotton and the row of kitchen utensils ranged on nails—that was all; but its dusted neatness suggested a governing feminine presence, as an empty nest suggests a bird. That suggestion was carried further by a glimpse, through an open door to the main log house beyond, of a sewing machine tossed high with white muslin.

The boy as revealed by the light showed a tow-headed, ordinary-looking young person with a skin tanned a rich golden brown, a snub nose trailed over by a stippling of freckles, a clear violet-blue eye which had a trick of moving slowly, and a motion of his limbs stronger than his age demanded—but also more awkward. He was dressed in overalls. The jumper, open at the throat, exposed a sturdy neck above a hickory shirt; and as the heat from the blazing new-polished stove reached him, he slipped off into a chair an old black overcoat, evidently cut down from a larger size. As for the dog, he was just a plain short-haired black cur wherein hound, as shown by his flopping ears and his soft, weak, brown eye, seemed to predominate.

Having set the milk, the boy went as one accustomed to household routine to the row of utensils back of the stove, chose a frying pan, dusted it with a mature care beyond his years, took a thin round steak from a platter, arranged this in the frying pan. Setting the pan aside on the back of the stove, he filled a teakettle from a pail on the bench by the door and set it to boil. As he worked, however, his slow gaze shifted to the single window. The dog, momentarily attracted by the smell of fresh meat, followed him for a moment, an alert tail waving gently. Then, as losing interest in food through the stress of some greater but vaguer emotion, he sniffed against the sheet of cold air

blowing through the crack of the doorsill, sniffed at the window ledge, his tail now stiff and straight. He barked under his breath; the sound, dropped into that silence, brought the boy erect.

"Shut up, Buck!" he said.

The dog turned a watery brown eye upon him, gave two or three short jerks of his long, smooth tail and resumed his contemplation of the window ledge. An instant later he was barking full-mouthed—the hollow bay of a hound. The boy, as one who finds relief in action, caught him by the collar, jerked him back. Buck, with some final indignant woofs under his breath, fell again to listening. Into the stillness there came the faintest vibration. Still holding Buck's collar, the boy, after a moment of hesitation, reluctantly opened the door to the shrill air. Buck leaped forward, dragging him outside, and broke into a hysteria of wild barking. When with voice and cuffs he had reduced the dog to a quivering silence, the boy listened again. The vibration had resolved itself into a faint, slow beating of hoofs as of a walking horse. From the sound, they were now just off the corral bar. Now they had stopped. Somewhere out in the blackness were horse and rider; but no voice as yet broke the stillness.

A full half minute the boy waited, Buck subdued and bristling by his side; then, as though no longer able to bear the strain, he called: "Hello!"

At the involuntary break of his voice a hot flush suffused his tan. He was quivering a little, as in rhythmic sympathy with the excited quiverings of Buck.

A perceptible pause; and then from the darkness came a voice—masculine, vibrant:

"Hello, yourself!"

Now, sound having been piled on to smell, Buck barked again. When he was subdued, the boy asked in a steadier voice:

"What do you want?"

That curious pause followed before the voice asked:

"Anybody at home?"

"Nobody but me."

The pause again.

"Does 'me' mean a boy or a girl?" asked the voice a little more heartily.

"I'm a boy."

The quaver was gone now from his light-tenor tone; the words popped out as though driven by a little resentment. This time the voice answered instantly and still more heartily:

"All right! Then chuck your dog inside—if he is a biting dog—and come out here for a minute—will you?"

Hypnotized for the moment into parting with his only natural protector, the boy dragged the barking, protesting Buck to the doorway, shoved him inside, shut the door on him. Turning, he took the familiar path to the gate. The mass of a horse made a darker patch in the darkness. By its side was the outline of a dismounted man. The beast, head down, was breathing heavily. As the boy came nearer he could feel on his face the radiation of animal heat. The man was speaking now and in that same clear voice, rather soft but vibrant too.

"Got any horses here, bub?" he asked. Something in that clear voice seemed to require instant obedience both of action and answer.

"No, sir," said the boy. His trembling was gone now. "Dad and mother took the team away. They're the only horses we've got."

Another pause.

"Any other chance to buy or hire a horse round these parts?"

"No, sir. Not till you get near Carbonado."

"You're left alone to tend house for the night, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

He almost pulled this answer back, as indiscreet and bordering on the realization of his worst fears. Then, having said it, he tumbled out with boyish confidence:

"Aunt Sallie is sick over at Carbonado. Dad had to go along to drive mother. They took Minnie with 'em and left me to tend to the chores."

"Minnie's your little sister, I suppose," said the man. "I bet the chores are well kept up—well kept up." He spoke musingly, as though his mind were not on what he was saying. "Well, bub"—this in a more certain tone—"this horse of mine has gone lame—awfully lame. If your horses are away I suppose you have a stall?"

"Yes, sir, plenty of stalls," said the boy.

"Then suppose you lead me to it."

When the boy lowered the corral bars, his eyes, grown now a little accustomed to the darkness, got the outlines of a thoroughly wearied horse. As he stood his head drooped almost to the ground; as he walked forward his near shoulder rose and fell in the motion of a painful limp.

"Got a lantern here?" asked the man as they dived into the dark cavern which was the stable mouth. "All right—light it if you will—wait a moment—close that door." He struck a match, held it up while the boy took down a lantern from its nail by the lintel, raised its chimney. With the last dying flare of his match, the man touched the wick.

At first the boy noticed the horse rather than the man. Mud-splashed from hock to belly, he radiated both heat and moisture. White foam in lather ran down his sides, across his flanks and breast. He stood with his left front leg a-tiptoe, the rest of his legs spraddled. The boy, running an experienced hand along his shoulder, noticed then a new, scraping wound across his left breast. He slipped the bridle, tied the beast with a rope halter. It was a roan, small but not so small as a broncho. Its neck was long like a broncho's, but finer drawn.

"What Those Crooks Don't Know About Mining Fills a Dude Tenderfoot From the East With Scornful Merriment"

"A badly strained shoulder — I thought so," said the man.

"I wish it had been my shoulder instead of his," he added in a low regretful tone. The boy, his attention recalled from the pressing question of the horse, had time now to look at the man. He, too, was splashed with mud. His trousers, his boots and the fringes of his short overcoat were caked where they were not dripping. There was a bad mud stain, too, across the back of his shoulders. Yet concerning this clothing the boy had a sense of a neat unfamiliarity of cut and fashion. His boots, for example, were not of plain loose cowhide; they fitted close to the calf and were laced through heavy eyelets.

"Help me with the saddle, kid," said the man; and the boy, as he began to fumble with the thongs of a back cinch, had a good look at his face, now plain in the lantern light. He was smooth-shaven and his complexion was agreeably sandy. As though he were accustomed to be pleasant in all his intercourse, when he spoke the tense anxiety of his expression broke into a half smile which showed white, regular, well-kept teeth. He had a stubby nose and a square aggressive jaw.

The boy, as the man threw the stirrups across the seat and lifted the saddle, let his slow blue eyes wander over his features with a kind of repressed admiration. Fugitive from justice though he might be—and that seemed to a frontier-trained boy the most tenable theory of such a mysterious appearance—he had seemed likable from the moment when his voice first sent a current of personality out of the darkness.

All this, in spite of the fact that his next action was such as to double suspicion. A long holster had come off with the saddle. He opened this now, drew out a short repeating rifle, tried its hammer with a careful thumb and set it up in the corner. The boy noticed, at first with a little shiver, then with a sense of thrilling melodrama, that he was belted under his coat and that his clothing bulged just forward of the left hip.

"Got any old gunny sacks here?" inquired the stranger suddenly. "And I hope your dad didn't take all the horse blankets. The poor beast is done for the night, but we may save him in spite of the shoulder."

The boy fetched sacking and blankets. Together they rubbed the dripping coat of the slim little roan, which—with signs of reviving life—turned his long graceful neck to look at them out of his brown eyes, as though inquiring why he suffered so.

"That will do for now," said the man. "He needs rest more than he needs oats. In an hour or so, when he is all cooled off, you might give him a drink and a feed—in case I'm not here."

He picked up the rifle with one hand, the lantern with the other.

"What kind of place have you here, bub?" he asked. "Is it so that a man can decently ask for something to eat—something hot by preference?" He stood smiling easily down on the boy.

"Yes, sir."

The boy had intended to show craft, as one must with hunted criminals, but somehow when the man smiled down on him a warm wave of confidence melted suspicion and brought candor in its wake.

"I guess I can shake you up something," he said. Then, with a communicative burst: "Mother cooks meals and suppers for freighters and stage passengers summers, when they use this road from the fork to Carbonado. Dad's got a claim here. He works it summers." The boy checked himself.

"Let's see," said the stranger, "seems to me I've heard over at Dos Vacas that after snow sets in they use the lower road round the other side of the mountain. The roads branch out just above the falls, don't they?" He looked down at the boy now with an attention more concentrated than any he had shown hitherto.

"Yes, sir. This is easier summers, but it gets snowed up winters."

The stranger whistled.

"So that's what the bar was doing there?" he said.

"Yes, sir. Dad put it up last week so that any greenhorn freighter wouldn't go wrong."

"Kind of him," said the stranger. "But on what decisions of other people our fates hang sometimes!"

"You probably wouldn't 'a' found anybody here if you'd come next week," said the boy. "Dad's closing up next week for the winter and we're all moving to Carbonado and I'm going to school."

"You must have gone to school already from the way you talk," said the stranger.

"Oh, I haven't gone much, but mother teaches me when there's no school round."

"Which," said the stranger, "is my idea of a real education. Come along now, bub." At the barn door he stopped.

"I suppose you can find your way in the dark all right," he said. With the ease and certainty which marked all his movements he raised the chimney, gave the lantern a quick shake and they were in darkness. As he crossed the corral bars he laid a detaining hand on the boy's shoulder.

"I want to listen," he said.

Man and boy stood frozen for a long minute. Nothing, however, came out of the night except its savage voices, muffled in their own power. The lake still lapped, the wind still blew, from the pines by the water's rim, whispers of worlds long dead and worlds still generating. The coyote was silent; evidently he had found his supper. But at the end of their vigil a distant sound like a woman in the supreme agony echoed from above—a mountain lion crying his hunger to the stars.

"Go ahead, bub," said the stranger finally.

"You're from the East, I guess?" said the boy over his shoulder as they approached the kitchen door. Two or three times before his curiosity had prompted this question; now it overflowed.

"How did you get that?" asked the stranger, laughing lightly.

"From the way you talk."

The stranger, picking his way behind the slight shadowy bulk of the boy, laughed again.

"Yes, I'm from the East. I'm a tenderfoot. Still, my feet aren't so gosh-blamed awful tender as they were a few months ago. They're getting a little calloused round the edges of the soles, bub—quite a little calloused."

Inside, the teakettle was already boiling away its load in spurting clouds of steam. The stranger threw himself into a chair; but before his limbs relaxed he set the short rifle against the wall. Then for a moment he rested passive, all the lines of his face drooping. The boy scooped a dipperful of water from the pail, gingerly lifted the hot lid of the teakettle.

"Wait a minute, bub," said the man. "Now that you've got the water boiling—have you any tea in the house? Good! Coffee might take too long. Just a bit of bread and butter and tea—I'll take the bread now, if you don't mind."

"I can cook you a steak," said the boy, indicating the frying pan.

"That's all right—keep that for yourself. I may not be here very long—not very long."

He had a curious habit, this stranger, of repeating his words in a musing tone. On this, he shook himself as one struggling with sleep, rose, opened the door and stood listening. Buck, having by now accepted him as one properly introduced, stood beside him—a sensitive inquiring nose lifted and sniffing; but he did not bark.

The stranger closed the door, drew up his chair to the table.

"All right, bub," he said, "fire away with your tea." He bent now a look of amused interest on the boy. "What shall I call you?" he asked.

"Thomas W. Duane is my name," replied the boy, setting the tea aside to steep; "but they call me Tommy."

"If it is necessary to call me anything during our acquaintance, which is likely to be brief—this time anyway—call me Henry. And now, Mister Host, the refreshment if

you please." He buttered a slice of bread, attacked it ravenously. As the boy turned back to the stove for the teapot, the stranger regarded him with that same amused interest; then he started slightly as with the sudden arrival of an idea. His look of amusement grew to a broad smile which stood out oddly against a kind of drawn expression about his eyes.

"Tommy," he said, "you haven't entertained any other gentle stranger this evening, have you?"

"Nobody's been here but you," said the boy.

"While you strike me as a boy who has been brought up to tell the truth," said the stranger, "I'm obliged to ask you if you're sure. A big Western fellow, for example; a long thin man with gray streaks in his red whiskers, answering to the name of Hamilton—Hammy, for short?"

"No, sir," said the boy. Then as he poured a cup of steaming tea and set it with sugar and cream before the stranger he came out frankly with his suspicions.

"You're on the dodge, aren't you?" he asked.

"At this moment," replied the stranger, "I might be described as quite considerably on the dodge, Tommy."

He seasoned his cup, tested it, took a long draught.

"That puts life into a man," he said. "Yes, Tommy, I'm on the dodge—Hammy and I." He smiled on the boy again; then his face grew graver as he went on: "Tommy, I'm not asking you to do anything so foolish as to assist a fugitive from justice. I can see from the looks of this place that you have a good mother, Tommy. If she believed what the sheriff of Dos Vacas has to say about me she wouldn't want you to help me out. But I'll tell you what you do. If you'll give me certain information, which I need in my business, you can give the same information to the sheriff when he comes along—which, I suppose, he may almost any moment. That's fair, don't you think?"

Tommy let his slow blue eyes sweep the stranger's face for a moment. Henry the fugitive was smiling across his teacup. This all seemed plausible to Tommy; it justified to his boyish sense of logic doing that which his impulses swept him on to do.

"All right!" said Tommy briefly.

"I want to know if there is any kind of trail over this mountain to Carbonado—any way but the roads?"

"There used to be a summer trail," said Tommy. "Begins by the big pine and runs up to the Mollie May claim."

"Anybody at home at the Mollie May?"

"No, sir. Everybody knocks off work up here when the heavy snow starts. They all quit and went to town last week. The trail's over rocks to the Mollie May."

"And therefore passable—at least in daytime," said the stranger. "And after the Mollie May?"

The boy shook his head.

"Don't believe anybody could make it," he said. "The snow's filling up the gulches."

"I suppose," said the stranger, "that a desperate and hunted man could make his way at that. Otherwise, I take it, there are only the two roads—this one and the one that branches off to the other side of the mountain. How far is it to Carbonado by this road, Tommy?"

"'Bout eighteen miles."

He who called himself Henry suddenly threw back his head in a listening attitude, rose, moved to the door. There again he listened. Once Buck, sniffing beside him, gave a low woof under his breath. Henry crouched down, patted him into silence, listened for a long moment. Then he shut out the keen mountain air and turned back to his seat.

Again the boy gave expression to the fascinated curiosity that had been flooding his eyes.

"Say," he said, "what was it you did—what are they after you for?"

"Well," said Henry, "I don't exactly know, Tommy. You'll get that information when the minions of outraged justice catch up with my trail, as they may do before this night is done. I suspect it's horse stealing that I committed. I strongly suspect it. That's a low inexcusable crime and doesn't require the formality of a trial—at least not in these Rocky Mountains. I shouldn't wonder if I'd complicated my crime by almost everything except murder. Tommy, if you'll give me another cup of tea I'll rid this house shortly of my tainted presence."

The stranger turned the subject then; drew Tommy out concerning the life of a boy there in that boy's paradise of the old lavish mountain frontier, where trout jumped from the stream to take your bait, where rabbit and ptarmigan ranged, where your elders brought you, second-hand, thrilling adventure with bears and mountain lions. Already—Tommy slipped this in with pride—he had shot a prong-horn buck.

"Just one more cup of hot tea," said the stranger at length, "and ——"

The cup of tea was never poured. For Buck, his paws on the window ledge, had let out a "woof" which grew to a torrent of deep baying. The stranger sprang lightly from his chair. His jaw closed like a trap and all the smile went out of his eyes. Also, as the boy remembered afterward, his hand shot to his right breast, remained there a moment before it shifted to the bulge at his hip.

"Shut that dog up!" he said. His voice was now commanding. Tommy reduced the dog to silence. Henry threw open the door. Faintly, out of darkness and distance, came the drumming of hoofs.

The stranger possessed himself of his rifle.

"Tommy," he said—and his resonant voice took on authority—"you go out to the front gate and talk to them if they hail you—which they will. Listen, now, boy! I don't want you to lie. You've been brought up to tell the truth. Tell it now! They'll ask you everything I said here to-night. Tell them! They'll make it extremely unpleasant for you if you don't. Go on now—and good-by!" He dropped a five-dollar gold piece on to the table beside his teacup. "That's for my supper and stabling," he said.

Tommy took one last sweeping glance at Henry's face before—the dog barking ahead like mad—he plunged into darkness. Just outside he paused again—and his eye, wandering through the window, clutched at a curious thing. The stranger was standing on a chair by the cupboard—the light went out.

The door opened and shut. Tommy heard the tramp of running feet. Across the corral they went, over the fence toward the big pine and the mountain. On the other side, the horses' feet were sounding the rhythm of a lope; they were drawing up at the front gate; four bulks made blurs in the starlight and a voice called:

"Hello, the house!"

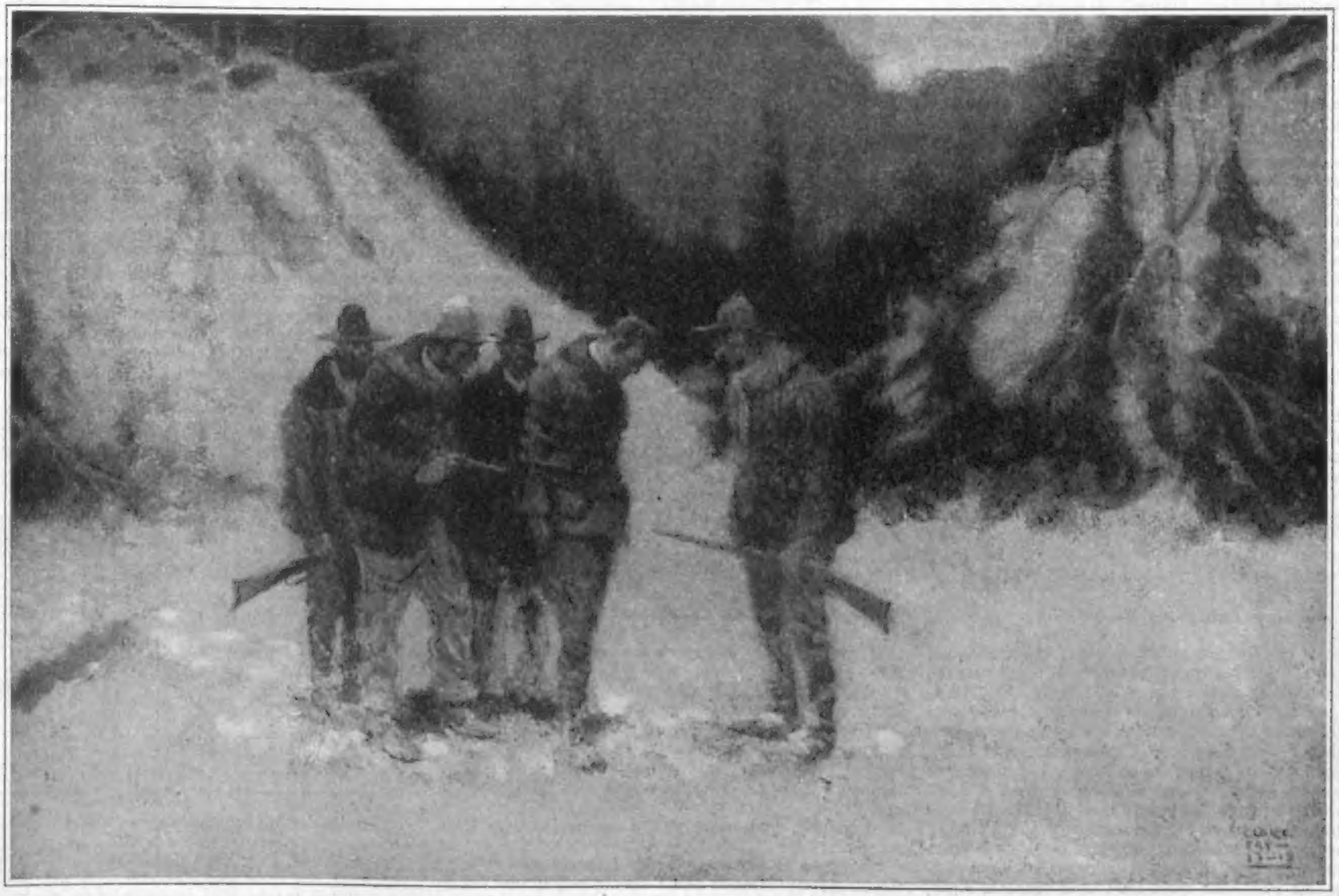
Tommy's voice, as it came out in answer, sounded like the peep of an exhausted sparrow.

"Hello, yourself!" he managed to say, running to the bars.

"Just stay there, whoever you be," said the voice, which was harsh, unpleasing. "You're covered."

The air was still now; the lake had ceased lapping; the night air came chill off the snows; the mountain world had

(Continued on Page 126)



About That Hillock Splashed With White Came a Little Procession. They Had Got the Tenderfoot!

ACCORDING TO A PASSENGER

By Owen Wister

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

FOR one hundred and sixty-five days I had known that the war was over. The newspapers had said so. One look at the German coach in the first French train that I saw was worth all and more than all the headlines of Armistice Day put together. This instantaneous flash of certification by the senses there turned the belief of one hundred and sixty-five days here to a pale ghost.

So I stood on the platform at Havre beside the German coach and took more looks at it, and drank with my eyes this proof that the war was over. It was after a night in the boat from Southampton, run by the London and South Western Railway, for whose squalor no aftermath of war can furnish adequate excuse, whose sheetless blankets I had to smell and try to sleep in, whose food I had to eat or go empty ashore to searching exactions of the police, and whose total sordidness I desire to leave at the threshold of these observations and never meet again either in literature or in life.

I stared happily at the German car, studying its details. It was a better thing in the way of cars than its neighbors; better built, roomier, heavier, its windows of better glass. Delightful it was to read on it the German words over truck and beam that specified its capacities; delightful to see the imperial German heraldic insignia that decorated its sides and proclaimed its politics, painted over with a great big coarse white X. Here it was, coupled in the long French train, waiting obediently to carry its victors to Paris, confiscated, an exile, serving its sentence, doing its bit of expiation for what its makers had done to France.

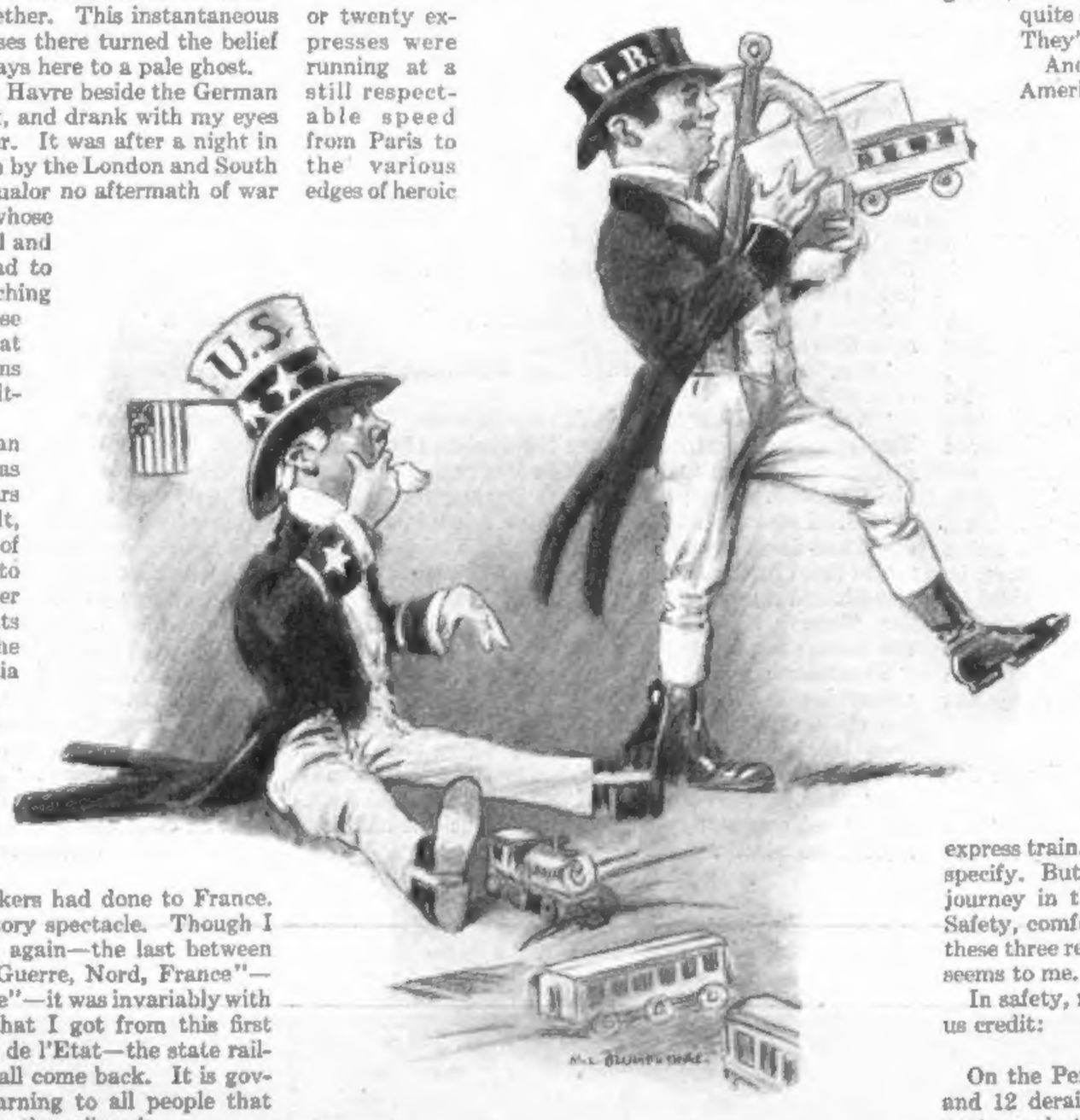
Yes indeed, it was a satisfactory spectacle. Though I saw members of its tribe often again—the last between Paris and Boulogne, labeled "Guerre, Nord, France"—"War, Northern Railway, France"—it was invariably with something of the same relish that I got from this first specimen on the Chemin de Fer de l'Etat—the state railway. To the state railway I shall come back. It is government managed. It is a warning to all people that want the Government to manage the railroads.

Before the train started for Paris that April morning of 1919 I bought to read on the journey such of the time-tables of the various great French railway systems as the lady at the station bookstall had for sale. In Europe you pay a trifling sum for these; you don't in America. We get our folders gratis. With us only a few railroads have branches and trains enough to fill anything larger than a folder, whereas the time-tables of, say, the London and North Western or the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean roads, run to the size of pamphlets.

I paid a penny apiece, I think, for the English time-tables when I last bought them before the war. They're a better thing than anything we do in that line, and well worth the money. Wherever I journey I read the time-tables. I have been reading them for about fifty years. I prefer them to most of the novels you can pick from the newsboy's arms. To me our Official Railway Guide is the great American romance. The mere names of the stations—please meditate upon San Diego, Prairie du Chien, Fremont, New Orleans, New London, Sioux City—disclose to him who knows how to read them many pages of our history. Merely think of checking your trunk from Cicero to Bismarck! Unless the editor fear for his circulation I shall some day expatiate upon this theme.

Time-Tables as Best Sellers

OUT upon the Havre platform I opened the time-tables of the Eastern Railway at the map—it runs along the Marne for a while; it takes you, a safe pilgrim, to Château-Thierry and to other places that our soldiers know; and thanks in part to our soldiers it is a French and not a German railroad—and there it was, itself again after forty-eight years, running through once more to Strasbourg; to Strasbourg in Alsace, instead of stopping short at Avricourt, where Bismarck had lopped it off in 1871. Deutsch Avricourt, the Bismarck frontier station, was now Nouvel Avricourt, and no frontier at all. Not quite itself again yet, though. In July, 1914, eight expresses a day ran eastward on this particular main line; only three in April, 1919, and these slower by three hours. So with all the roads. Fewer express trains, slower schedules. Yet even so, with battles only five months ended, some fifteen or twenty expresses were running at a still respectable speed from Paris to the various edges of heroic France, while precisely two exist in Germany—one from Cologne to Berlin, one from Berlin to Hamburg—another pleasing evidence that the uninvaded Hun is nevertheless feeling consequences.



They Have Borrowed Our Good Points, While We Could Still Borrow to Advantage One or Two of Theirs

"Oh, madame!" I exclaimed. "You don't know what joy this gives me."

It took the bookstall lady by surprise, my little explosion, and for elucidation I held the map to her. She began to smile and to comprehend as I ran my finger along the line of the Chemin de Fer de l'Est from Paris clean through to Strasbourg.

"Yes, yes, sir," said she.

"Madame, I am an American, as you suspect already, from my bad French. I have ——"

"But monsieur speaks French ——"

"Don't flatter me, I pray you. I have been in France many times; but never since 1914 until this morning. *Voilà*, the second *coup de joie* that I come of to receive. The second, madame, in one entirely little quarter of an hour."

Of course she wanted to hear about the first.

"That German coach, madame. And if I was the president of our great American railroad that runs through my city, and my railroad wasn't dead when I got it back from the strangling our ill-organized Government has given it ——"

"Ah, you also? Our government, too, it is ill organized," murmured madame sympathetically.

"I am so sorry. What, then, is the matter with democracy that it chooses so many inferior persons to direct it? Well, if I got my railroad back alive I should change the name of my rapid train between New York and Chicago."

"You also, you name your rapid trains over there, monsieur?"

"Oh, yes; all like you others. I should stop calling it the Broadway Limited and I should call it the Victory Limited. I should compose it of new coaches with new names."

"Ah, even your coaches, you name them?"

"But certainly. Why, don't you—your coaches of luxe? I should name those of my Victory Limited: Belleau Wood, Château-Thierry, Marne, Blanc Mont, Argonne, Mont Sec, Thiaucourt, St.-Mihiel. There are quite enough for several trains. Good-by, madame. They're telling us to get aboard."

And I left her, aware that my reference to our American contribution to victory had cast upon her French responsiveness a subtle chill. I soon learned to abstain from such references. They're not welcome. But why, then, ask our future help in case of German invasion? However, we can afford to let this go. We know what we did, and so do these sensitive allies, even though they're making lighter of it than they did before the armistice.

Our Trains and Theirs

WE STARTED. All was familiar. Language, landscape, the French face, dress, gesture—all familiar since childhood; seen many times since; seen first when the Colonne Vendôme lay broken on the ground, when the black of the burned Tuileries was fresh after the Commune; when in my child's gallery of treasures I had prized a tough crust of Paris siege bread from those Bismarck times, and the tail of a Maltese cat they had eaten then. Then, and ever since, I had rambled over Europe and America, a passenger on many railroads, noticing all trains more searchingly than I noticed my Latin grammar, with the depressing result that to-day I am a better judge of trains than of Latin. A while ago we had a better thing than they had in the way of a long-distance express train. We outdid them in many points that I shall specify. But first, what does a man want when he buys a journey in the best train that runs to his destination? Safety, comfort and speed cover it, do they not? I place these three requisites in the order of their importance, as it seems to me.

In safety, reports and comparisons of 1913 and 1914 do us credit:

1914

On the Pennsylvania Railroad there were 16 collisions and 12 derailments of passenger trains according to reports made to the Interstate Commerce Commission, as compared with 109 collisions and 73 derailments of passenger trains on English railways according to reports made to the Board of Trade. There were no fatalities and 563 injuries to passengers from train accidents on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and 33 fatalities and 723 injuries to passengers from train accidents on the English railways.

There were 9 fatalities and 873 injuries to passengers exclusive of those occurring in train accidents on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and 117 fatalities and 2918 injuries on the English railways. As the English railways carried only five times as many passengers one mile as did the Pennsylvania Railroad the numbers of fatalities both in train accidents and from other causes on the Pennsylvania Railroad compare favorably with the English railways.

1913

A comparison of the records for all the railroads in Britain as against the Pennsylvania Railroad and also all our railroads shows:

	P. R. R.		UNITED KINGDOM		RAILROADS UNITED STATES	
	K	I	K	I	K	I
Number of millions of passengers carried one mile to one killed or injured in train accidents	None	5.0	428.0	19.5	190.3	4.0
Number of millions of passengers carried one mile to one killed or injured in all accidents	318.0	1.9	94.1	3.8	85.4	2.0

The interesting comparison is in the factors underscored.

As to speed, they have always surpassed our quickest schedules, and these were slowed down a good many years ago. Before the war we no longer had the five-hour trains between Boston and New York, the eighteen-hour trains between New York and Chicago, the hour trains between

Philadelphia and Atlantic City; and now the hour-and-fifty-minute trains between Philadelphia and New York are no more. Those fastest Atlantic City trains beat anything in Europe, but this was over a short course; we had nothing equal to the two-hour London and Birmingham schedule, 112 miles; the 118-mile run in two hours from London to Bristol over the Great Western, or the 150 miles in one hundred and fifty minutes—excluding two minutes' stop at St.-Quentin—between Paris and Ercquelines over the Northern. Their list of fifty-miles-an-hour trains was longer than ours; and of forty-five-miles-an-hour trains they ran easily four or five times as many. I am speaking of England and France. In the rest of Europe they didn't equal us in speed. Comfort is another story, and perhaps the most interesting. Before I discuss it and show in detail where we were once ahead of them in comfort let two or three points first be disposed of.

The Best European Train in 1870 Locked Up Its Passengers Six, Eight or Ten in a Compartment

Our trains start with a violent jerk and stop almost as violently. This I observed acutely in the Pennsylvania express train I took two hours after landing in New York from Liverpool. The French and English trains in which I had traveled during the preceding weeks did not jerk. They oozed into motion so imperceptibly that you didn't know you had started unless you were watching. I found this true of six of the great English and French railways.

Rough Riding on De Luxe Trains

I BECAME completely aware of this superiority on landing in England, and on my last day there, two months later, I attentively watched the nine-fifteen A. M. Aberdeen express get under way at Euston. She had fourteen cars, all long cars, and all crowded to capacity. She had a Pacific type engine built at the North Western's Crewe works in 1917, pretty enough to fall in love with. Her three pairs of drivers were six feet nine inches in diameter. She stole off with that train as smooth and easy as a dream. Then I walked back to our nine-thirty Liverpool special. We had an engine with two pair of drivers seven feet in diameter and of a type corresponding to nothing here to-day—cylinders and valve-motion inside, underneath and invisible. She walked off with our train quietly and without any apparent effort.

Quite as violent as the Pennsylvania have been startings of the New Haven and Boston and Maine expresses I have used since my return. It's a displeasing inferiority. Someone may remind me that it is due to our steel cars. Well, if our trains are too heavy to be started without this rough-house on the part of the engineer, what then? They do it better in Europe; that's all. With the starting it is a question primarily of discipline and secondarily of the ratio between the starting power and the weight of the train. With the stopping it is mostly that European engineers take more pains about it than our engineers; there is also room for improvement in the air brakes. Though far too common with us, these rough starts and stops are not universal. To instance a heavy train, the Overland Limited, between Chicago and San Francisco, passes over three great systems, and begins and ceases its motion quietly as a rule.

Next, high platforms. We have a few, at big terminals mostly. In England even at small wayside stations you step in and out on a level. I need not remind you of the clutching gymnastics we have to practice here. Next, the roadbeds. Below the rails in England the roadbed is far more solidly built than with us. Hence a smoothness at any speed which we fail to achieve here, even on the Pennsylvania Railroad. They have not adopted our broken-joint construction, which makes for smoothness; they retain their construction of rail joints opposite each other. Yet in spite of this their Euston-Liverpool express glided with an even motion surpassing the very smoothest we can attain.

Finally it is of long-distance express trains that I am speaking, exclusively. Such local and suburban accommodations as I have observed in England and the Continent are less satisfactory than ours. No train of this sort in Europe that I have seen is as good as the locals out of Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania main line; not to speak of many locals on other roads out of New York and Chicago. The English use of slip carriages we could hardly adopt, and probably have less need for. Just as the pusher is dropped from the rear of the moving train on the New York Central at the top of the hill west of Albany, so the English express will drop at high speed a rear car with passengers for an important way station, like Trenton or Bridgeport. That is a slip carriage. It saves the delay and expense of stopping a fast express, while it also allows the use of that express to passengers bound for places where it makes no stop.

And now for comfort. During the years from 1870 to 1919 I have traveled in the trains of every important railway in the United States, England and France, not to speak of other countries. This period has seen many changes in the appearance of cars both outside and in, the introduction of many important appliances and in general a great stride toward perfection. This is true of engines as well. Forty years ago the trains of the two worlds, the old and the new, resembled each other very little; to-day the best resemble each other considerably. The best European train you could find in 1870—with negligible exceptions in Switzerland—locked up its passengers six, eight or ten, according to class, in a compartment, wherein you sat far less privately than you sat here among a crowd of sixty, and whence you could not get out for any purpose whatever until the train stopped and the conductor came along outside and unlocked the door for you.

The Poor Man's Privilege to Pay

ON THE other hand, the separation of passengers into first, second and third classes was a sensible recognition of differences in purse, precisely like that of our hotels, which have always had rooms of various prices according to their size, furniture and locations. On our trains the poor man had to pay just as much as the rich for his journey, and more than the poor man in Europe. We presently camouflaged classes by parlor car and sleeping car. Later we added tourist sleeper, thus establishing three classes without embarrassment to democratic consistency. We bury our head in the sand of phrases and beat any ostrich going. Yet thousands of Americans—of whom I am one—constantly travel third class in Europe without feeling wounded in their Declaration of Independence or any other part of their anatomy.

Well, those who preside over the destinies of railroads looked across the Atlantic from each side and began to notice more and more closely what the other fellow was doing. To these comparisons they were impelled by the comments of travel. Europeans came here and said, "Your beastly trains"; Americans went there and said, "Your beastly trains"; both were partly right, even with allowance made for the fact that we are apt to prefer our own things, and our own things are apt to be better adjusted to our particular needs than other people's things are. But this didn't wholly cover the case of trains; there really were advantages to be borrowed both ways.

No experienced and careful observer of railroads in the United States can fail to bear witness to the illustrious preëminence of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It has set many a fashion, established many a standard, been a pioneer in excellent innovations. None other has displayed such imagination and intelligence. Though others have imitated it in many particulars they have not yet equaled it, and it remains to-day in nearly all respects of comfort the most civilized railroad in our country.

Following and surpassing the Boston

(Continued on Page 181)

Our Trains Start With a Violent Jerk and Stop Almost as Violently

A SUNSET

By ANTHONY WHARTON

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

"GOOD-BY," said Mr. Wyatt again. Adventurously he continued to hold Miss Stapleton's hand for just that little space longer which appeared to him, in view of the progress their intimacy had made that afternoon, desirable and advisable. He smiled his charming smile and allowed his expressive eyes to convey to Miss Stapleton's his entire happiness and contentment with the universe at that particular moment and his entirely candid and respectful appreciation of Miss Stapleton herself. His face, turned to the comfortable radiance of a rose-shaded lamp, was, he felt, at that moment a pleasant, winning, sympathetic face; perhaps in the slightly wistful appeal which he hoped it expressed amongst other subtle simplicities, an even boyishly pleasant, winning and sympathetic face. He felt boyish at that moment. He was boyish at that moment. Casting the distrustful prudence of forty-six to the gentle wind of emotion that stirred him he permitted to the hand that held Miss Stapleton's an absolutely decorous and obviously boyish and impulsive little pressure—not a squeeze. The soul of Mr. Wyatt shuddered for an instant at the possibility of having appeared to squeeze. But Miss Stapleton's frank blue-gray eyes continued to meet his tranquilly and amicably. She had accepted that momentary tightening in the spirit in which it had been offered, as an unspoken tribute—young, happy, involuntary.

Mr. Wyatt's Motorcycle Came Round the Corner and Skidded Violently on the Wet Asphalt

Indeed to Mr. Wyatt, as he considered her attentively from behind the shelter of that charming and disarming smile of his, Miss Stapleton was very clearly a person whose hand no unauthorized person of any intelligence or judgment would attempt to squeeze. Not that she was severe or prudish or experienced or in any such ordinary manner formidable. On the contrary, her lips, her eyelashes, her nose—ever so slightly tiptilted—her clear, fresh skin, her sunny, rippling hair and all the delicate womanliness of her entirely satisfactory figure invited, if they did not actually challenge. And a frank simplicity of manner and matter-of-fact sense of humor were perhaps the most misleading characteristics. But these, as Mr. Wyatt had early divined, were but the outward husk that sheltered a fruit of a rarity and purity and fragrance indescribable in even his own searching and relentless prose. You will find in the seventh chapter of Woolcote an elaborate analysis of Miss Stapleton's charm, done in the Woolcote microscopic manner—masterly and, as the writer of it would have frankly admitted, pathetically inadequate.

Not everyone who knew Miss Stapleton possessed either Mr. Wyatt's acuteness of observation or his skillful subtlety of phrase, naturally. But most people privileged to look into her blue-gray eyes became instantly aware of something serenely aloof and reticent and exalted that had nothing whatever to do with her jolly friendly manner or her ever-flickering sense of humor or any of the other outward appearances of her picturesque and amiable personality. On different people that evasive quality in Miss Stapleton produced different effects. The particular effect produced upon Mr. Wyatt will presently appear.

Meanwhile, still holding her hand and still smiling, he considered her with an intent interior gravity. Miss Stapleton was twenty-six. She looked, he knew, twenty-one in the brightest sunlight. This afternoon in the subdued light of the drawing-room at Aberdeen Place she appeared somehow more nearly twenty-six—less girlish, more womanly. Womanliness was the feminine quality which Mr. Wyatt valued above all others; and his exaction of it grew, as he was very well aware, more peremptory as the years went by. The slangy, tough-skinned, hardy-eyed young females who filled with their clamor the world to which—a widower somewhat timid and sensitive—he had returned from the seclusion of his seventeen years of married life filled him with an abhorrence which his most determined efforts toward the impartiality proper to a scientific historian of manners and morals were unable to suppress.

Mr. Wyatt held his art highly. All life he held to be, as a scientific modern novelist, his province. But for young women who slanged and played games excessively and protruded their lower limbs unnecessarily and—above all—displayed an utter incapacity to take themselves or art or literature—including Mr. Wyatt—or beauty of any kind with becoming seriousness—from these young persons he shrank with a shrinking incurable.

Miss Stapleton seldom employed slang to convey her ideas; never to conceal the lack of them. She played golf, but badly and cheerfully. Ankles and feet she possessed visibly, but of the slimmest and neatest and most modestly evasive variety. And she had read and seen and listened to all manner of beautiful and splendid things and had loved them with an ardor little less fervent than Mr. Wyatt's own. She always wore soft, indefinite, dainty things. Her little hands were always white and smooth and cool. She closed doors and laid down teacups and moved amongst furniture so that one noticed none of these actions. And she plainly understood and liked and valued Mr. Wyatt in a reasoned and intelligent and altogether encouraging way. Or perhaps not quite certainly encouraging. But at all events in a flattering, comforting, womanly sort of way. Yes, things were progressing quite happily and favorably. A few more such intimate hours would without doubt avoid any appearance of brusquerie. But they need be very few, he hoped, he felt. In the instant before he released her hand he had decided that in a fortnight from that afternoon at the very latest he might becomingly ask of its owner its permanent possession.

II

THE illustrated press of the period 1907–1911—the Woolcote period—abounds in photographs representing Mr. Wyatt in a large variety of poses, attired always in extremely well-cut clothes and wearing always upon his not unhandsome countenance the expression of half-whimsical, half-pathetic good humor which reflected, he believed, his outlook upon a puzzling but extremely interesting world. There is one particularly effective photograph which displays him seated in his study at Nibley Court before an orderly arrayed writing table upon the pad of which appears a half-completed sheet of manuscript. A strong light falls from a window upon his left temple and jaw, accentuating the temperate asceticism of his clean-shaven lips and unobtrusively determined chin. His clothes—as usual—are admirable, his waistcoat uncreased where it might be, his trousers creased where they should be. His hair is blameless. A signed copy of this photograph stood in a place of honor upon a small table near the big Erard in Mrs. Stapleton's drawing-room. Both Mrs. Stapleton and her daughter had made in reference to it many remarks of a nature entirely complimentary to the original. Miss Stapleton in particular admired its sincerity.

And indeed there is no reason to think of Mr. Wyatt as an affected or artificial or conceited person because he was aware of the picture which he presented to Miss Stapleton as he held her hand and looked into her eyes in the warm glow of that rosily shaded lamp. He was none of these things. Nay, affectation and artificiality and self-conceit he hated and despised utterly. And in the emotions which urged him to his decision with regard to Miss Stapleton he was perfectly sincere and simple and humble. He thought her, as he smiled at her calmly, the most desirable, the most lovable, the most adorable woman in the world. He wished ardently that she should think him, too, desirable and lovable, if not actually adorable. And so his smile was, for her, his best smile and his look was, for her, his most expressive look; not instinctively like a raw youth in his twenties, but with the reasoned tact of a man of the world and forty-six.

When at last he released her hand, she went with him to the drawing-room door and stood upon the landing with her hands clasped behind her back after a fashion she had, looking after him while he descended the stairs rapidly and boyishly. He glanced back once to the figure of tender yet somehow imperious grace silhouetted in the framing of the doorway.

"*A bientôt!*" she called with a little farewell wave.

He waved in return, trotted on down the stairs, invested himself in his hat and overcoat and, opening the street door, let himself out into the dusk—a glad, blithe, sprightly boy. As he did so he heard the sound of the drawing-room door shutting. It seemed to him of tremendous significance that she had waited up there on the landing while he put on his hat and coat unseen in the hall below her. He walked rapidly down Aberdeen Place, humming as he went a little glad, sprightly tune. Mrs. Stapleton, returning from a round of duty visits, passed him in the dimness and heard his humming. But he perceived neither her smile nor her cordial bow.

III

AT THE bottom of Aberdeen Place Mr. Wyatt entered the Rock Railway Station, and having descended by that gloomy tunnel to the riverside, stood for a considerable while waiting for a tramcar to bear him to Tramway Center. Far above him the Suspension Bridge hung dimly, traversed by the tiny twinkling lights of unheard vehicles. A tug descending toward Avonmouth bellowed hoarsely as if in anticipation of bad weather in the Channel. The October evening was damply chill, with a persistent rain-flecked wind; and on such an evening the spot where the Hotwells Road becomes the Bridge Valley Road is—with its rare lamps and rarer passers-by—a comfortless place whereat to stand and wait for a tram. Also a slight but growing uneasiness had now begun to invade that portion of Mr. Wyatt's person which is commonly referred to as the pit of the stomach. Under the charming insistence of Miss Stapleton he had consumed at tea three small

scones—delicious things to look upon, crisp and brown and fragrant, and moreover manufactured by Miss Stapleton's own fair hands, but for Mr. Wyatt, sheer, black, murderous poison. Pastry in even the minutest quantities invariably produced in his digestive system a disorder of the most distressing and depressing kind. He had long ceased to hum when the belated tram at length arrived, and in the course of its passage to Tramway Center the warm rosy atmosphere which his thoughts had borrowed from the cozy intimacy of the drawing-room at Aberdeen Place dissipated itself miserably.

Two little shopgirls, who became his fellow passengers at Dowry Square, eyed him for a little while with the simple guile of their kind; and, diverted mysteriously by the abstracted gloom of his countenance, nudged one another and turned their heads away, feigning to peer out into the darkness to hide their smiles. They saw, doubtless, merely a middle-aged gentleman, very carefully dressed, wearing a frown upon his brow for no apparent reason and gazing with curious persistency at an advertisement above their heads. Of the tragedy that was enacting itself behind that secure and prosperous exterior they divined nothing. And so they nudged and smiled and at last tittered, making—while they tittered—conversation of an obviously insincere and fictitious sort. Mr. Wyatt, becoming aware of their attention, gazed at them so sternly that—abashed—they withdrew to the farther end of the tram. No tinge of boyishness colored that rebuking gaze. He wished extremely that the atmosphere of tramcars might be improved; and that he had not eaten those scones; and that the cold hour of traveling, which still lay between him and the comfort of his own fireside, might somehow be miraculously annihilated.

From Tramway Center Mr. Wyatt traveled in another malodorous tram to Temple Meads Station, where on a drafty platform littered with fish crates he waited twenty dreary minutes, unconsoled by perceiving upon the bookstall counter several copies of Ethel Tuscott, the last novel of the Woolcote Series, which had been published in the preceding week. Never before had he noticed what a hideous and dingy place Temple Meads Station was. It seemed to him this evening that a grimy dankness sweated from all its surfaces, its smoke-blackened roof, its bridges and struts and girders, its chill trickling walls, its greasy seats, its slimy platforms, its fatuously cheerful advertisements of seaside resorts and its raucous-voiced porters. The porters in particular roused Mr. Wyatt's dislike. After all, there was no reason why railway porters should be dirtier than their fellow men.

A train slid in, eructated a wave of hurrying, anxious-faced people from its stuffy, ill-lighted carriages, swallowed another precisely similar wave and slid out again. It was really dismaying, Mr. Wyatt reflected, to realize how ugly and misshapen and grotesque of movement the average man and woman were. Eyes that squinted, eyes that peered, eyes that leered, eyes that looked anyhow and everyhow but openly and fearlessly; noses bent and twisted and flattened and bulging; mouths wry and drawn, drooping and snarling; skins spotted and pimpled and corrupt in all kinds of disgusting ways. And the bodies of these people! And their limbs! Bodies too long for their legs, too small for their heads; hollow chests and rounded shoulders; necks chickenlike or bull-like; legs bent and twisted in every conceivable variety of distortion. And all these poor, unlovely, unnecessary creatures scurrying and scrambling, pushing and shoving, in foolish haste to be gone upon their foolish business, a rabble of futile ugliness and offense.

You perceive what grievous havoc three scones had been able to work in the usually sympathetic and tolerant and kindly breast of Mr. Wyatt. It was with a sigh of profound relief that he shut himself into the exclusiveness of a first-class smoker and, having arranged the foot warmer to his satisfaction, lit a cigarette and allowed his thoughts to return to the refined and friendly atmosphere in which he had passed two utterly satisfying hours that afternoon.

The smoker was still warm with the warmth of its recent occupants; and in the fictitious comfort of its stuffiness Mr. Wyatt succeeded in casting off for a little while the depression that had affected him. Pictures of Miss Stapleton in a large variety of intimate settings passed in alluring procession athwart his vivid and highly developed imagination, and the more steadily and the more minutely he contemplated these interiors of a possibly imminent future the more attractive their cumulated effect became. It appeared to him that his decision with regard to Miss Stapleton had everything to commend it. She possessed everything that his own peculiar and rather fastidious needs of soul and body demanded of a woman; she was indeed a more perfect woman than he had ever dreamt probable. And he thought himself not altogether unworthy of her perfection. There was nothing in himself of which he felt ashamed; much of which he felt he might excusably be proud. Their marriage would be the frank, unselfish, disinterested partnership of two highly cultured, high-minded, clear-thinking people. There might be moments, not very frequent perhaps, but wonderfully intense probably, when the dignified pace of that sweetly reasonable domesticity would quicken somewhat. Mr. Wyatt's fancy loitered in this sidetrack for some time pleasantly; then, attempting to resume its straightforward path, came once more to an abrupt check before a doubt that had troubled it vaguely at intervals for several months past.

Mr. Wyatt was forty-six—a well-preserved forty-six, it is true; a forty-six that looked nothing like forty-six—but still forty-six. And Miss Stapleton was twenty-six. Twenty-six from forty-six always leaves twenty. And left it unfortunately during those crucial years which would mark the passage of Miss Stapleton from twenty-six to thirty and of Mr. Wyatt from the comparatively youthful middle forties to the definitely aged early fifties.

No unnecessary diffidence, as I have already suggested, embarrassed Mr. Wyatt's valuation of his own attractions. But the providence that had destined that he should write five of the most remarkable novels in the English language had—for that purpose doubtless—equipped him with a merciless instinct for proportion and fitness and an almost extravagant sense of the ridiculous. And he found it impossible to derive any sort of consolation from the little exercise in subtraction which—attacked however bluffly or however insidiously—yielded always a remainder of twenty. He continued the operation, at first courageously and with concentration, then with growing unwillingness, for the greater part of the journey from Bristol to Charfield. The temperature of the carriage fell rapidly as the journey proceeded, and that malign heaviness in Mr. Wyatt's interior stretched clogging tentacles to his normally nimble brain and slowed it to a leaden apathy.

At Wickwar a man whom he knew slightly, a solicitor from Dursley, entered the carriage with dripping umbrella and overcoat, and after some experimental comments upon the weather, embarked upon a monologue of which the advantages of a cheap car formed apparently the theme, but of which Mr. Wyatt—though he listened with an air of polite attention—heard nothing but the word "commutator," which recurred with stunning frequency. Having thought about this word for a little while, he found himself presently doubtful as to whether the vowel of its last syllable was an "e" or an "o."

The discomfort at the pit of Mr. Wyatt's stomach was now acute.

Outside Charfield Station Mr. Wyatt found awaiting him in a drizzling rain his new car and his new chauffeur, Maxwell. The new car had proved an altogether satisfactory investment; but in the new chauffeur his employer reposed a confidence not quite so unreserved. Maxwell was an excellent fellow, a civil, industrious, abstemious fellow, capable in the matter of running repairs, smart in appearance, willing and useful in divers domestic ways in his spare hours. But he possessed one failing serious in Mr. Wyatt's eyes: he appeared to be constitutionally incapable of driving a motor car on a level road at a speed of less than thirty-five miles an hour.

The roads in the neighborhood of Wotton are not level roads and Maxwell was therefore unable to avoid the necessity of driving the new car at times uphill and at a reasonable speed. But for this mortification he consoled himself when driving downhill. Corners, uphill, downhill or on the level, he took on the assumption that no other vehicle had any right to take them when he took them. In vain alike were the gentlest remonstrances and the sternest

(Continued on Page 95)

Down the Long Steep Hill Into Dursley Mr. Wyatt Drove at a Speed So Outrageous That for the First Time in His Career He Felt Constrained to Avoid the Glances of His Fellow Men

CLOTHES

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

The Mere Putting On of a Necktie Is a Waste of Time and a Cause of Frequent Mental Anguish

SOMETHING is wrong with our system of dressing. To some people this unpleasant fact is more apparent than to others. It is particularly apparent to young men who have worn fairly warm, fairly well-made khaki-colored garments at some time during the past two years at the expense of a near and dear uncle, and who have suddenly wakened to the fact that a suit of clothes costs nearly as much as one used to pay for two months' rent of a fairly good six-room apartment in any of the leading cities of the United States. The present-day price of a suit of clothes seems in most cases to be sufficiently comprehensive and commodious to permit of the suit being equipped with steam heat, electric lights, hot and cold water, a refrigerating system, a wireless-telephone outfit and a self-starting cigarette lighter.

The initial cost of our modern garments would not in itself be so depressing. One wouldn't mind paying sixty dollars or ninety dollars or even one hundred and twenty-five dollars, as do some of our more plutocratic citizens, for the conventional coat, vest and trousers if one knew that those same garments could be worn eight years from to-day without causing the newspapers to run some such headline as Quaint Styles of Former Years Attract Crowd and Block Traffic.

Where are the Clothes of Yesteryear?

NOT so terribly long ago I was the proud possessor of something rather dashing in the clothing line. The trousers were of the variety known as peg-top; and the general appearance presented by them was that of a sort of Siamese balloon all blown up and ready to hop off on a trans-atlantic flight. The coat was extremely abbreviated, and came only a short distance below the belt, so that when I stooped over, a distinct hiatus appeared between the bottom of the coat and the top of the trousers, and the entranced onlooker was favored with a magnificent expanse of shirting. All in all, I must have looked like a person who had developed himself enormously below the waist by lying on his back and lifting his legs in the air millions of times each day, but who had remained in a fragile and childish state of undevelopment above the waist. I distinctly remember that the garments in question were regarded—by myself, at least—as the very last cry in style, to say nothing of the very last shriek and ear-piercing ululation. But anybody who donned such garments to-day would at once be captured and given an airy cage right between Jo-Jo, the dog-faced boy, and Zip, the great What-Is-It.

As for the garments that are being worn to-day, they are of course very charming and distinguished. Zippy, I think, is the word. One is overcome with amazement to think that he could ever have endured any other style of clothing. The clothes of to-day are so comfortable, and set off the figure so well, and everything! And yet, oddly enough, that is exactly what I thought about my peg-top trousers and my bob-tailed coat. And harking back eight or ten harks, that is what the Duke of Wellington thought when he inserted himself into his white-duck trousers strapped under his varnished boots and his long blue coat with a velvet collar so high that it threatened to chafe the tops of his ears to a condition of painful rawness.

No matter how far back our harking may carry us into the dim past of the great western nations—America, England, France, Spain, Holland, Italy and Germany, we shall always find someone arraying himself in garments sufficiently ridiculous to make a dejected horse burst into uproarious mirth, and assuring himself that for zip, style and general elegance he is making all previous styles look too silly for words. I have no hesitation in predicting, therefore, that the zippy clothing of to-day will, if worn at the end of another five years, cause strong men to call hoarsely for the police and send timid dogs scurrying for sanctuary in the nearest alleyway.

So I state firmly that there is something wrong with our system of dressing. I am referring, I might add, to the system of dressing prevalent among the males of the species. The dress of the female of the species is a matter which interests me deeply; but it is a matter with which I do not care to deal controversially. The female, so far as my limited knowledge of the subject permits me to speak, dresses primarily for intriguing effects; and she succeeds admirably. The male, however, dresses primarily for efficiency and comfort; and I am constrained to step forward and declare in a deep bass voice which occasionally breaks into a falsetto with excitement that the male isn't making a howling success of it.

The clothing designers of America, I think, are aware that something is wrong. They are obviously restless. On July 19, 1919, the American Clothing Designers Association met in New York and decided that man's garb is too somber. Not a word about man's garb being inefficient or of too ephemeral and temporary a nature or too extravagant. They merely found that it was too somber. So they decided to relieve the somberness by lining coats with orange and Alice blue. Blonds, I suppose, will have a preponderance of Alice blue in their coat linings, while brunettes will have their more voluptuous beauty enhanced by orange. I appreciate the fact that the clothing designers were doubtless doing the best that they could, and that the magnitude of the problem which confronted them had them gasping for breath and groping blindly in the dark. I cannot see, however, that orange and Alice blue linings would materially enhance the beauty, efficiency or utilitarian value of our garments. I do not believe that Mr. William Howard Taft's decorativeness and impressiveness would be materially enhanced by an Alice blue coat lining; nor do I feel that the defects, if any, in the raiment of Mr. Newton Diehl Baker could be remedied by lining his Prince Albert with orange.

Differentiating Sacks—Potato and Coat

I EVEN venture to say that the average man is so constituted that if he should see anyone walking in a public place garbed in a suit with an Alice blue or orange lining he would feel an almost irresistible urge to hit him with the first blunt instrument that came to hand—and the blunter the better. I am not a clothing designer in any sense of the word, and I am aware that any attempt on my part to make suggestions to clothing designers smacks of unwarranted meddling. Even the designing of so simple an article of clothing as a sleeveless undershirt would put such a strain on my nervous system and my power of invention that I would never again be the same. I view with awe and veneration the individual who possesses the amazing talent of designing a coat that will fit the body without cutting deep gashes in the armpits and sagging away from the collar like an outsize potato sack whenever the wearer attempts the freedom of action demanded by sitting in a chair, striking at a mosquito or removing the hat. Consequently I shall not attempt to tell the clothing designers what to do. That would be out of my province—a number of kilometers, to say nothing of several hectares and a few kilowatts, out of my province.

All that I shall permit myself to do is to chronicle my haphazard observations on garments that have given complete satisfaction in distant nations over a long term of years. These observations I offer freely to the clothing designers and to the male residents of our fair nation. If the clothing designers find them of assistance in designing a garment that at the end of twenty years of wear will still possess as much zip as it possessed when the owner tried it on for the first time and attempted the impossible feat of looking at his back in a mirror without moving anything but his eyes, then I shall not have lived in vain. If the clothing designers see nothing in my observations possibly my fellow citizens will see possibilities in them, and will point out to the clothing designers how they can make garments that will never lose their zip, bag at the knees, wear out at the seat, wrinkle across the

For Example, if a Person Should Venture Forth Fully Clad Except for a Necktie His Lack Would Probably Result in His Being Followed by a Large Crowd of Children and Idiots

Five Minutes After Purchasing a Railroad Ticket a Man May Frequently be Seen Hunting Through Every One of the Fifteen Pockets in His Garments for the Same Ticket

stomach or acquire a rich antique polish at the elbows. A lot of people, as I have said, know that something is wrong. I hope that something can be done about it or something.

During the past year my wanderings in the Far East have given me unusual opportunities to note the salient features of the zippiest Asiatic dressers. These range from the Russian at one end, with his seventeen layers of heirlooms topped by his magnificent throat and chest covering of wild untrammeled whiskers as thick and riotous and protective as twelve dollars' worth of hair mattress, to the simple Igorrote of the Philippines and his airy and unobtrusive business raiment composed of seven cents' worth of cheesecloth artfully disposed round the waist.

In these extremes of Asiatic garb there is next to nothing that would serve as an inspiration to clothing designers, unless they chose to equip every suit with a set of artificial Russian whiskers for the purpose of doing away with the necktie or cravat. There would be some advantages to such a proceeding, of course; for the cravat or necktie has long been an irritant to Western civilization. Many persons have a weakness that almost amounts to a passion for sprinkling the countryside at certain periods of the year with neckties as gifts. Since it is considered vile form to criticize gifts, the givers of neckties almost invariably select specimens that stand urgently in need of criticism. Whether this is done deliberately or whether it is done unconsciously I cannot state. At all events the Western Hemisphere is full of gift neckties that have accomplished nothing except to gratify the giving mania of countless well-meaning but misguided givers. Reputable scientists have estimated that if all the gift neckties reposing unused in the bureau drawers of the world were to be tied end to end there would be enough to run seven times round the equator and once round the Tropic of Capricorn, with enough left over to make a three-foot fringe for the state of New York, including Long and Staten Islands.

The Inborn Perversity of Neckties

I DO not, of course, advocate the wearing of the ordinary collar and shirt of refined society without a necktie to conceal the collar button; for I know of nothing that is so unpleasantly prominent as an uncovered collar button unless it be a missing tooth or a garter that has come unfastened and is flapping languidly round the heel of its unconscious owner. None the less the necktie in its present state of development impresses me as being more or less of an economic waste. The mere putting on of a necktie—unless one is addicted to the sort that hooks round the neck and is apt to come unhooked at moments of great physical stress—is a waste of time and a cause of frequent mental anguish. Men sometimes labor for endless minutes to get their neckties properly knotted, and repeatedly find the neckties so firmly jammed between the inner and outer portions of turnover collars that they can neither be adjusted nor disengaged without tearing the collars and neckties to pieces and nearly throttling the operators into the bargain. Thus anger poisons are generated in their systems, and their efficiency is lowered for several hours.

History has made much of the gentleman who blew himself through the roof while discovering gunpowder; but to my way of thinking the individual who sat up nights in order to figure out the method of knotting a four-in-hand necktie presents a more tragic figure. The gunpowder inventor sailed skyward on the crest of a loud majority report, and that was the end of it; but I think of the other person as working over his necktie knot for month after month, wearing his temper to shreds while tying it, and cracking his finger nails to pieces while untying it. Having had wide experience with neckties I find this thought oppressively harrowing.

Doubtless the substitution of artificial Russian whiskers for neckties would have many unpleasant features. It is highly probable that they would need to be combed out so frequently that the element of time-saving would be reduced to a minimum. Moreover, they would probably bring about frequent conflagrations as the result of attempts on the part of their wearers to light cigars and cigarettes while facing into a stiff breeze. In the smoking car of a transcontinental train not long ago I had the pleasure of the company of a sprightly gentleman who had fought at Manassas. Things got rather warm in his vicinity during the engagement, and he took an oath that if he got out safely he would never shave again. He got out safely; and when I made his acquaintance he was the proud possessor of a set of whiskers that would have supplied nesting material for a large flock of lammergeiers. I could hardly believe that these whiskers had been developing only since the Battle of Manassas. They might have started round the time of the Battle of Hastings.

He came into the smoking room one morning when the train was rolling across the Kansas prairies, inserted a cigar into that portion of his whiskers where the bosky undergrowth showed signs of having been slightly thinned out, and struck a match. Balmy zephyrs were soughing through the open car windows; and one of the zephyrs caught the flame of the match and wafted it against the luxuriant foliage round the cigar. Instantly there was a burst of flame like the beginning of a prairie fire. Someone threw the old gentleman down, and everything within reach was hurled at his smoke-wreathed face. He was buried beneath a porter's duck jacket, two dozen face towels, a basketful of moist sanitary drinking cups, the blouse of an aviation lieutenant's uniform, and the body of a lieutenant commander in the United States Navy.

When he was rescued from beneath the pile and had finished picking the soot out of his hair and eyebrows and ears he remarked calmly that he had never had to worry about his whiskers growing so long that he would trip over them because they always caught fire before they got below his waist. I mention this incident to show that whisker fires are by no means so uncommon as some people suppose, and that if artificial whiskers are ever adopted they should if possible be made out of asbestos fiber or some other noninflammable substance.

At the Present Moment a Vast Deal of Space is Being Wasted in the Interior of Male Hats. A False Bottom Might be Built in a Derby Hat and the Whole Used as a Male Vanity Case

Probably the clothing designers can think up many ways to eliminate the necktie without having recourse to artificial whiskers. At all events it is a fact that neckties in the Far East have for the most part been as rare as Eskimo golf champions. For centuries the Chinese, the Japanese, the Koreans, the Malays and all the other Orientals have got along without neckties; and even to-day the vast majority of these peoples wouldn't know whether a necktie was something to keep a coat from flapping or something on which to string fish. Therefore I believe that the Western world lays too much emphasis on the importance of the necktie.

Questing Permanent Trouser Creases

THE necktie is, indeed, an extremely unimportant article of dress; that is to say, it is relatively unimportant. As we dress at the present time there is no article of dress that would not be keenly missed if a person left it off. For example, if a person should venture forth fully clad except for a necktie his lack of necktie would probably result in everyone's turning to stare at him rudely, and in his being followed by a large crowd of children and idlers. And yet the sensation caused by his necktieless state would not approach the uproar that would result if he should venture forth without his trousers. Persons who have had great experience with Welsh-rabbit suppers and other provokers of unpleasant dreams have assured me that the most horrible and heart-rending and perspiration-invoking dream that any person can have is that in which the dreamer finds himself in a large gathering of people without his trousers. That dream has frequently made strong, fearless men waken from sleep with wild ear-piercing shrieks that bring policemen running from far-off posts in the belief that something horrible and unique in the line of murder is being perpetrated.

There have been many peoples in the world's history who did not consider trousers an essential part of their dress. Even to-day such peoples exist. I will confess, nevertheless, that I have never had any desire to see trousers abolished. There is something about them that appeals to me. Those who wish to get along without them are at liberty to do so; but if anyone attempts to deprive me of the right to wear them I shall resist stubbornly. Yet trousers have their drawbacks; and clothing designers might do worse than to study these drawbacks with an eye to remedying them. I am not willing to discard trousers entirely; but I would gladly discard some of their unpleasant features.

One of the most unpleasant features is the crease that custom has decreed must run up and down—or down and up, if you prefer—the front and back of each trouser leg. These creases aren't at all offensive to the person who is able to put on a pair of freshly creased trousers each day; but for the person who must crease his trousers under the mattress or who hangs them carelessly on the floor each night for several days or weeks without having the creases renewed it is quite another story—a story, I might add, which no editor would care to purchase. The trouser crease that has gone wrong and fallen upon evil days is a dissolute and revolting spectacle. It gives a poorly nourished and weak-kneed appearance to the leg.

Some years ago there was a movement on foot to have four creases put in each trouser leg, the idea being, I believe, to give males in general a firmer, more substantial appearance. Under such conditions the legs of two or three men gathered together would have looked like a cluster of square piazza posts. This movement attained no popularity, possibly because the amateur trouser presser could never hope to keep four creases in each trouser leg. Even as it is, one must exercise considerable patience and ingenuity in order to keep a trouser leg creased in the conventional manner. By placing the trousers on the floor and carefully piling eighteen or twenty volumes of a standard encyclopedia on them each night before retiring the ordinary double crease can be maintained for a few days. But the person who sought to encourage a quadruple crease would have to be equipped with a complete set of blacksmith's tools and surveyor's instruments, and would have to give up his business or profession and devote his entire time to his trousers.

Continued on Page 111

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

For What Seemed an Eternity to the Watchers the Two Roosters Glared at One Another, Every Steely Muscle in Their Bodies Tensed. Then—Action

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THE questing gaze of Mr. George Shivers wandered idly toward the rear of the gaunt, unpainted, one-story structure which was so like its fellows of the immediate vicinity that the whole had recently been advertised for sale as "one section negro rental property, with sixteen houses."

The gaze of Mr. George Shivers wandered languidly toward the rear of this particular house, and then it ceased wandering. So did Mr. Shivers. His eyes opened a trifle wider and an expanse of shiny white teeth became visible in the ample frame of yellow-brown face. Then Mr. Shivers shook his head in a manner that betokened moieties of disgust and puzzlement, approached the fence that separated barren yard from cracked sidewalk and continued to stare. He abstractedly flipped a bit of dust from his immaculate chauffeur's uniform.

The spectacle upon which he gazed intrigued his interest and aroused his curiosity. For perhaps five minutes he gave rapt attention and then his thirst for first-hand knowledge conquered. He passed through the front gate, which gaped invitingly open, circled the house and paused by the kitchen steps.

The object of his attention paid little heed to the visitor. Mr. Shivers became embarrassingly aware of the fact that Mr. Luscious Chester did not even know he was there. Mr. Shivers coughed politely, but Mr. Chester did not so much as raise his head.

Luscious Chester was absorbedly busy. He held in his hands a large red rooster, a very young and a very game rooster. The ebony face of Luscious bent intently over the bird and soft, honeyed words dripped from between the lips of Luscious as he lowered the bird toward the ground, allowed the lanky muscular legs to flail fiercely at the turf, then raised him again. Mr. Shivers understood little of the jargon which Luscious intoned so earnestly:

"Tha's it, Gaffer; shuffle yo' laigs! Shuffle 'em hahd, ol' cock! Git a li'l snap into them kicks, birdie boy! 'Tain't no time fo' studyin' when you is in the pit! Now—now there—a li'l bit hahder, Gaffer! Now, you high-bred bird, you shuffle!"

Mr. Shivers coughed again. Luscious continued to be engrossed in the shuffling of the bird, Gaffer. Mr. Shivers instinctively resented the other's obliviousness of his presence. He spoke:

"Luscious!"

No answer.

"You Luscious!"

Still no answer. Mr. Shivers became peeved and allowed his voice to crescendo:

"Ain't you heah me speakin' at you, Luscious?"

Luscious heard. Very reluctantly he permitted an intermission in the shuffling. He turned bored eyes upon his visitor. Recognition of Mr. Shivers did not appear to bring with it any surge of delight. Luscious dropped a languid monosyllable:

"Huh?"

"Ain't you seen me standin' heah?"

"No."

"Well, I is."

"Is you?"

"Yes, I is. I is come to make talk with you."

"Is you?"

"Cain't you say no words 'ceptin' 'Is you'?"

"Shuah."

Mr. Shivers shook his head disgustedly.

"You ain't got no mo' sense in yo' haid than that there chicken. What you is makin' all that foolishment fo', anyway?"

"Which foolishment?"

"All what you is been doin' there—hoppin' him up an' down an' lettin' him scratch a hole in yo' landlady's back yard?"

"I is been handlin' him."

"Handlin' him? Co'se you is handlin' him! Any blin' man 'thout no eyesight could see you is handlin' him. Question I asts is: What you is handlin' him so foolish fo'?"

"I is trainin' him," explained Luscious with the air of one infinitely bored by the colossal ignorance of another, "fo' a fight."

"Fight with which?"

"'Nother rooster."

"Whose other rooster?"

"I dunno. Mos' anybody's rooster."

Mr. Shivers' expression became one hundred and ten per cent contemptuous.

"You an' chickens, Luscious! If'n you knowed as much bouten anythin' else as what you does bouten chickens you wouldn't be such a fool as you is."

"Ain't it the truth?" agreed Luscious mildly.

"An' 'tain't gwine git you nowhere," raved Mr. Shivers. "What you ever git outen chicken fightin', I'd like you to tell me?"

"I is made a li'l money outen it, Brother Shivers, an' I is got Gaffer."

"Where you git him at?"

"Cap'n Jackson Ramsay, which runs the Pool an' Ginuwine lott'ry, give him to me."

"Fo' which?"

"I handles an' conditions his birds fo' him, Brother Shivers, as a side line from my profession of wukkin' in the coal yahd. Las' week Cap'n Ramsay went an' won a big main up to Nashville which I trained his birds fo', an' he says he is payin' me money an' fo' brawtus I c'n have any one bird what he is got."

"An' you silected that rooster?"

"I done that same—yes. He's a won'erful bird, Brother Shivers."

"How many times is he ever fit?"

"Ain't never fit."

"Then how you know he is any good?"

"I knows his breedin'. He's a sure nuff real swell-bred bird, Gaffer is."

George Shivers gazed malevolently at the bird and then at Luscious Chester.

"You an' Gaffer could swap brains," he sizzled, "an' nobody woul'n't never know the diffe'nce."

"Mebbe not," returned Luscious philosophically. "But fightin' cocks is kept me from goin' hongry an' nekk'd many's the time."

"An' tha's all what you cares?"

"Yes," started Luscious. Then he paused awkwardly and flushed an exquisite lavender. "Mos' all, that is."

"Mentionin' which name?" asked Mr. Shivers darkly.

"You know."

"Missis Spinola Reed?"

"Tha's which."

"She ain't lovin' you none!" snapped Shivers.

Luscious showed a trace of spirit.

"She ain't said she ain't."

"An' she ain't said she is, is she?"

"No-o. But I reckon she is got a right to be contrary, ain't she, Brother Shivers? She's a pow'ful rich widow lady."

"Yeh, she is that, sho' nuff. They tells me that her husban', Silver Reed, done lef' her th'ee thousan' dollars insurance, an' she got two thousan' mo' from the railroad which done run over him. Five thousan' dollars in cash is a heap of good eatin', Luscious."

Luscious' eyes narrowed hostilely. "I b'lieve you cares mo' fo' her five thousan' dollars than what you does fo' her," he accused.

Mr. Shivers laughed mockingly.

"An' I reckon you ain't wantin' them five thousan' a-tall, is you?"

"W'en I ma'ies," returned Luscious with ponderous dignity, "I ma'ies a woman an' not sumthin' t' eat!"

George Shivers stared. He smiled crookedly.

"You is a'mos' fool 'nough to mean that," he vouchsafed.

Luscious said nothing. For an interminable period he continued to say the same thing. He looked first at Mr. Shivers and then at Gaffer. It was plain that he wished to rid himself of the former in order that he might continue the exercises of the latter.

There wasn't a doubt about it—Gaffer was a wonderful bird, a bird bred of a long line of victorious fighting cocks. True, Gaffer had yet to enter the pit, equipped with steel spurs, but in training he had indicated every quality of a winner. He was composed of heavy bone and sinewy muscle—every ounce of his five pounds—and Luscious had reveled in the sight of Gaffer flattening one of the best birds owned by Jackson Ramsay when both were equipped with soft chamois dummies.

Jackson Ramsay was Luscious' idol. As a side line to his lottery and general gambling business, the portly white man was known as one of the king breeders and handlers of fighting cocks in the state of Alabama, and for several years Luscious Chester had been his boy, tending his pens in illness and in health, in success and adversity, handling his cocks day in and day out; handling them and conditioning them to razor edge for the big mains. And now on the heels of his most brilliant victory the grateful owner had made Luscious a present of the best bird in his collection.

Luscious had chosen wisely and well. He knew almost as much about fighting cocks as did Captain Ramsay. And now he had a bird of his very own; a bird with which he worked daily, hoping against hope that he would some day

have the pleasure of personally pitting him against another bird in mortal combat, both backed by substantial wagers.

"I is got to go on handlin' Gaffer," proffered Luscious when Mr. Shivers gave no indication of early departure.

"Durn Gaffer! You is got plen'y time to make fumadiddles with that ol' chicken. I is heah to make talk with you 'bout sumthin' 'pawtant."

"Name which?"

"Missis Spinola Reed."

Again an unmistakable flicker of interest in the eyes of Luscious Chester. The wealthy and widowed Spinola was the one subject in life which could divert his interest from the beloved gamecocks. And Luscious did not relish mention of Spinola by George Shivers. Mr. Shivers was by way of being Luscious' only rival for the heart and hand and fortune of the coy widow.

"'Bout Spinola?" echoed Luscious.

"Tha's which."

"What about her?"

"Sumthin'," proclaimed Mr. Shivers positively, "is got to be did!"

"What you meanin' at?"

"I mean this, Luscious: Mos' recintly I is been givin' over some time to thinkin' an' I is came to the c'nclusion that right now Spinola ain't thinkin' on marryin' any man 'ceptin' you or either me. Ain't that the truth?"

"Yeh."

"But if'n she don' marry one of us mighty soon she's gwine git a headache tryin' to 'cide betwix' us an' run off with some other feller jes' to settle the question. 'Member this, Luscious, they ain't many single men in Bummin'ham which woul'n't marry five thousan' dollars! An'," he added extenuatingly, "Spinola ain't so wuss, herse'f."

Luscious nodded solemnly. "You is got a thinkin' haid, Brother Shivers. But what is all this heah talky-talk leadin' at?"

"Thiswaya: We is got to make Spinola choose betwix' us, an' choose quick."

Luscious shrugged.

"She ain't gwine do it."

"Is you ever ast her to marry you, Luscious?"

"Ev'y night I goes there."

"What does she answer you?"

"Says she don't know which she loves bestes'—I or you; an' she's done het up with bein' frightened that she is gwine marry one of us an' then 'scover she is got the wrong one. Says she ma'ied the wrong one fust time she tried it, an' a burnt dawg never bites."

"Same like what she tells me," seconded Mr. Shivers. "The p'int I is makin' is that she cain't marry both of us. Fust place it's ag'in the law, an' secon' place 'tain't decint."

"No-o," reflected Luscious, "I don't hahdly reckon she'd do that."

"An' she kinder likes us both," continued Mr. Shivers, "though I cain't see what they is bouten you, Luscious, which she can care fo'. Anyway, we is jes' nachelly got to make her choose which."

"Tha's a good idee, Brother Shivers, 'ceptin' on'y that it ain't gwine wuk."

"Yes, 'tis, Luscious, an' heah's how: We is made a mistake all along. You is went there an' preposed to her. Then after you is gone I is went an' preposed. An' when on'y one of us is there, the one which ain't there looks better, see?"

"Yeh, but ——"

"Now heahs my plan: T'-night I an' you is gwine to see Spinola t'gether an' we is gwine prepose to her at the same time. Come thataway there won't be no cumfusion in her min'. She c'n look us over both the same time an' decide right prompt. 'Tain't hahdly fair nowadays to 'spec' a woman to 'member all 'bout one man which ain't with her while t'other is preposin'. What you is got to say bouten my scheme, Luscious?"

"Both go there t'gether an' prepose at the same time?" interrogated Luscious doubtfully.

"Yeah! What you think bouten it?"

"I dunno—dunno. I ain't never done nothin' liken to that befo'."

"Co'se not, you ain't. But I is contendin' that it's a elegant plan."

Luscious descended into a slough of thought. The proposition was alluring. Doubt as to his matrimonial fate had been exciting Luscious almost as much as a cockfight. He was sincerely fond of the Widow Reed and was too human to forget entirely her five thousand dollars. Better to be rejected definitely than to be kept in torturing uncertainty.

As for the dapper and immaculate George Shivers, he bent forward from the waist, focused his gaze upon Luscious and willed that dark individual to agree to the plan. There was more than a little method in Mr. Shivers' seeming madness. It was a deep-laid scheme to eliminate Luscious teetotally. Sitting by the side of Luscious in the Reed manse, he felt that he would fairly scintillate by comparison. Even Luscious' best friend could not claim for that gentleman a distant cousinship with anyone who had ever heard of Beau Brummell. Clothes, so far as Luscious was concerned, were designed for the sole purpose of preventing nudity, and that task accomplished their mission in life was at an end. That they might serve for decorative purposes seldom occurred to Luscious, and then only under spur of great mental stress. He had been known to call in cow-eyed adoration upon Spinola, clad in overalls.

But if Luscious was indifferent to dress, George Shivers lived for it. He was glorious enough in civilian attire, but in his chauffeur's uniform of military cut there was about him a certain élan that was irresistible. And it was with the intention of slamming home the impossible contrast between Luscious and himself that George proposed the simultaneous declaration of love to Spinola Reed. With the pair of them on exhibition there was little doubt in the scheming mind of Mr. Shivers as to whom Spinola would choose.

And finally Luscious voiced his decision. He spoke slowly, weightily:

"'Tain't such a wuss scheme, Brother Shivers."

George strove to conceal his wild exultation.

"An' you is gwine with me to prepose t'gether?"

"Yes," returned Luscious, "I is gwine with you."

George made a lightning getaway. Luscious turned happily back to the fretful Gaffer, Spinola all but forgotten until the hour should have arrived for the joint and several proposal.

Not so George. He hustled to the corner, entered his employer's limousine, shot downtown to await that gentleman's pleasure, took him home, procured leave of absence for the evening and hastened to his boarding house. And there he gave himself over to an orgy of personal adornment—a long-drawn-out session with razor and perfumed soap and odoriferous toilet water. George was applying a sartorial polish calculated to sweep the heart of Spinola from its moorings.

At precisely fifteen minutes before eight o'clock the men met at a designated corner. The contrast was striking. George Shivers of an immaculateness that fairly shrieked, his buttonhole burdened with a pink carnation, left hand decorated with a blazing stone that gave evidence of having been born not far from a glass factory, and right hand gripping a one-pound box of candy. Apparently Luscious had given small thought to his outward appearance. If he believed in the doctrine that clothes do not make the man, he certainly had the courage of his convictions; for under the converse of that theory Luscious would have ranked as a torn deuce in a deck of new face cards.

His coat was rusty where it had once been dark blue. It fitted him several months too late. The patched brown trousers caressed the unbeautiful lines of his limbs, exhibiting them to worst advantage. One button of his frayed shirt had vanished into the limbo of forgotten things and the necktie had been carelessly tied wrong side out. A battered derby vied illy with the pearl-gray felt hat perched so jauntily on the side of Mr. Shivers' head.

Yet despite the difference in dress both men were keen for personal success. Spinola was worth it. She was worth a good deal more than that and her virtues were not to be catalogued in a mere breath.

As a housewife she was second to few. She kept a clean, cozy, comfortable place; she cooked amazingly well; she was thrifty, yet not close; and though no promising candidate in a beauty contest, there were many younger women far less restful to the eyes.

And, too, there was the little matter of the late Mr. Reed to be considered. Mr. Reed, in life, had been no prideful addition to the colored community. In fact, it had been said on good authority that he had once introduced the practice of pugilism into his home. Only once—a very sad once. Mr. Reed left home suddenly and remained left. And it was during the months-long estrangement that he had grown too familiar with a moving freight train. His demise did two things: It resulted in a perfectly elegant funeral managed by the Over the River Burying Society, and it brought to light an unheard-of policy in a reg'lar insurance company, which policy was fully paid and had run less than one year. The company promptly paid unto Mrs. Spinola Reed, as beneficiary, the sum of three thousand dollars. Despite his domestic troubles Mr. Reed had neglected to change the beneficiary and the company had no choice in the matter, there being small doubt that Mr. Reed was entirely defunct.

Following which Spinola voiced her claim for loss of services of her husband and the ensuing mental anguish in the sum of twenty thousand dollars. Lawyer Evans Chew handled the case. The railroad listened attentively to the impassioned story of Spinola's overwhelming grief and settled out of court for twenty-five hundred dollars. Lawyer Chew pocketed five hundred as a fee and turned over the other two thousand to the happy grief-stricken widow.

She became the victim of immediate siege by every unattached designing male in the community. But being experienced, she was wary. After a time it became evident to all that there were only two candidates who counted: George Shivers and Luscious Chester.

Friends and neighbors couldn't understand. Only Mrs. Spinola Reed understood—and she understood, too, why she could not choose between them. It would have been a lead-pipe cinch were t'other dear charmer away, but t'other dear charmer stuck closer than a mustard plaster. Each had strong points and glaring weaknesses. Spinola was torn between romance and common sense.

George Shivers frankly dazzled her with his elegance and preëminence in dark circles. He had an air, a polish, an urbanity which she yearned to appropriate into the family. But on the other hand he was extremely short on any ambition that meant hard work. He held too many different jobs in too short a space of time. He made an

(Continued on Page 114)

"Luscious, if'n You Knowed as Much Bouten Anythin' Else as What You Does Bouten Chickens You Wouldn't be Such a Fool as You Is"

"Dawg-Gawn!" Luscious Remarked Tactfully. "I Never Thought of Bringin' Nothin' Like That!"

Strictly According to Plan

"I Think We'll Go to the Benmore Roof To-night," She Dreamed One Morning. Which Ended That. They Went to the Benmore Roof That Night

By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

I THINK you would have liked Melville Mason if you had known him before the war.. At least the girls at the office did. For one thing he had a fresh color, but that was as far as his freshness went—a limitation that the girls admired. Then again he was good looking, though not painfully so, his nose having that slightly muttonish aspect that is generally described as a Grecian profile. On and off he sported a small mustache, a silk handkerchief with a lavender border, white flannel trousers—these, however, only on Saturday afternoons when he was going to the shore—a watch fob with a girl's head on it done in a bilious greenish gold; and there was one time in his life when he always wore gloves, even on the hottest days of summer, though instead of buttoning them he neatly folded them back round his wrists.

Officially speaking, he was the Old Man's private secretary, a position he had won from the fact that he could write shorthand as fast as old Philander B. could talk—which was indeed some speed. He was also a bearcat on the typewriter, playing that instrument as Paderewski used to play his allegretto, crescendo, pizzicato—according to the nature of his notes. He didn't sit with the girls, having an office of his own next to the Old Man's, but he seldom tried to deceive himself.

"Girl's work," he sometimes mourned to himself as he flipped a conjurer's desk open and made his typewriter appear before him with a nod and bow. "Still, it's man's wages, so I guess I've got no kick coming."

As a matter of fact he drew thirty-five dollars a week, and that was before the war—which will show you whether or not he knew his business. This might have made him proud and haughty—after the popular conception of private secretaries—but he wasn't that way at all. He often joked the girls, took candy from them, blushed at one little baggage who said bold things to him, and even threatened to spank her once if she ever said a certain thing again. Of course she immediately said it again with cranberry sauce and fixings, but Melville didn't spank her.

You mustn't think from what I have said that he was a lady's man or a sissy. Indeed, the men at the office liked him as well as the girls did, especially old Martin Cavanagh, a silvery-topped bookkeeper who had been more than twenty years with the firm. For one thing they liked him because he was straight; and they liked him too, I think, for the innocence that was in him; for the rambling pleasant way he talked; for the slight stutter with which he spoke when excited.

In fact, I'm sure that you would have liked him, too, if you had been acquainted with him before the war. But after Mel had served two years in olive drabs he had changed so much that the crowd at the office would hardly have known him.

He was no longer shy, no longer uncertain. On the night when my story opens, for instance—the first night after he had returned to civilian life—he was walking through Central Park with a very proud knee action, and there were two things sure in his mind.

In the first place, he wasn't going back to the office.

And in the second place, he who had played the greatest game of war that mankind has ever staged; he who had gone away a private and had come back a full-fledged first lieutenant; he who in imagination had frequently outgeneraled Hindenburg and more than once—with his blanket round him—had led the American Army into Berlin—he was certainly not going to be defeated now by a handful of captains of industry, however closely they might stand in a ring to repel aspiring youth and knock ambition on the top of its curly head with that lead pipe which is sometimes called discouragement.

"I tell you, Mr. Cavanagh," he said that night, "I'm going to make a lot of money—and I'm going to make it quick!"

Answering the unspoken question in the other's mind, he made a gesture toward the moon, a gesture that wasn't far from having a touch of grandeur in it, and largely answered, "Oh, there are ways!"

They were walking through the park after dinner—Melville and old Martin—and if you had been there, silently following, you might have thought that one was Youth and the other was Age, especially when you saw how Youth walked with its head up and did all the talking, while Age chewed the cud of reflection and seemed content to listen—partly perhaps to Master Mel and partly to those ghostly voices of years and experience which only the old can hear. They had not only worked in the same office—Melville and old Martin—but they lived at the same boarding house and had formed one of those friendships that a young man is sometimes lucky enough to make with an old one, especially when they talk of such things as dreams, omens, man's place in nature, predestination, the riddle of the universe, our one greatest enemy, our two happiest thoughts, the three sweetest melodies and the four most wonderful things that can happen in any man's life. But this night—the first after Melville had put aside the livery of Mars—old Martin listened more than he talked, and marveled at the change in his young companion's manner.

Before the war, for instance, Mel's thoughts on most of the problems of life had been in the stage of formation. But now, no more! Where he had once been pleasantly rambling in his conversation, he was now curt and sure, dismissing large affairs with a word, passing judgment on men with a gesture, expressing approval or disapproval with a glance of his eye. He had been in a machine-gun battalion and earned promotion by performing on his instrument, even as Paderewski had played on his prestissimo, vivace, staccato—every note a message of death, every bar a roll on the drums of Valhalla. Not only his walk but his attitudes reflected his recent employment. He never lounged any more, never stood with his hands in his pockets, never smiled uncertainly at the passing crowd. War to him had been a finishing school, grim and austere in its curriculum. But as he walked in the park that night old Martin gave him a look now and

then that seemed to say, "A pleasant thing, the dreams of youth—pleasant and sweet to the ear. I dreamed them myself—such golden dreams! Oh, Lord, how long ago!"

And yet, as Cavanagh gradually realized, the light of approaching success already seemed to be shining on Mel, giving him a look that was close to exaltation—that look that is sometimes seen on the artist or the artisan and indicates the fire of inspiration wedded to the mastery of technic.

"War has certainly made a man of him," thought Martin. "He may be able to put it over. Everybody doesn't fail—just because I did."

The path through the park had brought them close to the eastern drive, and he looked at the procession of cars which rolled along as though in a never-ending pageant of prosperity.

"No," thought Martin, chewing the cud of reflection. "They don't all fail." And aloud he said, "What are you thinking of doing, Melville? Have you made any plans yet?"

"Not yet," said Mel, frowning to himself a little, "but I've a number of things in mind. To tell the truth, Mr. Cavanagh," he continued with his newly found earnestness, "I don't think it makes much difference what particular line a man tackles. It's the method that counts. I'll give the Germans credit for teaching me that—strictly according to plan. Yes, sir, that's the only way to do things!

"Strictly according to plan," he repeated. "I don't care whether it's making pins or selling pins, or dealing in coconut shells or cottage cheese or roll-top desks or automobiles—the thing to do is to work out a plan a little bit better than anybody else's, and then everlastingly stick to it. Strictly according to plan. Why, when you think of it, Mr. Cavanagh, those four words are the keynote of mighty nearly everything on earth!"

He made a gesture that indicated the buildings round the park, the pageantry of cars, the city beyond.

"The boy's right," thought Cavanagh in a flash of comprehension. "It's all according to plan—every brick, every bolt, every block."

"You know as well as I do," earnestly continued Mel, "that theoretically it isn't much of a job to plan a thing a little bit better than anybody else ever did it. It's when it comes to carrying out his plan that a man falls down. And that's exactly the point where my army training is going to win out for me. Discipline! Efficiency! Do or die! And let me tell you something, Mr. Cavanagh," he concluded, chest out, chin in and feet spurning the ground. "I'm going to be a doer, not a dier—you take it from me!"

Youth set fire to Age, and old Martin suddenly discovered that he, too, was walking as though beneath Victory's arch.

"If I was only twenty years younger!" thought he.

II

IT MAY not sound sublime—sublime things often don't—but Melville found his chance while selling jam. He had already noticed that many of the sweetest plums of commerce go to the men who can make sales, and it wasn't long before he was acting as city salesman for a Brooklyn jam factory. By working harder, more earnestly and more intelligently than any of his colleagues he soon became the star performer.

This has a rather tremendous sound. As a matter of fact it happened as naturally as the crack comes in the paving stone after the sledge hammer has said "How do you do?" a sufficient number of times.

For example, Mel would say to himself "I'll call on Liebermann again to-day and see if I can't get an order this time."

And this is the point: Having said that he would call on Liebermann, Mel went and saw him strictly according to plan.

Along in the afternoon he didn't say to himself "What's the use of calling on that sour old crab again? I've seen him a dozen times already. He wouldn't take our jam for a gift."

Or Mel would say to himself "I'm going to call on ten new prospects between now and five o'clock."

And this is the point again: Having planned to call on ten new ones, he went and called on them, no matter how hot or cold the day, no matter how near the picture palace or the baseball park might be.

In the same spirit of earnestness he planned his selling talks, his follow-up work, his knock-out punches; and having planned them, he carried them out to the letter, as he had learned to carry out his plans in the awful school of Mars. And whenever discouragement began to walk in front of him and weariness behind, Mel found that he could always break the lock step by telling himself "This is a pudding compared with Cantigny," and right away the fog would lift and his feet would warm and his crest would rise. Whereupon he would go it again like a young sledge hammer in a blue serge suit, and perhaps the very next place he struck he would get an order for a dozen assorted cases and lay the foundation for a future business that might last him as long as he lived. For that was the thought that was never far from his mind.

"Some day I'll be making jam myself and have a bunch of salesmen wearing out their lungs and leather for me. Wait till I get a few thousand dollars ahead!"

It's an old saying: "Seek and ye shall find."

Before long Mel had formed a friendship with Oscar Meyer, the young assistant superintendent of the factory a friendship that wasn't exactly weakened by the circumstance that they had both served in the same sector in France. One day Oscar said to Mel "Taste this," and tipped a spoonful of jam into his mouth.

"Tastes good," said Mel, smacking his lips. "Is that one of ours?"

"Not yet, it isn't. It's a new recipe that I've just knocked together." He gave Mel a wistful look. "I have a good name for it too," he said. "Raspberry Perfect—how's that?"

"Sounds like a good seller."

"That's the noise it makes to me. But old Jammy Face in there darn his old buttons—you know the kind of a guy he is. I can give him the recipe and give him the name and give him my fondest regards. And what will he give to me?" Oscar made a somewhat complicated gesture that started with a shrug of the shoulders and ended with a pantomime of the Magic Flute. "Makes a fellow kind of sore," he said. "Don't you know it does?"

That night Mel and Oscar went out to dinner together. Oscar had nearly three thousand dollars saved, to say nothing of a headful of new ideas for a complete line of Perfect jams. They figured till nearly midnight and then Mel said, "I guess we'll have to wait a little longer—till I can save some more. We need six thousand to start."

Together they looked at the final sheet of figures he had written. It was entitled, "Estimates of First Year's Expenses and Receipts." And though it began prosaically enough—"Rent,$600. Equipment,$1650"—no playwright and composer who ever collaborated to achieve a masterpiece looked with greater hope at what they had written.

"I have an uncle, Otto Feinberg," said Oscar, "who, I guess, would lend me a couple of thousand if I wanted it bad. He has plenty of money, and ——"

"Nothing doing!" said Mel. "This thing is going to be a partnership—fifty-fifty—just you and me and nobody else."

"That's right," said Oscar. "I only mentioned the other in case ——"

Speaking then with that fine candor that is generally reserved for relatives, he added, "And besides, my Uncle Otto is a hog. He would want it all." Whereupon he dismissed Uncle Otto with a shrug of his shoulders and gloated over the figures again.

"If we could only work it out the way you have figured it!" he said with shining eyes. "If we could only work it out exactly the way this shows!"

"Why not?" demanded Mel. "There's no particular trick to that. Make a plan and stick to it—that's the way to win!"

For the moment he was Lieutenant Mason again—curt, incisive—instructing a class in the noble art of machine gunnery.

"That's why so many people fail," he said. "They make good plans, but they don't stick to them. They need a little army training, Oscar. They need a little iron in their blood."

"Yes, yes!"

"You know the way it was over there," continued Mel. "If we were told to take a certain objective, we took it. If we were told to start firing at six, we started firing at six. Strictly according to plan—that's going to be our motto. You can make darn good jam and I can sell it at a darn good profit. There's nothing else to it that I can see. And now let me ask you something: Do you know how much money old Jammy Face drew out of the business last year?"

"I'll say he drew some money!"

They Climbed the Last Pew Stairs Side by Side—and Then of Course It Would Have Been Absurd If They Hadn't Spoken

"Forty-five thousand dollars! I saw his personal account."

Oscar whistled, as travelers westward bound may whistle, for all we know, upon catching their first clear glimpse of the Elysian fields.

"Well, one thing sure," he said, "if we can go ahead the way these figures show ——"

Mel groaned in something like despair.

"For the love of Mike, Oscar!" he protested. "You aren't going to start on that again, are you?"

III

"STRICTLY according to plan." For the next few months the phrase became an obsession with Mel. Every morning at a quarter to six he rose and turned off the alarm. For the next ten minutes he went through his setting-up exercises, in which he imitated as closely as he could the wing movements of a crow rising from a cornfield, the walking beam of an old-fashioned ferryboat trying to make up lost time and the rise and fall of Mowgli the Frog, bobbing up and down like this.

At five minutes to six he cleaned his shoes. At six he bathed. At a quarter past he shaved, invariably starting at the upper left-hand corner of his countenance and ending with a gleaming reconnaissance of his Adam's apple.

At half past six the electric iron was ready and he pressed his clothes. At seven he went down to a breakfast that is sometimes known as the Landlady's Dream, consisting of one cup of coffee, one slice of toast and one egg broken into a glass. At twenty past seven he looked over the morning paper and at half past he started to map out his campaign for the day, itemizing his itinerary with a detail that seemed to be based upon that grand old saying that success is like an orphan asylum—it is made up of a lot of little things.

By this time you won't be surprised to learn that he also kept a diary with an account of receipts and expenses in the back, including such items as:

Newspaper	$0.02
Stamp	.03
Cripple	.10

And at the end of each day's expenses there was always some such comforting line as this:

Commissions this day's sales, $9.85

Of course the commissions varied, but the figure given above is an average one. So you can see that by making in the neighborhood of sixty dollars a week it didn't take Mel a lifetime to accumulate the other thousand dollars he needed.

Meanwhile you mustn't think that he had forgotten his old friend, Martin Cavanagh, the silvery-topped bookkeeper of the Consolidated Company. At half past six every night Mel went down to dinner and at half past seven he and Martin took a walk if the weather permitted, or went upstairs if it rained. In his earnest, serious way Mel told how he was getting on, while Martin listened, chewing the cud of reflection and saying to himself over and over:

"He's going to do it. Yes, sir, the boy's going to put it over—just as he said he would!"

And, to make this part of the story as short as possible, Mel did put it over. A basement location was found in the Bronx where the rent was $600 a year—strictly according to plan. The equipment was bought, totaling precisely $1650—also according to plan. The best of old Jammy Face's workers followed Mel and Oscar in their new adventure. Raspberry Perfect, Black Currant Perfect, Wild Grape Perfect, Lemon Filler Perfect—line after line went into production in mouth-watering profusion; and finally on the fifteenth day of February two things happened in Melville's life that made the day a memorable one, never to be forgotten so long as he has breath of life within him.

On that day they shipped their first order from the new factory. And on that day—now mark this well—he met Miss Frances Saunders.

The first event was strictly according to plan.

But the second—well, to tell the truth, it was in the nature of a pick-up; a meeting staged, it might be said, by the gods of Chance, or managed perhaps by Fortune while strolling and rolling his gold and ebon ball.

IV

AS PICK-UPS go, it was a rather raw affair, compared with which the dropping of a handkerchief might be called a subtlety, and "Haven't we met before?" a flash of delicate inspiration. Mel was going home in the Subway that afternoon, hanging to a strap in a manner that would have pleased Professor Darwin, when a sway of the train sent him lurching against the girl who has hanging next to him.

"Pardon me," said Mel.

She didn't speak, having been taught in the school of experience that there are times in a young girl's life when it pays her well to keep her little tongue between her teeth. Indeed all that Mel could see of her was the crown of her hat and the tops of her shoulders. It was a shapely hat—black straw and a blue ribbon—and they were shapely shoulders. He was noticing this in his earnest way when the train became sportive again and this time it was the girl who was the catapult and he the bastion wall.

"Pardon me," she said.

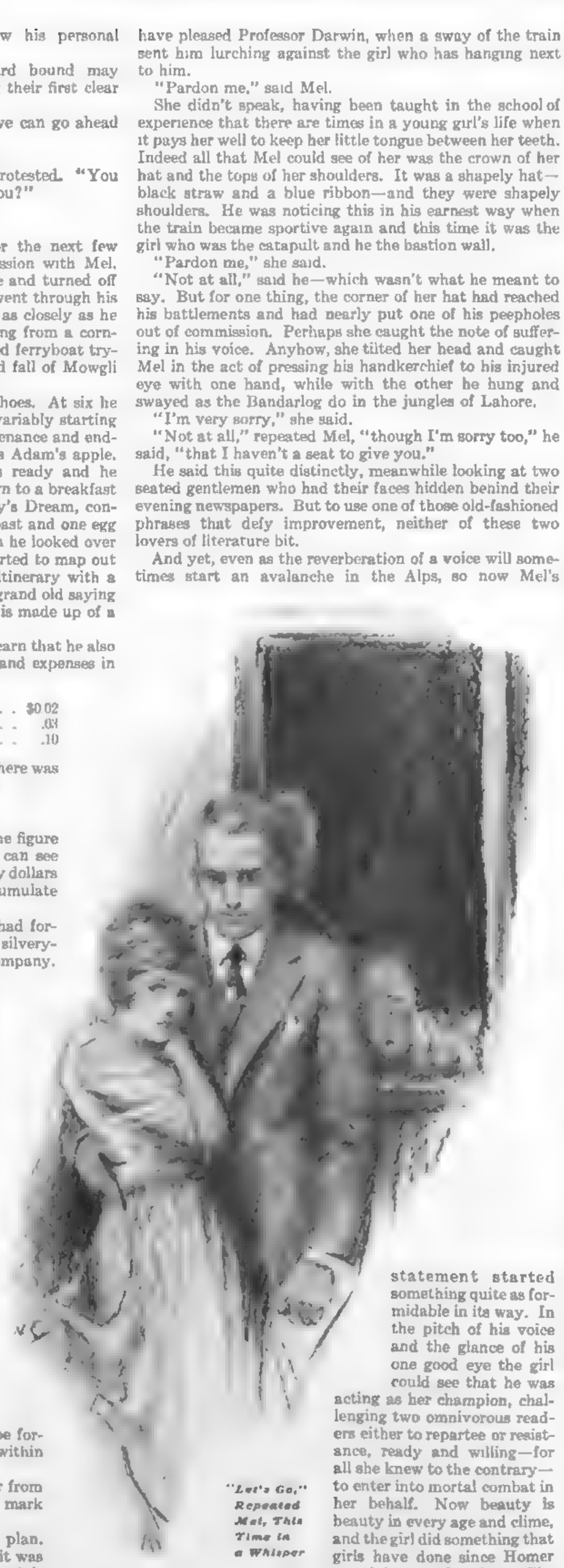
"Not at all," said he—which wasn't what he meant to say. But for one thing, the corner of her hat had reached his battlements and had nearly put one of his peepholes out of commission. Perhaps she caught the note of suffering in his voice. Anyhow, she tilted her head and caught Mel in the act of pressing his handkerchief to his injured eye with one hand, while with the other he hung and swayed as the Bandarlog do in the jungles of Lahore.

"I'm very sorry," she said.

"Not at all," repeated Mel, "though I'm sorry too," he said, "that I haven't a seat to give you."

He said this quite distinctly, meanwhile looking at two seated gentlemen who had their faces hidden behind their evening newspapers. But to use one of those old-fashioned phrases that defy improvement, neither of these two lovers of literature bit.

And yet, even as the reverberation of a voice will sometimes start an avalanche in the Alps, so now Mel's statement started something quite as formidable in its way. In the pitch of his voice and the glance of his one good eye the girl could see that he was acting as her champion, challenging two omnivorous readers either to repartee or resistance, ready and willing—for all she knew to the contrary—to enter into mortal combat in her behalf. Now beauty is beauty in every age and clime, and the girl did something that girls have done since Homer tuned immortal strings. She smiled at Master Melville—smiled and looked at him—and Master Mel experienced action just underneath his upper left-hand waistcoat pocket.



"Let's Go," Repeated Mel, This Time in a Whisper

At Fiftieth Street they left the Subway together, and even then it was nip and tuck whether they would ever speak again. But as they walked up the stairs they seemed to drift together, or perhaps they were pushed together again by Fortune, still idly pursuing his gold and ebon ball. Anyhow, they climbed the last few stairs side by side—and then of course it would have been absurd if they hadn't spoken.

"I might have blinded you," she said.

"Not at all," said Mel for the third and last time; and groaning to himself for being such an ass as to keep repeating the same three words, he essayed a compliment: "My eye soon got better when it—when it ——"

He meant to say "When it looked at you," but somehow it promised to sound cheap, and now that they had reached the upper daylight he could see that she was anything but that. She had the delicacy of a rosebud in the early part of June, a keen little chin and a straightforward glance that seemed afraid of nothing. To use another of those old phrases, Mel's compliment seemed to stick in his craw; and the more it stuck, the more he blushed. Though of course he didn't know it, the girl liked him for that; liked him for his arrested compliment; liked him for his rich vermilion tints.

"I'm so glad he isn't—isn't fresh," she thought, and then she added to herself —— But no, I won't tell you that, for a girl's thoughts are sometimes very much her own; and who am I that I should break illusion?

They walked along West Fiftieth Street together.

"Of course we may never meet again," said Mel. "In fact, I don't suppose we ever shall. But my name is Melville Mason."

He thought for a moment of giving her one of his new cards, but that looked cheap again. He had seen those men before—those men who meet girls on the street and give them cards, generally with a telephone number hastily scribbled in the corner, and he always felt like kicking them. So instead of giving her one of his pasteboards, he quoted its contents: "'President Mason-Meyer Packing Company.'

"Sounds sort of alarming," he grinned, blushing again, "but we're only just starting in—all sorts of jams, jellies, pie fillings, and so forth."

Again he groaned at himself for being such an ass as to talk shop to a girl like that, and again she caught the distress in his mind.

"Do you know, Mr. Mason," she said, "I'm rather pleased that I have had this adventure." She thought it over for a step or two and then she added: "My name is Saunders."

"Miss Saunders."

"Mr. Mason."

They walked along then in a sort of embarrassed silence—neither one of them having been there before. Mel felt himself resisting a temptation to say "Beautiful weather we're having for the time of the year."

"This is where I live," she said, and turning up the steps without another glance she said "Good-by."

Mel raised his hat and quietly walked on. It was a private house, he noted, and private houses in that block denoted wealth. From the corner of his eye he caught the turn of her ankles as she disappeared in the door.

"Silk," he thought—though surely there was nothing unusual in that. "Some queen," he added, and then more slowly, as though to the accompaniment of harps and violins, he repeated: "You—bet—your—life—some—queen!"

V

SHE was the old lady's niece.

The old lady herself was a spinster; the last of the Van Dams—those same Van Dams who once sold the farm where Central Park now stands because, forsooth, they were cramped for room and wanted a bigger place. Wasn't it irascible old Rip Van Dam who was the last colonial governor of New York of Dutch extraction?

Probably.

At any rate, the old lady had more than her share of old Rip in her. In fact, among her servants she was generally referred to as the old Rip, though this reference was always made confidentially—or *sub rosa*, as the Latinists have it. Indeed, there was a butler who looked like the Iron Duke, and an old coachman with a head like Louis XVIII, who went even further and gave her the family name in full, saying it backward, as it might very well appear upon a genealogical index: "Van Dam, Old Rip." Though in moments of excitement it must be confessed that they sometimes left out the "Van."

Confining ourselves, however, more strictly to current history, the old lady was a tyrant who wore false bangs—brown glossy affairs which somehow gave her the effect of having just shed scalding tears; and when Louis XVIII drove her out in the family victoria—which the Iron Duke always privately referred to as "the 'earse"—she carried a parasol with a hinged stick and a black silk top with scalloped edges, about as large as a soup plate; and nearly using another of those old-fashioned phrases that have such a swing to them—her riches were like cooties.

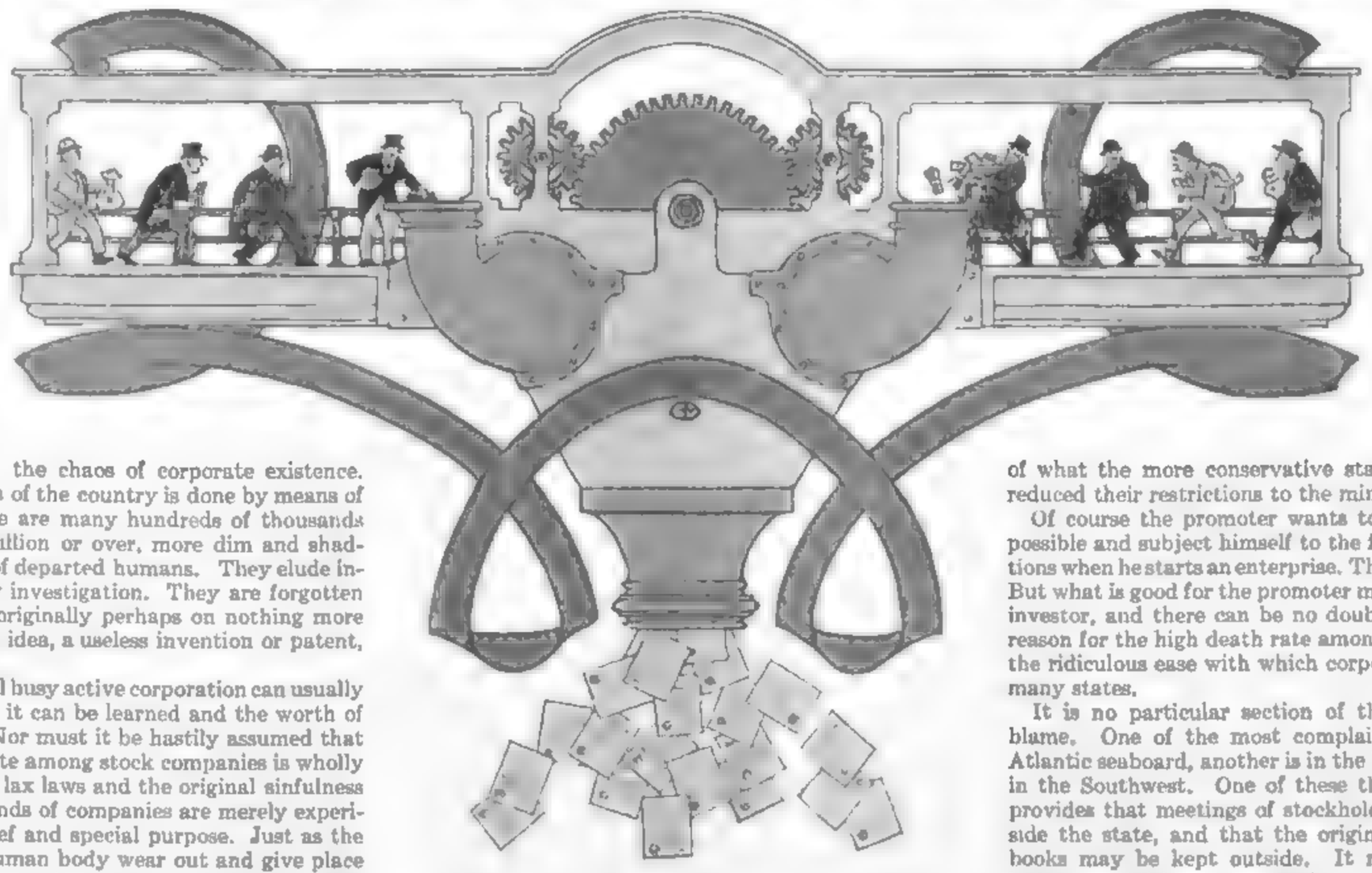
At least she made the people scratch if they tried to get her money away from her.

As you can imagine, Melville didn't hear the whole of this in one installment. Some he didn't hear at all; he had to surmise it. But he was a pretty good surmiser and by the time he knew Miss Saunders well enough to call her by

(Continued on Page 153)

Birth and Death in Industry

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD



DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

DID you ever try to get information in regard to an old oil or mining stock? Did you ever inherit a bunch of securities whose value was not easy to estimate? Did you ever get stuck with stock that did not pan out well? Have you any nicely printed or engraved certificates that you are not altogether proud of? If you have and if you will add to your own case that of almost everyone else you ever heard of you can get some idea of the chaos of corporate existence.

Most of the business of the country is done by means of corporations, yet there are many hundreds of thousands of them, perhaps a million or over, more dim and shadowy than the ghosts of departed humans. They elude inquiry and almost defy investigation. They are forgotten and discarded, based originally perhaps on nothing more than a whim, a foolish idea, a useless invention or patent, a poorly drawn lease.

Of course a successful busy active corporation can usually be found; facts about it can be learned and the worth of its stock estimated. Nor must it be hastily assumed that the enormous death rate among stock companies is wholly and necessarily due to lax laws and the original sinfulness of promoters. Thousands of companies are merely experimental, born for a brief and special purpose. Just as the tissues of a healthy human body wear out and give place to new, so do men form stock companies and discard them as new needs and conditions rise. The butterfly springs from the dead cocoon, and so does the successful industry derive its life from earlier processes and attempts.

Nevertheless the complexity of corporate birth, existence and death has become a serious practical matter to business men and investors. It has somewhat the same elements of confusion that might characterize the search for any particular ghost among the billions of China's or India's departed. It seems a reasonable and conservative prophecy to make that if business remains as active as it is now, the whole corporate situation will become simply impossible before long.

There are practically fifty different states with powers of incorporation. How many stock companies have been chartered since the beginning in all these states, has, as far as the writer can learn, never been computed. It is somewhere between two and ten millions. Nor has any general census ever been made of the quick and the dead. One broker in obsolete securities figured that nearly fifteen years ago almost twenty thousand companies went out of existence every year, but he considered this figure an underestimate. No closer or more recent estimate is available.

The Quick and the Dead Among Corporations

THE certificate of incorporation of every company ever organized in this country—with the exception of an insignificant number of Federal companies given charters in early days—is to be found in the office of the secretary of state of one of the two score and more sovereign commonwealths. But often it is impossible to tell how many companies are alive and how many are dead. There are so many charters, they date back so far, and accurate records have been kept in some instances for such a short time that classification is almost impossible. There are states which do not know the total number of their corporations or even how many are born or how many die in the course of a year.

In the early days corporations had to obtain special charters from the states, usually from the legislature. Incorporation was looked upon as a very special privilege, entailing corresponding responsibilities and obligations.

For a corporation was then and is to-day a mighty and awe-inspiring thing, with a life and entity of its own, distinct and separate from its stockholders, directors and officers. It is permitted in its own right to own property, owe debts and present claims, irrespective of the life and death of its owners, directors and officers. It is like the ship that remains the same ship though all the parts are gradually renewed; like the human being who remains the same person though every particle has changed through waste and repair; like the bench of judges, the Roman legion or the state itself—all of which remain the same despite changes in their composition.

But despite these peculiar corporate prerogatives and immunities it became necessary as early as 1811 in New York state to extend the privilege of incorporation to a far wider circle. The corporation was an engine too essential to modern business to maintain as a rarity. Now all that one does to form a corporation in almost any state is to file with the authorities a copy of the desired charter, which is allowed as a matter of course and becomes the charter itself, provided, of course, it is accompanied by the requisite fee.

No longer is it necessary to persuade every member of the state legislature of the desirability or necessity of the new corporation. Aside from the opportunity for graft, which the earlier system contained, it would be just as easy to conduct modern business under the old system as to run an ocean liner with a toy engine. To-day incorporation is looked upon as a right rather than a privilege, like crossing a toll bridge and paying a fee.

Indeed in actual practice it almost exactly resembles the dignified and exalted process of dropping a penny in the slot and pulling out a piece of gum. Incorporation has become strictly automatic. The state is hardly more than a ticket collector, its only other functions being to see that the papers are in due legal form and usually to prevent the duplication of names.

"The state should no more prevent the freedom of incorporation," said a man who is engaged in the business of obtaining charters, "than it should interfere with the birth of children or even the right to breathe."

In a sense he is right. The complexity of business life in this country—especially the rapidity of its development at the present moment—is such that any real limitation upon the right of incorporation might be a serious hindrance to business operations.

But there is another side to the story: Freedom in this instance is rapidly degenerating into anarchy. Originally corporations were formed for strictly domestic and local purposes. Now they are formed by the thousands to engage in operations that have no relation whatever to the state from which they draw their life. Little states with hardly a national or international interest give charters freely to corporations whose only operations are either national or international.

States without a seaboard, like the Swiss navy, incorporate as a matter of course great companies whose main offices are in a state thousands of miles away and whose only business is to carry on import and export trade with foreign countries. The natural normal relation between creator and creature has long ago vanished into thin air.

But this is far from being the worst of it. About thirty years ago the states began to discover that the easiest way to raise revenue was to sell charters. Only a comparatively few have gone in for this form of money raising with real enthusiasm, but there have been enough to create a vicious competition in laxity. They have cut the taxes and other fees to the merest fraction of what the more conservative states charge, and have reduced their restrictions to the minimum.

Of course the promoter wants to pay as few taxes as possible and subject himself to the fewest possible restrictions when he starts an enterprise. That is perfectly natural. But what is good for the promoter may be very bad for the investor, and there can be no doubt that a fundamental reason for the high death rate among stock investments is the ridiculous ease with which corporations are formed in many states.

It is no particular section of the country that is to blame. One of the most complaisant states is on the Atlantic seaboard, another is in the Northwest and a third in the Southwest. One of these three accommodatingly provides that meetings of stockholders may be held outside the state, and that the original stock and transfer books may be kept outside. It requires no reports of business condition, no restriction on the amount of indebtedness, and is said to be the only state in the Union which has no constitutional provision giving its legislature the right to alter and amend a charter. Besides, its fees are about one-tenth those of many of the larger states where most of its corporations actually do business. No wonder this little commonwealth appeals to the promoter.

Easy Terms for Charter Seekers

THERE is still another state whose incorporation fee is actually less than one-fifteenth that of New York. It does not charge an annual franchise tax, which is absolutely necessary if a state is to keep track of its corporations. An inquirer recently wrote for a copy of its incorporation law and received a pamphlet on the back of which was printed in large type:

"No annual reports required to be filed in the office of the secretary of state. No annual franchise tax. No taxes whatever except on taxable property owned within the state."

It almost seemed that this statement was to remove all doubt as to the purpose of the law. Nor was that all. The librarian of the Supreme Court offered for a fee of ten dollars the first year and five dollars a year thereafter to secure the charter, to act as resident incorporator, director and agent and to maintain an office for the company. Moreover the inquirer was assured that the charter would be in the mails within ten hours after application was received.

"Could courtesy be carried further or service rendered more cheaply?" was the cynical and instinctive comment of the seeker after information.

It is putting it mildly to say that the motive of revenue only is superior to that of the best interests of the country in not a few of our incorporation laws. Briefly and rather brutally the facts are these: A few states with small or sparse population and with little if any large manufacturing or business interests of their own to protect and control have simply taken the attitude that they could get revenue from the outside by chartering big companies doing business elsewhere.

"Let's get these big companies from New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and the like," is practically what the legislators of these easy-money states say. "They are doing business in their own states. They won't do any business here. We don't need to worry about what they do or how they do it. We don't need to protect our people against them. So why not be as liberal as they desire, and get their money? Besides, our expenses are very small and so we can underbid the states with big populations and take the business away from them."

(Continued on Page 162)

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Case Number Six: "Lallapaloosa Limited"

"Ethics: The doctrine of man's duty in respect to himself and the rights of others.—*Century Dictionary.*

"I don't say that all these people couldn't be squared, but it is right to tell you that I shouldn't be sufficiently degraded in my own estimation unless I was insulted with a very considerable bribe."—*Pooh-Bah.*

I'VE been all over those securities," Miss Wiggin informed Mr. Tutt as he entered the office one morning, "and not a single one of them is listed on the Stock Exchange."

"What securities are those?" asked her employer, hanging his tall hat on the antiquated mahogany coat tree in the corner opposite the screen that ambushed the washing apparatus. "I don't remember any securities," he remarked as he applied a match to the off end of a particularly green and vicious-looking stogy.

"Why, of course you do, Mr. Tutt!" insisted Miss Wiggin. "Don't you remember those great piles of bonds and stocks that Doctor Barrows left here with you to keep for him?"

"Oh, those!" Mr. Tutt smiled inscrutably. "Mr. Barrows is not a physician," he corrected her, running his eye over the General Sessions calendar. "He's only a 'doc'—that is to say, one who doctors. You know you can doctor a lot of things besides the human anatomy. No, I guess they're not listed on the Stock Exchange or anywhere else."

"Well, here's a schedule I made of them—Miss Sondheim typed it—and their total face value is seventeen million eight hundred thousand dollars. I tried to find out all I could, but none of the firms on Wall Street had ever heard of any of them—excepting of one that was traded in on the curb up to within a few weeks. There's Great Lakes and Canadian Southern Railway Company," she went on, "Chicago Water Front and Terminal Company, Great Geyser Texan Petroleum and Llano Estacado Land Company—dozens and dozens of them, and not one has an office or, so far as I can find out, any tangible existence—but the one I spoke of."

"Which is this great exception?" queried Mr. Tutt absently as he searched through the Law Journal for the case he was going to try that afternoon. "You said one of them had been dealt in on the curb? You astonish me!"

"It's got a funny name," she answered. "It almost sounds as if they meant it for a joke—Horse's Neck Extension."

"I guess they meant it for a joke all right—on the public," chuckled her employer. "How many shares are there?"

"A hundred thousand," she answered.

"Jumping Jehoshaphat!" ejaculated Mr. Tutt. "How on earth did old Doc manage to get hold of them?"

"It sold for only ten cents a share!" replied Miss Wiggin. "That would mean ten thousand dollars ——"

"If Doc paid for it," supplemented Mr. Tutt. "Which he probably didn't. What's it selling for now?"

"It isn't selling at all."

Mr. Tutt pressed the button that summoned Willie.

"When you haven't anything better to do," he said to her, "why don't you go round and see what has become of of Horse's Neck Extension?"

"I will," assented Miss Wiggin. "It makes me feel rich just to talk about such things. I just love it."

"Many a slick crook has taken advantage of just that kind of feeling," mused Mr. Tutt. "There are two things that women—particularly trained nurses—seem to like better than anything else in the world—babies and stock certificates."

Then upon the arrival of the recalcitrant William he gathered up his papers and took down his hat from the tree.

"Without My Hat—My Helmet!—I Should be Valueless to Myself and Everybody Else. What Am I Worth in Your Opinion?"

"I wish you'd let me get your hat ironed, Mr. Tutt," remarked Miss Wiggin. "It would cost you only fifty cents."

"That's all you know about it, my dear," he answered. "More likely it would cost me a hundred thousand dollars."

Mr. Tobias Greenbaum, of Scherer, Hunn, Greenbaum & Beck, carefully placed his cigar where it would not char his Italian Renaissance desk and smoothed out the list which Mr. Elderberry, the secretary of The Horse's Neck Extension Copper Mining Company, handed to him. The list was typed on thin sheets of foolscap and contained the names of stockholders, but as it had lain rolled up in the bottom of Mr. Elderberry's desk for five years without being disturbed it was inclined to resist the gentle pressure of Mr. Greenbaum's fingers.

Mr. Greenbaum glanced sharply round the plate-glass lake that separated him from the other directors of Horse's Neck, rather as if he had detected his associates in a crime.

"Isaacs says," he announced in an arrogant, almost insulting tone, though below the surface he was an entirely genial person, "that the new vein in the Amphalula runs into the west drift of Horse's Neck almost to where we quit work in Number Nine five years ago."

"If it does it will make it a bonanza property," emphatically declared his partner, Mr. Scherer, a dolichocephalous person with very black hair and thin bluish cheeks. "It's a pity we didn't buy it all in at ten cents a share."

"We did!" retorted Greenbaum. "All that could be shaken out. We've got all the stock that hasn't gravitated to the cemeteries."

"Even if the Amphalula vein doesn't run into it it will come near enough to make Horse's Neck worth dollars per share. It's a heads-I-win-tails-you-lose proposition," commented Mr. Hunn dryly. "Who controls Amphalula?"

"We do," snapped Greenbaum.

"Then it's a cinch," returned Hunn mildly. "Shake out the sleepers, reorganize, and sell or hold as seems most advisable later on."

Mr. Elderberry cleared his throat tentatively.

"If you gentlemen will pardon me—I have been considering this matter for some little time," he hazarded. Mr. Elderberry was not only the professional salaried secretary of Horse's Neck but was also treasurer of the Amphalula, and general factotum, representative and interlocking director for Scherer, Hunn, Greenbaum & Beck in their various mining enterprises, combining in his person almost as many offices as Pooh-Bah in The Mikado. Though he could not have claimed to serve as "First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chief Justice, Commander in Chief, Lord High Admiral, Master of the Buck Hounds, Groom of the Back Stairs, Archbishop of Titipu and Lord Mayor, both acting and elect, all rolled into one," he could with entire modesty have admitted the soft impeachment of being simultaneously treasurer of Amphalula, vice president of Hooligan Gulch and Red Water, secretary of Horse's Neck, Holy Jo, Gargoyle Extension, Cowhide Number Five, Consolidated Bimetallic, Nevada Mastodon, Leaping Frog, Orelady Mine, Why Marry and Sol's Cliff Buttress, and president of Blimp Consolidated.

All these various properties were either owned or controlled by Scherer, Hunn, Greenbaum & Beck and had been acquired with the use of the same original capital in various entirely legal ways, which at the present moment are irrelevant. The firm was a strictly honorable business house, from both their own point of view and that of the Street. Everything they did was with and by the advice of counsel. Yet not one of these active-minded gentlemen, including Mr. Greenbaum, the dolichocephalous Scherer and the acephalous Hunn, had ever done a stroke of productive work or contributed anything toward the common weal. In fact, distress to somebody in some form, and usually to a large number of persons, inevitably followed whatever deal they undertook, since their business was speculating in mining properties and unloading the bad ones upon an unsuspecting public which Scherer, Hunn, Greenbaum & Beck had permitted to deceive itself.

Thus, when Greenbaum called upon Mr. Elderberry for advice, it savored strongly of Koko's consulting Pooh-Bah and was sometimes almost as confusing, for just as Pooh-Bah on these occasions was wont to reply "Certainly. In which of my capacities? As First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chamberlain, Attorney General, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Privy Purse or Private Secretary?" so the financial and corporate Elderberry might equally well ask: "Exactly. But are you seeking my advice as secretary of Horse's Neck, of Holy Jo, of Cowhide Number Five, or as vice president of Hooligan Gulch and Red Water, treasurer of Amphalula or president of Blimp Consolidated?"

Just now it was, of course, obvious that he was addressing the company in his capacity of secretary of Horse's Neck.

"It goes without saying, gentlemen, that this property is pretty nearly down and out. You will recall that most of the insiders sold out on the tail of the Goldfield Boom and waited for the market to sag until we could buy in again. The mines are full of water, work was abandoned over four years ago, and the property is practically defunct. The original capitalization was ten million shares at one dollar a share. We own or control at least four million shares, for which we paid ten to fifteen cents, while we had sold our original holdings for one dollar sixty to

one dollar ninety-five a share. While Horse's Neck represents a handsome profit—in my opinion"—he cleared his throat again as if deprecating the vulgarity of his phrase—"it is good for another whirl."

"You say it's full of water?" inquired Hunn.

"It will cost about fifty thousand dollars to pump out the mines and a hundred thousand to repair the machinery. Then there's quite an indebtedness—about seventy-five thousand; and tax liens—another fifty. Half a million dollars would put Horse's Neck on the map, and if the Amphalula vein crosses the property it will be worth ten millions. If it doesn't, the chance that it is going to will make a market for the stock."

Mr. Elderberry swept with a bland inquiring eye the shore of the glassy sea about which his associates were gathered.

"I've been over the ground," announced Greenbaum, "and it's a good gamble. We want Horse's Neck for ourselves—at any rate until we are confident that it's a real lemon. Half a million will do it. I'll personally put up a hundred thousand."

"How are you going to get rid of the fifty thousand other stockholders?" asked Mr. Beck dubiously. "We don't want them trailing along with us."

"I propose," answered Mr. Elderberry brightly, in his capacity as chief conspirator for Scherer, Hunn *et al.*, "that we organize a new corporation to be called 'Lallapaloosa Limited' and capitalize it at a million dollars—one million shares at a dollar a share. Then we will execute a contract between Horse's Neck and Lallapaloosa by the terms of which the old bankrupt corporation will sell to the new corporation all its assets for one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. We underwrite the stock of Lallapaloosa at fifty cents a share, thus supplying the new corporation with the funds with which to purchase the properties of the old. In a word we shall get Horse's Neck for a hundred and twenty-five thousand and have three hundred and seventy-five thousand left out of what we subscribe to underwrite the stock to put it on its feet."

"That's all right," debated Hunn. "But how about the other stockholders in Horse's Neck that Beck referred to? Where do they come in?"

"I've thought of that," returned Elderberry. "Of course you can't just squeeze 'em out entirely. That wouldn't be legal. They must be given the chance to subscribe at par to the stock of the new corporation on the basis of one share in the new for every ten they hold in the old; or, as Horse's Neck is a Delaware corporation, to have their old stock appraised under the laws of Delaware. In point of fact, they've all written off their holdings in Horse's Neck as a total loss years ago and you couldn't drag 'em into putting in any new money. They'll simply let it go—forfeit their stock in Horse's Neck and be wiped out because they were not willing to go in and reorganize the property with us."

"They would if they knew about Amphalula," remarked Beck.

"Well, they don't!" snapped Greenbaum, "and we're under no obligation to tell 'em. They can infer what they like from the fact that Horse's Neck has been selling for ten cents a share for the last three years."

"Is that right, Chippingham?" inquired Beck of the attorney who was in attendance. "I mean—is it legal?"

"Perfectly legal," replied Mr. Chippingham conclusively. "A corporation has a perfect right to dispose of its entire assets for a proper consideration, and if any minority stockholder feels aggrieved he can take the matter to the Delaware courts and get his equity assessed. Besides, everybody is treated alike—all the stockholders in Horse's Neck can subscribe pro rata for Lallapaloosa."

"Only they won't," grinned Scherer.

"And so, as they are wiped out, the new corporation—that is us—in fact gets their equity, just as much as if they had deeded it to us."

"That is, we get for nothing about one-half the value of the property," agreed Elderberry. "Now, I've been over the list and I don't think you'll hear a peep from any of them."

"He's got 'em on the list—he's got 'em on the list;
And they'll none of 'em be missed—they'll none of 'em be missed!"

hummed Mr. Beck. "It looks good to me! I'll take a hundred thousand."

"Mr. Chippingham has the papers drawn already," continued Elderberry. "Of course you've got to give the old stockholders notice, but we can rush the thing through and before anybody wakes up the thing will be done. Then they can holler all they want."

"Well, I'll come in," announced Hunn complacently.

"So will I," echoed Scherer. "And the firm can underwrite the last hundred thousand, and that will clean it up."

"Is it all right for us to underwrite the stock ourselves at half price?" inquired Mr. Beck. "I mean—is it legal?"

"Sure!" reiterated Mr. Chippingham. "Somebody's got to underwrite it; why not us?"

"Move we adjourn," said Mr. Greenbaum. "Elderberry—the usual."

Mr. Elderberry removed from his change pocket five glittering gold pieces and slid one across the glass sheet to each director.

"Second motion. Carried! All up—seventh inning!" smiled Mr. Scherer; and the directors, pocketing their gold pieces, arose.

If, as it has been defined, ethics consists of a "system of principles and rules concerning moral obligations and regard for the rights of others," it may be interesting to speculate as to whether or not these gentlemen had any or not, and, if so, what it may have been. But in considering this somewhat nice question it should be borne in mind that Messrs. Scherer, Hunn, Greenbaum & Beck were bankers of standing, and were advised by a firm of attorneys of the highest reputation. On its face, and as it was about to be represented to the stockholders of Horse's Neck, the proposition appeared fair enough. The circular, shortly after sent out to all the names upon the list, stated succinctly that financial and labor conditions had been such that it had been found impossible to operate the mine profitably for several years, that it had depreciated greatly in value owing to the water which had accumulated in its lower levels, that it had exhausted its surplus, that a heavy indebtedness had accumulated, that the corporation's outstanding notes had been protested and that the property would be sold under foreclosure unless money was immediately raised to pay them, the interest due and taxes; that half a million dollars was needed to put the property in operation and that there was no way to secure it, as nobody was willing to loan money to a bankrupt mining concern. That under these circumstances no practical method had been proposed except to organize a new corporation capitalized at one million instead of ten, to the stock of which each shareholder in Horse's Neck might subscribe in proportion to his holdings, at par, and to which the assets of the old corporation should be transferred practically for its debts. That this, in a word, was the only way to save the situation and possibly make a go of a bad business, and that it was a gamble in which the old stockholders had a right, up to a certain date, to participate if they saw fit. Those that did not would find their stock in Horse's Neck

Continued on Page 145

"You Can Wreck This Corporation if You Choose, You Bunch of Blackmailers, But You'll Get Not a Cent More Than Ten Thousand"

THE WORM TURNETH

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

ON THE far sand-strewn floor of the desert, where barren mountains at great distances framed the horizon round, two khaki burden-bearing figures made headway against the wind. The parboiled face of the man was scarred and pitted, one eye was missing and the right arm stopped at the wrist in a leather-padded stump.

"Puttin' in a shot down on that Rawhide prospect of mine and she went off too soon—without givin' me fair warning, so to speak," Nate would have explained. "'Stonishing, though, what a man can do with one hand and a stump. 'Stonishing how strong a feller's left arm can get when his right hasn't got a hand on it."

A small kind of automobile came skimming across the desert, honked for the weary walkers to get out of the road and passed them, unconsidering.

"Whyn't we have an ottermobile, Nate? You got the money, you know you have."

The flat voice was singularly uninflected. It did not complain. It merely propounded an interrogation.

"What use we got for an ottermobile?" remonstrated the man. "We need all the money I got now to get more money with. You gettin' lazy, 'Randy? What's the matter of you?"

A tone of surprise had crept into the miner's utterance, and after a reflective stride or two he halted, eased the burdensome bag of supplies from his back to the ground and turned upon his wife. She also halted in the sandy rut, a mere dried trunk of a woman, with miles of stunted sagebrush and rows of serrated gray-and-yellow peaks for a background; while her husband gazed wonderingly at the familiar flat-chested, shoulder-bladed figure with the wind wrapping the old denim skirt about her thin and lathy legs, with disreputable man's boots upon her feet, with a man's cloth hat upon her head, a man's red handkerchief about her neck, almost a man's pack of food upon her back and with nothing at all indeed to advertise her sex but the frailness of the figure, the meek light of yearning in her eyes and the wistful feminine appeal in the droop of a mouth that had once been pretty, but now was—just a mouth.

"I get tired sometimes," Miranda admitted; "tired of this almighty walkin', walkin', walkin'—climbin', climbin', climbin' — workin', workin', workin'."

"Shucks! You're not gettin' discontented, are you, 'Randy?" Nate's peeved tones indicated that domestic discontent was a domestic infidelity. "You sound like a Bullshevik!" He fixed on her a one-eyed glare that was eloquent of rebuke and reproach, then showed her the disfavor of his back as he turned and plodded on once more. The woman sighed and plodded also.

Twelve years ago Nate had plucked Miranda, then a girlish kitten of twenty-five, from behind the counter of a railroad restaurant. Sick with the smell of grease and the narrow petty round of interests that civilization forces upon the ignorant and untrained, she followed Nathan Prendegast out into the desert as he trudged from one range to another, one hope to another, sharing patiently all his hardships, all his toils, all his disappointments. She had been grateful to Nate at first, grateful as a dog, for the new wild life he took her to, and at first it was fun. Besides, why should she not work hard? Nate worked hard. She had confidence in him and served his dreams faithfully—more faithfully even than his burros, which though they never lay down under their packs often groaned in protest at the loads he put upon them. She never even groaned. Sympathy for him after his accident and a sense of his helplessness in certain ways had fixed upon her the habit of menial service and of implicit compliance with his wishes, which became after a time a habit of slavishness of which neither was probably very conscious; only Miranda knew that somehow now her life had become bitter hard with all the joy of fellowship in labor entirely extracted.

The Prendegasts made many little strikes. They never made a big strike. Slowly, painfully, Nate blasted money from the earth, and in miserly fashion he hoarded it jealously. Yet in this atmosphere of gray despair that had begun to shroud the woman's life a sort of child-longing had begun to grow up and demand to be gratified.

"Seems as if if I could ever have a cent to spend for myself once in a while the world'd look different," panted the woman.

"Money? Shucks! What does a woman out here want to spend money for?" inquired Nate disgustedly over his shoulder.

"Never get knickknacks or nothing," specified the spiritless voice of the woman.

"All 'at I've got, you've got," rejoined the man virtuously. "You get three squares a day—always."

"You been a good pervider, Nate," the woman hastened to confess. "But knickknacks and such!" And there came a longing into the dull tones. "I ain't never tasted ice-cream sody hardly since we was goin' out together. Then you used to buy it by the barrel."

"There's a whole lot of fool things a feller does when he's courtin' a girl," grumbled the man, and quickened his pace as if willing to get away from these colorless but irritating expostulations. But the woman hung upon his heel.

"Seems, Nate, as if I'd like to have some clothes once more—some woman's clothes."

"Woman's clothes!" reasoned Nate. "What you want of woman's clothes out here in the desert where there's no one to see you? Ain't we working and saving to get a pile and then ain't we going down to Los Angeles or Long Beach or somewhere and live like plutocrats?"

"Another five years of this and I'll be so old and bent and shriveled it won't matter what I wear," reflected the woman. "Nobody won't look at me. I want to begin to wear clothes while I got some beauty left."

The man's mood of irritation disappeared. He exploded in cachinnations of hilarious joy.

"Beauty! Ha-ha-ha! Beauty!" He laughed some more. The sheer brutality of such merriment stung from the submissive Miranda the first look of anger she had ever bestowed upon her husband. Had he seen it it might have warned him or roused him. But he did not see it, and strode forward steadily, his hobnails grinding on rocks and gravel. "Beauty!" he grunted in derision. "Take me, for instance. I got a lot of beauty left, haven't I, since that Rawhide blast?"

The woman was silent now. As they toiled up the rock-bound gulch on which their latest working was situated she fell behind; and Nathan gained the unpainted wooden shack in which they lived, slipped off his pack and flung himself restfully upon the bed.

"Getting mighty slow, old girl, ain't you?" he remarked as his wife finally entered.

"I got to thinking," offered Miranda in simple explanation of her slower pace.

"You better get to thinking about something to eat," he twitted.

There was no harshness in either of these remarks. They were merely unfeeling. That was probably the chief indictment that could be drawn against the man. While he smoked a soothing pipe, stretched at full ease upon his back, Miranda's wearied feet shuffled to and fro about the stove and table. Next morning it was the same. Nate lay in bed and watched his wife's movements critically as she prepared the breakfast.

"Slow! Goshamighty, woman, but you're slow!" he observed. And the remark was utterly without ill temper, the mere reflection of his inconsiderate thoughts. But it brought him a straight look from the figure by the stove. This, however, was another signal unobserved and therefore undecoded, for with the lazy movements of luxurious leisure the head of the house of Prendegast was drawing on his overalls. He laced up his boots and went outside to wash. The application of cool water to the areas that surround the brain had a stimulative effect upon him, and in this new spirit of enterprise it pleased his mood to sit down before the meal was ready and begin mildly to devil.

"Got a plate, I reckon?" he heckled.

"I reckon," his wife replied with an air of challenge that was so unusual that it amused Nate and he tried deliberately to draw such fire again.

"Coffee!" he taunted. "You know I got to get my coffee first!"

The coffee was almost ready and Miranda kept silent.

"Bread!" he demanded. "Sirup! Sowbelly!" He managed always expertly to get his requisition in just ahead of his wife's service of the thing desired.

"How're You, Mis' Young? All These New Shades is Pretty, Ain't They? But This Here Boy Would be 'Specially Becoming to My Complexion, Don't You Think?"

Biding her time and on her guard now, intending—no matter what happened—to betray no feeling, for Nate with all his unconscious hardness was not often in one of these tormenting moods, Miranda ministered to him patiently and submissively and stood stirring the beans she had just emptied for warming from a freshly opened can into the frying pan.

Nate enjoyed his food, and enjoying it relented into a patronizing state of mind.

"Beauty, hey?" he chortled. "Want some money, hey? Want to buy some new clothes, do you, girl, just like other women? Other women!" This last with a fine scorn. "Well, let me tell you, 'Randy, I don't want you to get like other women—see? Most women ain't helpers; they're wasters—just natural wasters. They keep their husbands' necks to the millstone is what they do. Many a man's poor to-day, after working hard all his life, just because wifie spent his surplus capital on freak clothes, freak hats, silk stockin's and such like knickknacks, faster than what he could pile it up. Get me? You're a sensible, helpful wife, 'Randy. All other women are fools beside of you."

But if the latter part of this speech was awkwardly fashioned to be a compliment and an appreciation it missed its aim. Miranda perceived the wicked falsity of it as a base slander upon her kind, and to her all its implications were mean and base. Instead of soothing her ruffled feelings it fired her to the doing of the most unaccountable thing in all her experience. Without a retort, a word, an exclamation even, she picked up the frying pan with its now steaming contents and deftly inverted it over the bald spot on the top of Nathan Prendegast's self-satisfied head.

"Sheriff Morgan! Landy! What You Doin' Up Here?" Inquired Mrs. Prendegast in Some Consternation

The adhesive mass of the fairly hot and succulent beans made an affectionate poultice for Nate's dome of thought. Small lavalike streams of it sluiced down over his ears and into the neck of his shirt, with individual fat beans resembling grubs or larvæ taking up odd situations here and there over his physiognomy. One most enterprising bean even staked out a claim in the empty eye socket and peered out curiously, grotesquely, while the trickling streams of tomato sauce dripped from his eyebrows and mustache and inundated his features generally. Wherever this mass touched it burned; not deeply, but—it burned.

"Goshamighty!" Nate shrieked. "Now see what you done! I'm scalded! Throw water on me!"

But Mirandy threw no water.

"You can put on me, Nate Prendegast, but you can't insult my sect!" she declared firmly, with the gleam of a further aggressiveness in her eye. Whereupon Nate, astounded beyond words at discerning that what had come upon him had not happened by way of culinary accident or misadventure, but as an overt act of war, deliberately conceived and skillfully executed, rose up wrathfully with an inarticulate roar for vengeance. At this trumpeting of his rage the self-startled and long-suffering wife further lost the leash upon her seething emotions. Lifting the frying pan high, she whirled it like a war club and smashed Nate back into his seat with a ponderous blow.

"Woof!" grunted Nate, and struggled once more to rise.

Whang went the whirling skillet, and once more Nate sat down with involuntary suddenness. Had the weapon been the old cast-iron spider of our mothers, Nathan Prendegast must then and there have become a casualty, martyr to an internecine strife; but it was the sheet-iron kind and it banged the hard skull painfully, irritatingly, musically, but not fatally.

Whang! Whang! Whang! The patient Miranda was quite beside herself. The altogether smothered and hitherto half-unconscious resentment of long years flamed forth, pouring new strength into her arm as blow on blow descended. And after his first outbursts Nate, in a mood of calculating self-control that mixed cunning with malice in ominous proportions, merely sat with arms upraised to protect his head and savagely waited for her strength to tire. Then he rose deliberately.

"'Randy," he announced in tones of noble restraint, "I ain't ever hit you in all our married life."

"You've hit me many a time with that unfeelin' tongue of yourn, Nate Prendegast," retorted Miranda, level-eyed; and just for good measure she rallied her strength once more and smote him another vehement smash with the skillet. But the blow—on Nate's arm that fended it—was feeble, and the force of it wrung the weapon from her hand.

"I have never hit you," reiterated Nate in the dignified tones of a parliamentary self-control, "and I don't say that I am going to hit you now, but ——"

And Nathan abandoned words. His pent-up feelings fulminated into action. The table in front of him rose up and butted Miranda somewhere in the middle section of her lank anatomy with such force that the upper half of her doubled on the table top amid a welter of dishes, succeeding which for a few minutes nothing in the little cabin but the solid frame of it was still at all. Woman, table, utensils, food—became a whirling canopy of confusion, a tornado with the one-armed man in the area of low barometer at the exact center of this violent mental and material disturbance. The walls of the cabin thudded and banged with the echo of blows from objects flung against it; dishes crashed on the stove or clattered on the floor; shouts and grunts and wails issued.

At length there came a calm, with Nate standing before the mirror, combing the beans from his hair and cursing softly. Presently his shirt was changed, the hue of tomato sauce, crimson carnage of battle, had disappeared from his countenance, and he was in the doorway calmly lighting his pipe, with the chaos of a far-tossed desert before him and the chaos of a much-tossed domestic disarray behind him. Without so much as a glance to rearward the lord and creator of this inner chaos passed outside.

Within the cabin, upside down on the center of a still-shivering mass of utensils, of stores, of household materials of every description, lay the breakfast table, which was also the dinner and the supper table; and out from under its inverted top extended on one side the gaunt coarsely shod legs of Miranda, while from the other protruded her skinny neck and a mass of disheveled hair. She twisted the neck from side to side experimentally, as if to make sure that nothing was broken; and then extracting a hand from under the table brushed the locks out of her eyes, shifted the table to one side and sat up, surveying the wreckage.

Strange to say, the expression upon her flushed face was one of victory rather than of vanquishment. Her lips instead of quivering from the weakness of defeat were clamped tightly, and in the eyes was the light of a new resolution; a light indeed as of one who had fought the good fight and—whatever the issue—felt that the satisfaction of the conflict more than balanced the pains of it. Still seated amidst the pile of débris she rubbed a bony shin which was calling loudly for sympathy and attention, bestowed similar favors on a side and a forearm, and then methodically began the work of restoring order. So far as possible she started this work before rising from a sitting posture, thereafter making her way experimentally, first to her knees and then to her feet, where she ventured careful tottering steps as a preliminary to stronger ones.

Nate, out in his unlimited front yard, heard these signs of the house being steadily put to rights, smiled reflectively and was busy with his tools.

"'Randy's got sense," he mentioned significantly to the sledge. "Ain't a-goin' to have no more trouble with her."

For half an hour Miranda within listened to the steady clink clink of metal on metal and then the rasp of a file. She knew that Nate was sharpening his pick points and his drills and putting an edge upon his shovel.

"Ready to go down, ol' woman!" he called, not harshly, but loudly, peremptorily, as cracking once more the lash of authority.

"Comin', Nate!" answered Miranda submissively. And plastering her old misfit khaki hat upon her head she shuffled hastily out of the house and fell in docilely behind her husband as he moved toward the shaft.

"Go back and get the short-handled pick!" he ordered presently, noticing that he did not have the article described. And Miranda, with her old patient obedience, silently retraced her steps. Once come to the shaft, which was a hundred yards up the gulch from the house, the woman took her position at the windlass.

"Hold fast!" said Nate, and Miranda braced herself.

"A-ready!" she announced, and the man stepped into the bucket, which was slowly lowered beneath the surface.

"Quit jerkin', durn ye!" he snapped out once.

"Who's jerkin'?" the woman drawled back, not irritably or pertly, but with her old dispirited air.

"Whu-u-u-up!" came the order from below, and Miranda halted the windlass, knowing that her husband was at the bottom of the forty-two-foot shaft.

(Continued on Page 74)

The Autobiography of a Race Horse

II

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

NEXT morning Barney was whistling as usual. I gathered that Grasshopper had twisted a shoe in the race of the day before. I saw the shoe, because Barney had taken it off and was straightening it out in front of my stall. It was bent almost double; and the wonder of it all was how the game little horse managed to run as good a race as he did. He was also remarkably lucky, when we come to consider the fact, that he did not cut his leg off against its sharp edge.

Of course my master and Barney did not tell anyone that this accident had happened. Barney straightened the shoe out himself and put it back on the horse. In this respect Barney was really a wonderful character. In many ways he was quite a mechanical genius. Like some people, he appeared instinctively to sense machinery and movement. He could shoe a horse as well as any blacksmith; better than most of them, because he knew all about the structural conformation of a horse's hoof—which was a very rare thing in those days. Most horses were shod without any regard to the form of the foot itself. In this connection I might caution you against letting a blacksmith put a hot shoe on your horse's hoof. See that he makes the shoe fit the hoof. Don't let him pare down the hoof to fit the shoe.

Barney was singing a song—the one he always sang especially when something had gone wrong with him or us. So on this particular morning he sang Got to Get a Livin' over and over again. My master came down to the stable early and asked Barney how he felt.

"If I felt any better they'd have to set on my head an' cut the harness loose before I kicked the family carriage all to pieces," he answered.

Barney never was lost for metaphor; he was one of those people who are witty without knowing it—which is a remarkable gift.

That morning I acquired some additional information, because Grasshopper told me the story of his beginnings. He was more communicative than usual, but philosophic, as he always was; he explained that if he hadn't twisted his shoe the day before he should have beaten the Missouri Ghost easily. Still, he said, the trouble with horse racing was that accidents would happen.

I asked him where he came from originally and how my master came to own him. He told me that he was born in Idaho and confessed that he was not a thoroughbred horse. He qualified this statement a little by saying that he expected he did not have the regulation five crosses to go back to. A thoroughbred must be able to show in his pedigree five distinct generations of pure blood. It is a good thing that some humans don't have to do that, isn't it?

Grassy said that he had been won in a poker game; he also told me that his grandfather was Lexington. He did not know much about his mother's family, except that she was a very fast quarter mare called Toots. He knew she had some thoroughbred blood, but he could not tell exactly how much. He had the advantage of some people, because he told the truth about his pedigree anyway. If Grassy had been a man he would never have written to the College of Heralds in the endeavor to acquire a coat of arms after he had achieved fame or wealth.

Of course I told him that he need not apologize to me for his ancestors, because any horse that could run as fast as he could had heritage enough and shouldn't be ashamed of his family. And he said he wasn't—only he thought it best that we should understand each other at the start; which, when you come to think of it, is a good thing, whether it relates to men or horses.

Grassy told me he was ten years old. He had had many and varied experiences, and was first owned by a ranchman out near Boisé, Idaho. He said that was the real home of the little-ways horse—which meant the quarter horse. He had raced from the time he was a three-year-old, and a gambler coming through had won him from his original owner on some kind of betting proposition. I think he had been bet on a quarter race against two thousand dollars. The race was between two other horses; anyway, the gambler had won him.

He told me that from Boisé they had gone away up in the Northwest.

He had made the trip overland; this gambler had driven him to a buggy most of the way. They had stopped at the various towns en route, wherever there was a chance to race. The country was full of quarter horses at that time, and he said that in their travels he never lost a race. He met them all, except a horse called Bob Wade. I asked him if he could beat him, and he said:

"No; nobody could beat Bob Wade when he was good. They all thought they could; but it stopped there."

Then he went on and related a wonderful story about a race at Neche. He said that comparatively very little money had been bet, but thousands of acres of land, horses, farming implements and furs had been wagered on that race. One man had bet the contents of a general store; in fact, the opposing parties had gambled everything except their wives and children.

He Said This Man Would Probably be Boasting About What a Great Race Horse the Missouri Ghost Was

Anyway, the race came off and Grassy won it. His owner did not get all the money won, of course, because the winnings had been scattered round among a number of people; but he won a very considerable sum, both in money and property.

Then they all started in playing poker. In those days they played real poker, by which I mean that the game was not limited. They played table stakes. It was the only test of a man's nerve and judgment. He said that under modern conditions the great American game had deteriorated. That it was only "show-down" now.

The game he told me of must have been intensely exciting. Most of the participants in it were professional gamblers and all of them cheated if they could. They were experts at playing with advantages. Grassy said they gambled for three days and nights without getting up from the table; and then, when his owner was dealing, several very big hands made their appearance. Everyone bet the limit and, among other things, his owner had staked him against one thousand dollars.

Then there was a show-down; and simultaneously a man who held four kings pulled a pistol and shot Grassy's owner—killed him dead, right across the table.

There was no argument regarding the moral justice of this act, because the dead man was found to have six cards in his hand. I suppose he got caught while trying to palm the extra card.

But all this, of course, led to legal complications, because the police came and took away the man who had killed Grassy's owner. Grassy did not know what eventually became of him. After Grassy had been kept in a stable for a month or so he was sold at public auction; and as he was not big enough to plow on a farm my master, who happened to be up there then, had purchased him for a comparatively small sum. But it was all the money he had; which, after all, is the biggest price anyone can pay for anything.

Grassy said that there was comedy as well as tragedy connected with this poker game. One man who sat in the game had won six barrels of soda crackers from the storekeeper on the quarter race. He had loaded them onto a wagon, which was left standing outside the hotel; and I suppose he forgot all about it in the excitement of the poker game. As it was, however, a very heavy rainstorm came up and the water soaked through the barrels, melting the crackers into soggy masses of dough.

In those days crackers were worth some money away up in that country, and the man who had won them borrowed a hundred dollars during the progress of the game from another player, giving them as security. When the game was over and the new owner of the crackers discovered their condition he went stark raving crazy. He threatened to kill the man who had borrowed the money from him. But everybody laughed at him so much he decided to make the best of it.

Grassy told me that he heard afterward that the man had traded them off to somebody else without saying anything about their condition. It appears that they were sold and traded several times in this way and eventually became the center of a big lawsuit, which puzzled the courts of justice for many years.

The Grasshopper also told me that he had met the famous Hickory Jim on this trip. He said that nobody knew how old Hickory Jim was, but that he had run at all distances for ever so many years. He took his name from Old Hickory Jim Davis, his owner. Davis was supposed to be a hundred years old, and goodness only knows how old the horse was; but he won races on the big and little tracks just the same. Even nowadays, whenever turf followers want to place the date of some happening that occurred years and years ago, they always say that it dates back to the time when Hickory Jim was a two-year-old; and, of course, nobody remembers that.

After that my master shipped him down home with a carload of horses. He said that my master was then only about seventeen years old, and that there was a terrible hubbub when he got home again, because he had run away. Grassy said he was always running away when he was a boy. He said that was the delightful part of life, when one can make himself believe that the next town is always going to be the best.

My master never told anyone that he had brought home a race horse—that is, no one except one woman. He used to tell her everything. She would come out to the barn and they would have long talks. She was his mother and sympathized with all his adventures very much. Grassy said she drove him in her phaeton for several months, and that she was a very fine lady. Grassy voiced the opinion that real ladies were very scarce.

Jane sniffed at this. She said there were as many real ladies in the world as real gentlemen, and Grasshopper agreed with her. He never gave the lady member of our outfit an argument. Some wise old fish, Grassy—eh?

It appears that all my master brought home was the horse. He did not have any money. His idea was to make a race with a very fast mare who was owned in that section, but he did not have the capital to make the match. He used to sit by the hour and talk to the lady about getting him the money. She would have given it to him in a minute, but she knew that as soon as he won another bank roll he would run away from home again. He never lied to her, but he would laugh when she used to tell him that the blood of old Ishmael would never die out.

The boy's father was a staid business man who, like Gradgrind, wanted to reduce everything to facts and figures; and you can't do that with a boy, because he does not think as you do. That is the mistake that most older people make. They forget that they were boys and girls themselves. But if they were only to stop and think just long enough to get a photographic impression of what they themselves were in the days of their youth they might look at things in a different light.

Very few people understand boys and girls. Older people do foolish things too. But because they are not the same kinds of foolish things that younger people do, they think that the juveniles have no sense at all and that they themselves are very wise. The funny thing about life is that the older one gets, the more averse he is to having any of his mistakes pointed out to him.

Now, with dumb animals it is an invariable rule that, before we give you the best that is in us, you must first have captured our confidence. Without that, we cannot learn. Grassy said that half the mistakes boys and girls

make are due to the fact that they were afraid to confide in the people at home; and when they had any troubles they carried them elsewhere. Old Grassy knew things, didn't he?

To make a long story short, this lady finally gave my master money enough to make the match. She was a real sport. He said she was up against it among a lot of hide-bound people who conducted small lives by smaller rules.

Grassy said she had "class." I did not know what this meant, but he explained it to me in the way I will try to set down.

It is often said that one horse outclasses another, but few people understand the real meaning of that term. In the same way they say that a man has class, without stopping to think of the supreme tribute they are paying.

Permit me to explain: Let us say a horse runs three-quarters of a mile to-day and wins a race in one minute, eleven and a half seconds. He carries one hundred and fifteen pounds. A few days afterward, while he is still in the pink of form, and over the same distance, all other conditions being favorable, he is beaten in hollow style in one minute and twelve seconds.

Now this would seem a reversal of form; but it might be otherwise. The real answer probably is that he met a horse of class—one that just hooked up with him, looked him in the eye, and carried him clean off his feet; a horse with the heart of a lion. The strange part of it is that horses unconsciously feel this just in the same manner that human beings do.

You can take menfolk, start them on equal terms as to education and all other material advantages, and still you will find one man, by his personality alone, dominating those with whom he is brought into contact. They follow; he leads. They oppose him and he crushes.

Nine times out of ten he does this unconsciously. He could not explain the secret of his power; and it is useless to endeavor to analyze his character, because when you are all through you have not fathomed the mysterious something wherein lies the big force. It is the supreme gift of the gods; and that is what is called class.

Another funny thing is that a horse always knows when his rider is afraid. I cannot explain this, either—except that we know it. The minute a timorous man's or woman's fingers touch the reins, the horse he is riding, if he possesses any spirit at all, commences to cut up. As I said, I don't know why this is—except that we know things just in the same way that human beings sense the psychological moment. Their cue is never given them. It's in the atmosphere. The man of vision knows how to capitalize it.

The sensation of fear can always be overcome. Grasshopper put me right on that point. When I asked him why it was that he never got excited or in any sense manifested that he was afraid, he told me that he had all that figured out long ago; because whenever he got in a tight corner he knew it wouldn't do him any good to give way to fear. Sensible horses always make the best of it.

He said it was all a question of a state of mind; just as the old Indians went to war, unterrified and unafraid, because some medicine man had told them that when a warrior was killed in battle his soul lived ever after in the happy hunting grounds.

As well as I can remember, the Grasshopper said:

"Now listen, kid: Don't you ever quit, as long as you can put one foot in front of the other; because most races are won in the last twenty yards. You may feel all in and ready to lean up against the fence; but don't forget that the other horse feels just as badly as you do. Outgame him if you can; and, above all, keep trying down to the very last jump. It's the only thing that makes a real race horse—and, for that matter, all that spells success when doing anything."

Well, having moralized sufficiently, I think I had better return to the main part of the story. As I said before, neither my master nor Barney told anyone about the accident that had happened to the Grasshopper in his race with the Missouri Ghost. Everyone, I imagine, was of the opinion that the contest had been on its merits and that he was beaten because he had met a better horse.

Barney stuck round the stable all morning; but I did not see my master. He came back about noon. He had a telegram in his hand, which he showed Barney. And then I learned he had wired to someone to send him money and had received a reply stating that his friend was away from home. He appeared to be very crestfallen; but the receipt of the gloomy tidings did not appear to have the slightest effect on Barney, who kept saying that something would turn up. I think Barney was the original believer. He was the spirit of Faith, personified.

Late that afternoon a tall, fine-looking man came to the stable. He was not at all like many of the rough people I have seen round the race track; in fact, he was the leading physician of that town and a great lover of horses. My master was very polite to him; he always was, in fact, to most people, but never exchanged confidences with any outsiders. Still, he talked freely to this man, and took out the horses one by one to let him look them over.

I think my master was very much flattered when the big man praised my conformation. He admitted that I was small for my age, but insisted that what I lacked in size I gained in quality. He said I was every inch a race horse. And when my master told him the truth about what he had originally paid for me he offered him ten times as much. My master thanked him but refused to take a profit, as he said he never sold his horses unless forced to do so. Still, I could see he was very much elated and felt highly complimented.

As before stated, there was something about the stranger that inspired confidence. He sat down on a bale of hay outside my stall and talked about a great many things. He was evidently a highly educated man and had traveled in many countries; just the kind of person that my master loved to talk to.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that pretty soon he had the whole story of our mishap—knew that we were all broke and were wondering what we would do next.

He laughed a good deal at Barney's story of our wanderings; and when he had learned all the facts and how Grasshopper had twisted his shoe in the race of the day before, he asked my master if he would leave further activities in his hands. He promised that he would get another race for us; but, for business reasons, he did not want to appear in the matter at all.

He seemed to be of the opinion that there would be no trouble in arranging another match, because the owners of the Missouri Ghost were positive that they had the better horse; and that he had already heard that they were planning to take some more money away from us through the medium of another race. He said that if we waited long enough they would bet us three or four to one that they could beat us.

He also had discovered that they thought my master was just some young fellow with a lot of money going through the country trying to lose it with a slow race horse. They never suspected that we had bet all we had on the last race.

(Continued on Page 177)

Just as We Prepared to Move On a Shot Rang Out. Grasshopper Reared High in the Air

HUNKINS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Fie on You, Georgie! What's the Matter? Won't the Charming Hunkins Let You Play in the Big Game?"

XXIV

AT THE beginning our campaign organization consisted of Miss Crawford, Dowd, Steve Fox and myself. Dowd had an intimate knowledge of the city and of ward and divisional influences and how to exploit or counteract them. Steve was familiar with the inner workings of the organizations, and knew what men did certain things. Miss Crawford had shrewd political sense and a good executive training and capability. I acted as general sitter in, helping wherever I could. We met at the Tucker Building, but Dowd said we must have headquarters of our own later, as my campaign and the soldiers' organization, which was nonpartisan, must be kept distinctly separate.

At our first meeting Dowd said: "As I look at it the three basic propositions that concern us are these: First, not to announce Talbot's candidacy until we get as much of a foundation for it as we can, and certainly not until Hunkins shows his hand with Perkins; he must be our reason—Perkins. Second, to dig up everything about Perkins that will help us. Third, to form a campaign committee of the best people we can get, half of men and half of women, to stand back of Talbot."

"The second is the most important," I said.

"I think so too," Dowd assented, "especially as Hunkins' delay in announcing his man is playing into our hands. Still, that may be good politics, for Hunkins undoubtedly knows as much about Perkins as any other, probably more, and figures that the shorter the campaign is the easier it will be for his organization to put Perkins over. Steve has been working on the Perkins record since we first heard the news. We think this will give us a far better opportunity to demonstrate with the soldiers than a campaign with no other incentive than the soldiers' desire to elect a soldier. It furnishes a moral impulse, which sounds priggish but is a fact, just the same; and I was trying to think of a suitable candidate when you thought of yourself, George, and solved the problem."

"Solved it?" I answered. "Why, we haven't stated the premises of it yet. It will be a hard problem to solve."

"Cheer up!" laughed Dowd. "The worst is yet to come. If you think it is difficult now, before you are in deeper than your ankles, I wonder how it will strike you when you get in up to your neck."

"Sink or swim, survive or perish!" declaimed Steve. "So long as George doesn't get in over his head it will be all right."

"Are you getting anything more on Perkins?" I asked Steve.

"Some things," he replied, "but I shan't be ready to report for a few days."

We discussed the campaign committee. I thought two committees, one of men and another of women, would be best, but Dowd overruled that.

"One committee," he said, "half of men and half of women. There are a lot of women voters in this town, and we must not start wrong with them by giving them what they may think is a side show while the men have the main tent. Equal representation, you know, and all that. How about it, Miss Crawford?"

One of Dowd's delights was to angle for a rise from Miss Crawford with remarks like that. Miss Crawford smiled a tiny smile at Steve and me and winked the ghost of a wink.

"I think you are right, Mr. Dowd," she said gravely. "Of course if you mean equal representation in any other way than numerically I suggest that you select thirty-five men and fifteen women, because at twenty-five and twenty five the women will far overbalance the men in general intelligence, industry and aptness. Thirty-five to fifteen will be about a proper proportion."

"Why not make the committee all women, then?" asked Dowd.

"Oh," Miss Crawford replied, "we couldn't expect such perfect political prescience as that from a mere man."

"Dowd loses!" shouted Steve, and everybody laughed.

We made a list of a hundred committee prospects; not that we wanted a hundred, but that we did want at least fifty; and laid our plans for approaching them. Letters and literature were prepared, to be sent to all these at the moment my candidacy was announced; other publicity was written, and Dowd took an option on some rooms in the newly completed Power Building, giving as a reason that he might need them for use of the soldier organization, as more space than the Tucker Building afforded was required. It was decided to enlist Mrs. Ainsley, and Miss Harrow, if possible, to help with the women's end of it, as Miss Crawford would be busy in headquarters if things turned out well.

I went to see Miss Harrow, told her about our plans and asked her if she would help.

"Help? Certainly I'll help," she said. "I'm glad that some man in this city has courage enough to stand up against those gangs. I'll do everything I can. Wait a minute."

She went into her study, and returned with a check in her hand.

"Here," she said, "take this. It's all I can afford, and I wish it was ten times as much."

I looked at the check, which was drawn to me, and it was for five hundred dollars. Somehow the idea of taking money from a woman gave me a queer feeling. I protested.

"Oh, Miss Harrow," I said, "we shall have enough money, I am sure. I do not——"

"Pish!" she interrupted. "Have some sense! You will need all the money you can get. Ideals are all right, but they must be supplied with motive power. There will be no manna from heaven falling into your laps in this fight, fearless young crusader for the right that you may be. I am practical about it. Why shouldn't you be? Do you hesitate because I am a woman? Don't you think I am as much interested in this campaign as you are? I am, and I demand my right to contribute. Possibly I can spare more if you need it. Now then, run along and go to work. I'll come whenever I am called."

Her bombardment with that succession of short sentences routed me, and I found myself out in the street with the check in my hand.

"Here is the first campaign contribution," I said to Dowd and Miss Crawford when I got back to the office. "Five hundred dollars from Miss Harrow."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Dowd. "I never expected anything like that."

"I did," Miss Crawford said. "I know Miss Harrow."

One subject of much discussion was the newspapers.

"It is my opinion," said Steve, "that the News will be friendly but not partisan. The Globe will hammer you to a pulp. The Dispatch will follow the Globe's lead in the afternoon, and the Times will be kindly but calm. The Journal ought to be for you, inasmuch as you will oppose the machine, and the Journal is against all machines until it can bring about a socialistic machine—like all the rest of them. But what difference does it make?"

"Why," I said, "isn't newspaper support essential?"

"Helpful, perhaps," Steve replied, "but I wouldn't call it essential. Far be it from me to throw stones at my noble profession, albeit it isn't what it used to be, having become mostly an asylum for former Presidents, and ex-officeholders and other and various exes, has-beens, would-bes and

never-wasers, who by virtue of their past performances, real or alleged, and not because of their present wisdom, scab the regular newspaper man's job—far be it from me to asperse my meal ticket, but the trick can be turned without the support of the press.

"For example, I noticed in New York City, a year ago last fall, that Mitchel was defeated, notwithstanding the fact that all the papers except the Hearst string were for him. I've seen the same thing happen elsewhere—in Chicago, when Carter Harrison walked in once, and maybe twice, in defiance of the shrieks of opposition from a press united against him. It has happened so elsewhere also. If we can get this going, and the newspapers must help it start, as a news story, we shall have plenty of publicity without their editorial support if they refuse that to us. We'll see to it that we are live news every minute. Then they'll have to print things about us in their news columns, and the solemn old Johnnies in the inside rooms can denounce their heads off, and we'll prosper, so long as we can get by the local room. That will be my job."

Hunkins continued silent. There was some discussion in the newspapers by the political reporters, and one day Steve printed a list of names of those prominently mentioned for the nominations. Perkins' name was not in this list, and that impressed me.

So I sought Steve and asked him: "Has Hunkins changed his mind?"

"Not that I know of. Why?"

"I see you didn't put Perkins in the list of those prominently mentioned you printed this morning."

"Listen at him," Steve laughed. "It's old, but it's sure fire. The dear public always falls for it."

"What do you mean?"

"The prominently mentioned wheeze. Every time there is a vacancy in an office of importance or candidates are discussed we run a few of those. They come out of Washington whenever there is a big office to be filled. 'Among those prominently mentioned for the place are ——' And then follows a list of names. And next day you hear the man in the street car say: 'I see So-and-So may get a cabinet place. He's prominently mentioned for it.' Sure he is—prominently mentioned by the prominent mentioner, who sits down at his typewriter to write a dispatch about the situation, putting in every name, to make it good, he can think of that comes within the remotest range of possibility of official designation, and shoves the bunch on the wire for the home office. A lot of men round Washington and the state capitals exist for that occasional notice. They never get a job, and do not expect one, but they feel still in it, in a way, if they can make the prominently mentioned lists."

"Then that list isn't official?" I said.

"Certainly it is—official by Steve Fox, who knows a good deal about it. I printed it to keep the interest stirred."

"Is Perkins still a candidate?"

"So far as I know he is. Hunkins isn't likely to shift. He's open-minded enough until he gets his decision. But after that he sticks."

Meantime Steve completed his investigations into the record of Perkins. He found his specialty was to organize new public-utility companies, secure franchises for them on the ground that the competition would be of benefit to the public, get those franchises granted by collusion with the officials, and then force the companies in operation to buy out the new companies, and divide the swag, keeping most of it for himself.

He did this with a cross-town surface-car franchise, a gas-and-electric franchise, a new telephone company and several times with street rights that already-going concerns needed. Each time he had a plausible reason for selling out, but each time he literally blackmailed the operating companies into buying.

"There are five of these deals that I have uncovered," said Steve, "and though I cannot prove that Perkins bribed the officials for the franchises I know he did. We'll have to recite the facts, which are bad enough, make the charge that he did and take a chance. Furthermore, I have discovered that Perkins is a stockholder in that Arizona mine that Pendergrast exploited, for I managed to get the minutes of an annual company meeting he attended. Oddly enough, in the hurry of Pendergrast's getaway he neglected to burn those minutes, and that kind providence that watches over good little boy reporters like myself put me in the way of them.

"Perkins always has lived, publicly, in an atmosphere of complete sanctity. He is a most conspicuous church member, gets himself on the committees of all civic-uplift movements, contributes to all clean-up crusades and his private life is impeccable. Nothing moral can start in this city without Perkins in it, and if possible at the head of it. Also, as you know, he runs a big store and, though he is meanness incarnate in his dealings with his employees, he is a good merchant, and his store is popular. He screens his dealings with his employees by operating a bunk profit-sharing plan, to which, of course, the newspapers refer with great admiration, he being a large advertiser. He is a glutton for publicity, and his greatest delight is to see his name in the papers as 'the public-spirited' or 'our leading citizen,' or in some similar way."

"How did you get all this?" I asked.

"Oh, I dug round, and found there were men in the city who knew all about him. They helped me out, not knowing why, but on the general principle that anything to crimp Perkins was good municipal spirit. One of these men was Andrew J. Mayfield. Know him?"

"Indeed I do!" I said. "He's a director in dad's company, and his brother Arthur was in my regiment, a first lieutenant in H Company. He was killed in the Argonne. I've known Mr. Mayfield since I was a little boy."

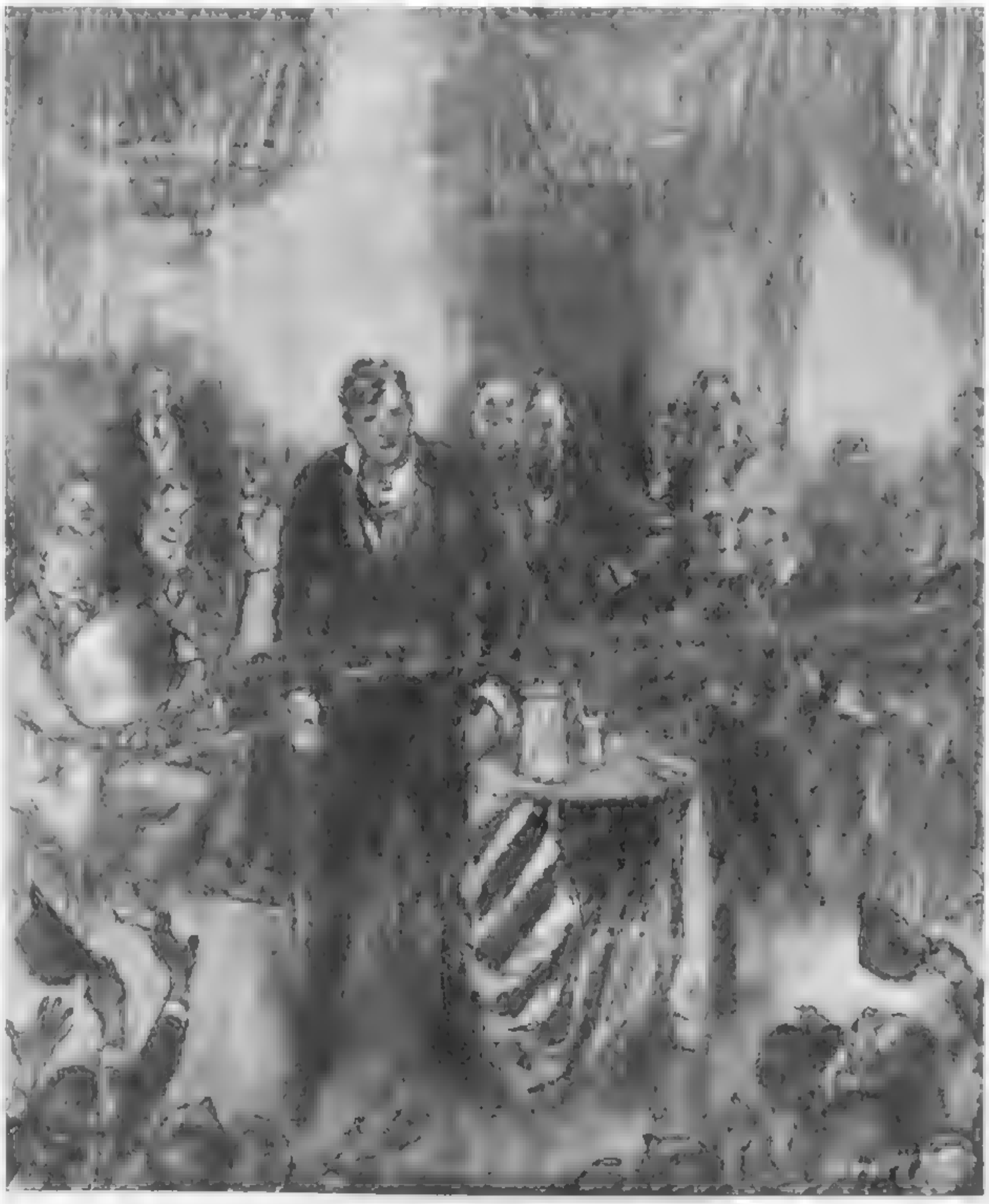
"Fine business," said Steve. "He's the man to head your campaign committee. He's the livest wire in this city."

We went over Steve's notes carefully, rejecting some of the things he had discovered as not susceptible of proof, and finally decided to make our campaign on the Pendergrast attempted loot of the city treasury for the exploitation of the mine, the street-car franchise, the gas-and-electricity franchise and the telephone franchise, with incidental reference to the other similar operations. Steve briefed his information, bringing out salient facts, making convincing deductions, and minimizing the importance of points that might be construed as negativing our statements. Steve was a wonder at that. Being a good reporter he knew how to bring out the facts that helped his story and bury those that did not.

When that was finished and adopted we decided to make none but general charges at first, and wait for the inevitable Perkins and Hunkins denials, reserving the proof of Perkins' participation in the city-treasury transaction until the last, for a crusher.

"That's the way Hunkins played it with the I. O. U.'s," I said. "We'll give him a dose of his own medicine."

"Correct," Dowd replied, "but we must not forget that Hunkins didn't exhaust his box of tricks with that one."



"Boys," Tommy Said, "Pendergrast Got Back to Town Today and Tried to Keep Me From Coming to This Meeting; But I'm Here"

"Come on, you Perkins!" exclaimed Steve when all was complete. "We'll give you a run for the money you are spending on this, and for the money you have already grafted; also some publicity of a sort you won't like."

XXV

THERE was another week of preparation. I went to see Mr. Mayfield, and spent an evening with him, going over the whole matter and detailing our plans. He listened with interest, cross-questioned me minutely, pointed out weaknesses in and made suggestions for strengthening our proposed campaign; and consented to serve.

"Anything I can do to keep Perkins from being mayor I am obligated to do as a citizen and well-wisher for this city," he said. "And more than that, I am glad to be of what help I can to you personally, George. Send me your list of possible committee members, and I'll look it over and add or subtract, as the case may be. After you make your announcement you may say that I have undertaken to form a campaign committee, and I'll put in a month or so at it. I need some excitement anyhow."

There was more newspaper talk about candidates. Several names were discussed. Hunkins, when asked by the reporters about the matter, said the organization was considering the claims of various men put forth by their friends, and had arrived at no conclusion.

"All the organization desires," he said, "is to support the best man who may be proposed. The field is open."

(Continued on Page 83)

TRIMMED WITH RED

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

XVIII

HOW Professor Syle just missed becoming editor of the Young Progressive—an office which carried with it the crown of parlor Bolshevism in America—is an incident worthy of a chapter.

Walter had interrupted his Western tour in mid-flight and come back to New York, object matrimony; for time had worn into the middle of May and the date they had set for an inconspicuous wedding was but a week off. It was to be a business honeymoon wherein the bride was to follow her groom round the circuit; then there would be a cottage in Maine, convenient to some fashionable resort, and they could set themselves at leisure to the task of living happy ever afterward.

One morning in May the bridegroom expectant awaited his bride elect in the reception room of her hotel. For one who bore funeral tidings he was in a curiously elated mood, pacing energetically up and down the imitation Chinese rug, brandishing a copy of the Evening Excelsior, his face aflame, his eyes dancing.

"He's dead!" he cried triumphantly, quite neglecting to kiss the lady of his choice.

"Who's dead?" she asked, wondering if Walter would turn out to be the heir to an earldom.

For a reply Walter thrust into her hands his copy of the Excelsior, folded at the mortuary column:

JUSTINIAN KROLL DEAD
Editor of Young Progressive
Succumbs to Pneumonia
at Greenwich Home

"Dead!" chanted Walter, beating his breast, but with an emotion far from grief. "Emily, you've brought me luck again! You seem to bring me luck every way I turn."

"I didn't kill him," explained Emily, "but I'm glad it tickles you so."

"My dear, can't you see?" Her pet intellectual paused in his rejoicing to explain. "There's a vacant chair in Olympus."

"And you want me to get it for you?"

"Well, can't you?" he asked. He was getting into the habit of saying "Can't you?"

"He's got a trained staff," was her practical objection. "You've never been on the Young Progressive. It would be like an outsider ——"

"It wasn't my fault I never got on their staff. The snobs always shoved me aside; they knew I'd get control of the publication once I put my foot inside the door. I should never have identified myself with a sheet like the Raw Deal if there had been a chance for me."

"You've always wanted it?" she asked, curiously eying him and wondering how long he had been a slave to worldly ambition.

"I've never wanted anything so in all my life." He looked away as he said it.

"Oh."

"There's a distinction to the Young Progressive. It doesn't get down in the gutter and fight with mud."

"No, in the clouds with atomizers." She was smiling.

"What do you mean by that?" he taxed her gruffly.

"Nothing, but I was thinking. The Young Progressive would go beautifully with what we are doing. It gives the effect of splendid independence without making any enemies—goes to war in a dress suit. That's the secret of our success, Walter—to carry on a revolution and keep all our friends, the influential ones."

"I hate to listen to you when you're cheaply cynical."

"You needn't," she told him, backing away.

"Emily, don't let's quarrel. It wastes time. Here's the great chance of our life, and I want you to help me." He got her two unresisting hands and his eyes spoke volumes. "We'll have a dignified position in the world, my lectures will carry more and more weight. Don't you see how it will be the making of us at a stroke?"

"What do you want me to do—buy the publication for you?"

She said this without sarcasm. As a matter of fact, she was considering the Young Progressive as a purchasable enterprise.

"It can't be bought," he mused. "It's owned by the Brontzburgers, and they want to keep it the way it is, keep it radical and independent but never let it get out of ——"

"Out of the drawing-room," suggested Emily.

"You might put it in that coarse way," he conceded. "At any rate the Young Progressive is the only radical publication that has vogue among the sort of people I want to reach."

"Our sort of people," said Emily with a straight face. It sounded like a quotation from her Aunt Carmen.

"That's it exactly. Now what can you do?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to go to Mrs. Ballymoore." He said it in the hushed voice of intrigue.

"Since when can I influence Mrs. Ballymoore?"

"She has implicit faith in you—as a manager." Then as though this point were settled he went on: "It was Mrs. Ballymoore who first got Brontzburger interested in the Young Progressive. A word from her would make all the difference."

Emily sat down and considered him seriously. A word from her would make all the difference; in this estimate he was no more than just. For a year now she had been putting in the right word at the right moment and his rise from poverty to power had been picturesque. The editorship of that aristocratic voice of the masses, the Young Progressive, would give them a place in the world. A place *de luxe*, like the limited edition of Walter's Heart of a Radical. A fixed salary, plenty of time for subscription lectures and subsidized Red Tea Rooms, a brisk sale for more morocco-bound volumes, entrée into some of the greatest houses in New York ——

"Walter, I think I can fix it for you."

"Emily, you're always resourceful!"

She offered him her cheek for a kiss.

"I'll go over there at five."

He lingered, evidently with something else on his mind.

"You'll go as my business manager, you understand," he at last hinted.

"What else should I go as?" she asked, cooling. His roundabouts somewhat wearied her.

"Well"—he stood fumbling with his hat—"as long as our engagement has never been publicly announced ——"

"There's no use of my announcing it to the Ballymoores, you mean?"

"Exactly. This is strictly a matter of business."

"And Bolshevism," supplied Emily, before she sped to her rooms to array herself for the encounter.

Emily found Mrs. Ballymoore in much the same distracted frame of mind in which she had shown herself a year ago upon Emily's first appeal to her liberal spirit, and for the same cause. Workmen with the tools of their trade were just finishing a lusty day devoted to covering Mrs. Ballymoore's marble coping with one of those ugly gray boxes with which the absentee rich beautify their city during the summer months. At the top of the Florentine staircase Mrs. Ballymoore was harshly outfacing a foreman of carpenters with a catalogue of his misdeeds.

"You have been treating my house like a tenement!" she orated on, ignoring her caller in the hall below. "The noise of your laborers drinking beer in the servants' hall at noon was most objectionable. And when I requested one of your persons not to pass through my house with his hat on his head, he answered me in a most loutish fashion—most loutish—and intimated that he was not taking orders from me."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Ballymoore, ma'am," the placid voice of the foreman protested. "Y'see, Dinny is nothin' but a carpenter, used to outside work and not much on parlor etty-kett."

"What are the working classes coming to?" inquired Mrs. Ballymoore. "Not satisfied with their outrageously high wages they are becoming spoiled and impertinent.

"My Dear, I Almost Forgot to Congratulate You, and I Hope You'll Both be Ever So Happy"

Tell the contractor who sent you here that I do not intend to endure such behavior a second time. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Mrs. Ballymoore. I'll settle it with the boys."

"And now be off with you. And I suggest that hereafter you employ men accustomed to working in gentlemen's houses."

"Yes, Mrs. Ballymoore."

And the foreman of carpenters was off with him.

When the great disciple of liberation came down to her caller she was still fuming from her encounter.

"I'm sorry to have annoyed you with such a scene," she said, "but conditions have become perfectly chaotic. Did you hear the way the man stood there and attempted to argue with me? Isn't there any law to curb such behavior?"

"It seems not," was Emily's neutral reply. She longed to suggest that the foreman be given a long term of imprisonment, but considered that the remark would savor of a dangerous sarcasm.

They sat in slip-covered chairs under a great chandelier, which, inside its summer bag, looked like a collapsed balloon hung upside down to the ceiling. Mrs. Ballymoore puckered her haggard, handsome face, and folding her hands began unpropitiously:

"About the Red Tea Room. Have you planned to close it for the summer?"

"There's always a good out-of-town trade during the summer," suggested Emily, foreseeing trouble.

"Nobody who is anybody," objected Mrs. Ballymoore severely, "ever comes back to town before November."

"We could make our revolution very popular if we open the tea room to the general public."

"Who wants to make it popular?" Mrs. Ballymoore glared.

"Well then, we have the place, rent paid, the year round. Why not turn it over as a dancing and meeting place for the proletariat?"

"You mean those dirty people from the slums—heaven knows where? My dear child, do you know what you're saying? The place would have to be fumigated!"

"Of course, when you go in for Bolshevism ——"

"I don't see what Bolshevism has to do with admitting every Tom, Dick and Harry off the street into your private life. Fifth Avenue is ruined now by the mobs of foreigners blocking the streets at noon."

"Isn't it horrid!" agreed Emily appeasingly.

She had not come there to preach a crusade in behalf of the laboring masses. She was about to suggest that a Red Tea Room would be a pretty decoration for the Sawgamuk summer colony, when Mrs. Ballymoore discouraged her in her most managing tone.

"Will you see that the place is closed at once? I shan't be here to look after it and I could not be responsible for what might happen during my absence."

Which was good, even for Mrs. Ballymoore.

Emily saw her liberal commission gone a-glimmering for an indefinite number of months, possibly forever. However, she was there for another purpose. Aunt Carmen had accustomed her to the whims of arrogant women and now seemed as good a time as another.

"I've been reading about the death of Justinian Kroll," suggested Emily, tacking skillfully in the puffy wind.

"It was a great shock to us," said Mrs. Ballymoore, pursing her lips sanctimoniously.

"His place will be hard to fill," agreed Emily in haste.

"It can never be filled," was Mrs. Ballymoore's discouraging answer. "Justinian was unique in his time. He had the gift of penetrative analysis."

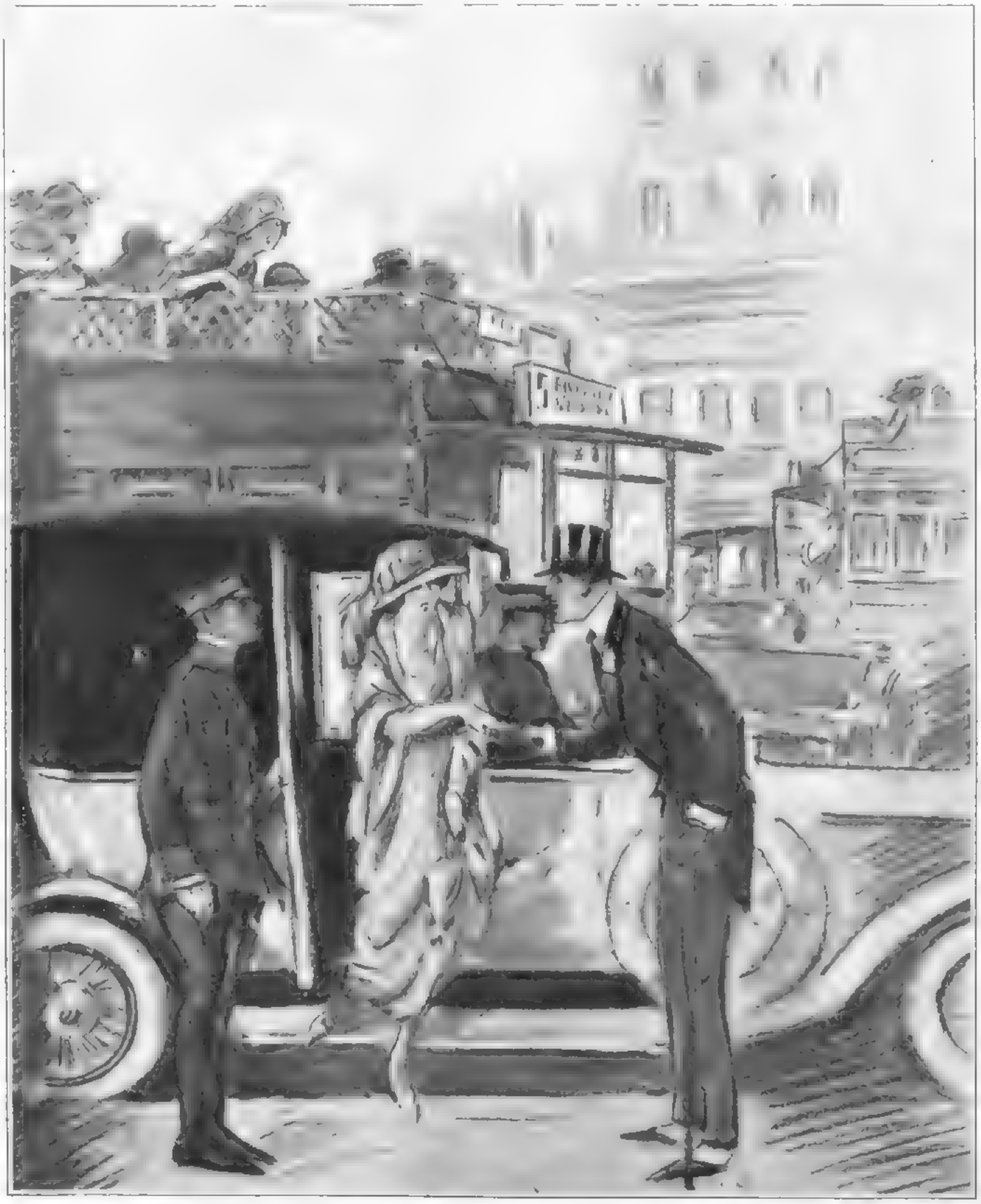
By the way she said it it was evident that somebody had given her this last rich phrase.

"Penetrative analysis," echoed Emily. "That means that he could argue both sides on a question, doesn't it?"

"Exactly." Mrs. Ballymoore sat pat, her hands folded.

"I thought the same thing," Emily hastened the assurance. "But when I read the bad news it occurred to me that the Young Progressive must go on. If it should suspend publication now it would be nothing less than a national calamity."

"International!" supplied Mrs. Ballymoore. The auspices were improving.



Emily Could Have Screamed His Name or Have Leaped Bodily to the Roof of the Ballymoore Car

"The members of his staff, as I understand it, are none of them Kroll size. It will be necessary for an outside ——"

"Do you think that Walter Syle would consider the position?"

The question was put with a shocking suddenness. Emily had been waiting for the cat to jump and it had leaped purring into her lap!

"I—I don't know." She sat struggling with her breath.

"He has made his plans so far ahead. Of course when he gave up the Raw Deal ——"

"That was a vile sheet," announced Mrs. Ballymoore. "But the Young Progressive is quite another matter."

"I know that Walter still has editorial ambitions. If you think the chances are favorable I could consult his wishes in the matter."

"I shall see Michael Brontzburger at once," the dowager promised, and Emily was about to arise and carry the good tidings, when a butler wove his way through the confusion of the house and a moment later Vera Ballymoore, disagreeably perfect in a hard gray costume, accentuating her hard gray eyes and hard white teeth, came sweeping into the conference.

"Ah, my dear, how do you do!" she condescended, giving Emily a warmthless hand. Vera never allowed Emily to forget that she was an employee, but to-day her aloofness held a positive quality.

"Vera, darling," began Mrs. Ballymoore, her tone betraying the meekness she felt toward but one person in all the world, "Justinian Kroll is dead."

"Yes, so I have heard," replied Vera.

"And dear Emily has made a splendid suggestion. Wouldn't Walter be perfect?"

"As the new editor of the Young Progressive?"

Vera, who had been standing as though awaiting an excuse to quit the boresome company, changed her mind and sat down.

"There is nobody else capable." Mrs. Ballymoore's voice grew humbler before her daughter's superior arrogance.

"What exactly are Mr. Syle's recommendations?" Vera rolled her eyes toward Emily, who, swallowing her distaste, put in a word in her own defense.

"I wasn't recommending him. Mrs. Ballymoore made the suggestion."

"I see."

The glassy orbs were now turned inquiringly toward Mrs. Ballymoore, who began at once to flounder.

"I thought it would be quite suitable, darling. Professor Syle has made himself such a distinguished place in the world of letters—our world. He's been doing so well ——"

"Are you aware that that awful paper the Raw Deal is never read by anybody you would care to have in your house?"

(Continued on Page 66)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 13, 1919

Falling Prices

THE two big causes of high prices are inflation everywhere and scarcity of staple goods in Europe. Neither of those causes can be removed by government action. An embargo on exports has been suggested. That would shut the door in the face of famished Europe and bring disastrous reactions here. Take cotton, one of the most staple articles, used by everybody. The American price is nearly three times what it was in 1914. This year's American crop is about ten million bales, which is fifty per cent above domestic consumption. Cut off exports and the price would probably drop fifty per cent overnight—and a few hundred thousand Southern farmers would be coming up to Washington with tar and feathers. There can be no great and sudden fall in prices without panic, depression and ills quite as grievous as this high cost of living. Any material change in the price level must come gradually or cost more than it is worth. The general price level is little different from what it was a year ago, when the Government was extensively fixing prices. Price-fixing will change it little now.

All the same, this agitation against high cost of living is a good thing. Trade had fallen rather extensively into a wartime habit of price-boosting. Tacking on a few cents extra seemed rather the normal thing; and it seemed about as easy to get one price as another. In that state of mind sellers of goods inclined to give themselves the benefit of all doubts and buyers of goods accepted the result as a matter of course. The average man was getting in the way of regarding his cost of living as an uncontrollable affair, like a rudderless dirigible adrift in the wind.

This agitation will focus attention on prices, set up a sharper inquiry, encourage the consumer to make a firmer stand. Consumers have a right to know that a given price is justified. A decided tendency to insist on that right will tend decidedly to bring about prices that are justified. Especially this agitation ought to call a halt on foolish spending. Undoubtedly many people—rather giving up cost of living as a hopeless job anyway, and without the wartime campaign for saving—were getting in the way of thoughtless spending. The national problem, the world problem is pretty much just the individual problem—more goods, greater care in consumption, less credit.

Who Pays the Income Tax?

A STATEMENT recently issued at Washington shows that the amount of taxable personal income accruing in 1917 was twelve billion dollars, in round numbers. Nearly one-third of this income was derived from personal services, and received as salaries, wages, commissions, fees, and so on. Another third, roughly, consisted of business profits aside from dividends—individual and partnership profits, and the like. Those two categories, in which the income must be regarded as mainly a result of the personal exertions of the recipient, account for sixty-three per cent of the total. Twenty-four per cent of the total was derived from dividends, and thirteen per cent from rents, royalties and interest on bonds and mortgages. There is no way of telling to what extent recipients of dividends are capitalists pure and simple—that is, merely holders of stock who take no active part in conducting the business. But the total of reported income derived from rents, interest and dividends amounted perhaps to seven per cent of the total national income in 1917.

The Social-Unit Idea

SOME political units are naturally organic, something like a man's body. Take a typical rural township or country village. Broadly, everybody knows everybody else—his financial standing and the condition of his health. In cities there are innumerable little groups, whose members may be much scattered geographically but who still know one another in the same neighborly way. Yet in a big city practically nobody knows all the households in his own block.

Nearly three years ago an organization proposed trying to extract the scientific and sociological values of village neighborliness for big-city use, so far as that could be done. A typical district in Cincinnati was selected as the field for the experiment. The idea was to divide the district into convenient subdivisions and to find in each subdivision a woman with natural gifts of sociability, tact and leadership, who was already more or less acquainted with the region, and set her to extending her acquaintances—especially, at first, among mothers of young children; also to discover what expert technical ability there was in the district—in the lines of medicine, business, and so on.

Beginning with babies as the first point of attack, it was hoped to get a really comprehensive, humanized knowledge of a district's needs and of the available means of meeting them; finally, to get the district much better acquainted with itself and to get its special technical ability enlisted in wrestling with its problems—whether it was a problem of infant mortality, bad drainage, public schools or the supply of fresh vegetables. And it was proposed to do this as democratically as possible, not by handing it down from above, but by getting the district itself organized and interested to use its own resources through its own people.

The experiment has been under way for something more than two years, and has justified itself. It is an idea that need not be confined to big cities, however, and need not wait for any outside organization to start going. There is no small city or village that cannot afford to know itself better, study its needs more intensively and make larger use of the available technical ability.

Democracy

TO ALLAY discontent over high cost of living the British Government is buying wheat and selling the flour at less than cost. A British report puts the deficit on that account at two hundred and fifty million dollars a year. To avoid irritating the public by charging it the full cost of rail transportation it is shouldering a deficit of about three hundred millions a year on railroad operations. Its intervention in the coal industry—to placate miners on the one hand and users of coal on the other—seems likely to create a deficit of a couple of hundred millions. Subsidizing people to keep them good-natured is supposed to have got the ancient and alleged republic of Rome into a great deal of trouble. It looks a good deal like bribing influential groups of voters, though the British Government would no doubt be indignant at that imputation.

Looting the Railroads

ATTORNEY PLUMB, representing the railroad brotherhoods, says Wall Street has looted the railroads, and cites the well-known cases of the New Haven, the Rock Island and the Frisco systems. What happened in those cases, and in all others to which Mr. Plumb refers, was an overissue of railroad obligations—stock-watering, in effect, though it did not always take the classic form of stock-watering. But the watered roads went into bankruptcy. The old obligations were called in and canceled, the water baled out so far as regards any present claim on their income. It cannot be shown that the looting lays any burden whatever on present freight and passenger rates. It was investors in railroad securities who were looted—not shippers or travelers or railroad labor.

The present charge against the railroads on account of the capital invested in them is about nine hundred million dollars, which the Government guarantees. Even Mr. Plumb allows that there has been an honest investment in railroads to the extent of ten or twelve billion dollars which should be compensated by government bonds. Government bonds of the Victory Liberty Loan, bearing four and three-quarters per cent interest, sell slightly below par. Applying that interest rate to a figure halfway between the maximum and the minimum mentioned by Mr. Plumb, his plan would involve a charge against the railroads, on account of the capital invested in them, of about five hundred million dollars a year. But the roads to-day are not earning even that five hundred millions a year. There could be no decrease in freight and passenger rates. There could be no increase in wages without an offsetting increase in freight and passenger rates or without a deficit which would fall on the public in the shape of taxes.

If we allow Mr. Plumb's improbable contention that under his plan of mixed political and labor-union management the roads would be operated more efficiently than under private management it is still clear that a long time would have to elapse before the results of that more efficient operation could make any appreciable impression on the cost of living—some years, certainly. And it is cost of living as an immediate problem that the brotherhoods are talking about. Meanwhile railroad labor has presented new wage demands which would raise the cost of transportation by at least eight hundred millions a year—a burden at least double that which Mr. Plumb's free-and-easy generalizations attribute to Wall Street loot. Subtracting four and adding eight is an odd method of reducing the cost of living.

The Color Question

OF LATE the nation has been disgraced by savage clashes between whites and blacks. Everybody knows that old sore. When one man is distinguished from another by skin of a different color or by other marks of racial difference there is always prima-facie ground for a quarrel, whether the men are white and black in America or Hebrew and Slav in Russia. It is a big problem in the United States.

How should we deal with it? By preaching race consciousness? By teaching whites and blacks that there is an inherent, irreconcilable enmity between them which must be fought out to a finish and that one can rise only as the other falls? By doing all we know to get them to hate and distrust each other? In short, by dealing with it as socialism would deal with the differences between employers and employees?

Everybody knows that is not the way. Everybody should know that teaching class division, hate and distrust is no more serviceable in one case than in the other.

Difficulties

THERE are plenty of problems that have to be worked out on faith; faith is more serviceable than reason for solving them. For a long while it was very difficult to see how Germany was going to be beaten, and the more a man really knew about it the greater that difficulty was. Men in the street, with only the vaguest and most inexact knowledge of the technical military situation, saw the enterprise was not going well and could not see how it was to go better. Men in highest headquarters, with the whole military checkerboard under their eyes, knowing all its technical details, saw more clearly than the men in the street that the enterprise was not going well; the difficulties of making it go better were clearer to them.

No man could reason his way through the problem as one works an example in algebra. Men in the street and men in headquarters agreed in a dogged faith that Germany had got to be beaten somehow, and kept at it until Germany was beaten.

No man, with the almost superhuman exception of some Jovian editors, can reason a clear straight road through Europe's present difficulties or the present difficulties of the United States. Anybody can see factors that are big with disaster. In Europe, idleness and scarcity make anarchy and anarchy makes idleness and scarcity. In the United States we must pay more for labor and less for the goods that labor produces. The highest reason is faith that good sense and good conscience will win.

Booming

IN THE month of July five Eastern states chartered corporations whose aggregate authorized capitalization amounted to one and a quarter billion dollars—which breaks all records back to the grand trust-spawning era when the billion-dollar steel trust was launched. Other states in the Union, whose records were examined by the Journal of Commerce, chartered corporations with an aggregate capitalization of about two hundred millions. That vast total of authorized capitalization in a single month is an earmark of a boom.

But considerably more than one billion dollars of this capitalization was authorized by the single state of Delaware—not because Delaware is so overwhelmingly important industrially or financially, but because its corporation laws are exceedingly generous and hospitable. Also, nearly six hundred million dollars of this authorized capitalization appertains to oil and gas companies. Just how much oil and gas they expect to sell no one could say without an elaborate investigation. But that they expect to sell a great deal of oil and gas stock is a fair inference from the official facts.

From these imposing figures of a month's incorporations one may deduce that the country is booming, and that a boom time is favorable to the catching of suckers.

OUR DRIFTING RAILROADS

By Edward Hungerford

Tonnage Per Car-Mile May Not Seem Much to the Layman, But it is the Thermometer by Which the Expert Judges Efficiency Results

THE nice old-fashioned town in which I live the greater portion of the year is situated some ninety miles from New York. It is, in fact, a city of 28,000 or 30,000 population, as well as a railroad center of some importance. The enterprising young secretary of our chamber of commerce will tell you that we have four railroads and certain other decided transportation and industrial advantages. The chief of these railroads—at least as far as our town is concerned—is the double-tracked main line of a subsidiary of one of the largest and most important systems in the entire land.

At the time when it was built, some thirty-five or forty years ago, this subsidiary gave promise of becoming one of the really important American railroads. It had fine through trains—observation cars and dining cars and all that sort of thing with them—and ran through sleeping cars from our bright new station to Detroit, to Chicago, to St. Louis and lots of other places in the Middle West. Vicissitudes overtook the road, however, and its pride and its identity were rapidly lost. The through trains began to dwindle; the last of the observation cars went banging past our union station—alas, no longer either bright or new, but now grown exceedingly dingy and dirty and forlorn—more than six years ago; the last diner and the last sleeping car almost two years ago.

Similarly the morale of the road has fallen. At first it had stood very high, indeed; but in recent years it has declined. The parent system scorned it, and made little secret of that. It used the property as a sort of training ground for its operating executives and then, in its own good pleasure and when they had begun really to make good, rewarded these by taking them away from our road, which was turned over once again to green material. The only old material our road ever received was rolling stock and motive power. Of these it received not a plenitude but barely enough for the operation of the line. And these also were factors in the lowering of its morale.

Suppose that for the moment I concede that this was good policy on the part of the big railroad system—though I honestly believe that from almost every point of view it was extremely bad policy. Yet, assuming that it was good—for the owning company—how was it for our town? I think you will agree with me that it was hardly less than tragic. People would come from New York with the idea of establishing industries or residences here. And no matter how favorably impressed they were afterward with the town's real advantages, the railroad trip up from the city was a discouraging beginning. And folks found their way to places more easily and comfortably accessible.

Fresh Paint as a Maker of Morale

WHEN the Federal Government took over the operation of the railroads—as a war measure, of course—some of the people of our town were inclined to be optimistic over the outlook.

"Now we shall get at least a fair run for our money," they argued. "Here we are making all manner of things for Uncle Sam in the war—ships and brushes and powder and grenades; other things, too, and he will have his attention focused enough upon us to see that we finally get at least a fair degree of service."

But we didn't. We read on the walls of our station and in the passenger cars various statements that the United States Railroad Administration was trying to do this or that or the other thing; but about all that we recalled was the name of the first Director General of Railroads—which perhaps was what he intended we should remember. For he was not content with placing his name as a signature to these bulletins—it was upon the time-tables, and even each three miles upon the mileage strips.

You see the most of us in our town—and in a good many other towns—have not understood very thoroughly just how all these things on the part of the Railroad Administration actually did help win the war. Our local papers are good, but they are extremely local. And so all we know in our town is that where our main line of railroad used to give us ten trains from New York—not counting the one or two added for the two rush months of summer solely for the mountain business—it now gives us but six trains. And the peace treaty is four weeks distant; the armistice nearly eight months. We knew these things, and felt that the war was quite over.

Yet our main-line service still is reduced sixty per cent; in fact, our town on all its railroads now has hardly more than half the passenger trains that it had ten years ago. It costs much more to ride upon those that are left—$2.88 to ride each way between here and New York as compared with a round-trip fare of $3.40 a decade ago; the round-trip tickets are now abolished. And similarly freight and express rates have been raised—and the service deteriorated. Yet some of us remember that when the railroads used to ask for raises they did not get them—not in any appreciable measure at least. It took Uncle Sam himself to hang up the rate card to new high figures—and to chop off the service at the same time.

A good many of us—not only in our town and in our county but in other towns and other counties as well—are now beginning to wonder if we gained such a lot after all when Uncle Sam went into the railroad business on his own hook. Perhaps we sometimes think he did it on account of the railroad boys. But when I talk with them they do not seem to feel they are so very well off. Their wages have been raised, and hugely raised, yet still they seem to be dissatisfied. They point to the battered engines and cars—I really think that fresh paint alone may be a wonderful maker of morale—and shake their heads sadly.

I think I know what they mean. The engines on our main line of railroad have never—as I already have intimated—been distinguished either for their spruceness or their cleanness. And in both of these qualities they have deteriorated sadly since our Uncle Samuel began operating them. Last week one of them blew up—over at the entrance of the North Yard, just beyond the cemetery crossing. The two men in the cab and one of the forward brakemen were killed. And rumor traipsing up and down the division says the engineer protested against taking the engine out of the terminal at the far end of the run. This rumor is hotly disputed. It is only known in record that the engineer asked for another locomotive after he was on his way and then countermanded the order.

A few minutes after his countermand telegram his locomotive exploded, and inasmuch as all three men who were riding in his cab were killed no one ever will know the exact reason of the explosion. I have seen locomotives enough, ridden on them often enough, to have a fair layman's judgment upon them. And I feel that the locomotives on our main line are far below par.

Let us forget our town, or any other one town, and try to consider this entire question in its larger, broader aspect—as a national problem, if you please. This is a fundamental point, for, so far as it took up the country's transportation problem as a really national problem and gave due regard to all corners of the nation, the United States Railroad Administration was fundamentally right, and in that one thing far ahead of the Railroad War Board, which it superseded and which was tremendously handicapped not alone by the absolute refusal of the Government to suspend, as a war necessity, certain hampering statutes and regulations, but by the long-implanted and constitutional inability of some of the railroad men entirely to forget, even in a great crisis, that they were competitors and not merely units in a great machine endeavoring to work for the national good.

When Uncle Sam Turned Railroader

THE Railroad Administration swept easily by that limitation. With a few sweeps of its lordly hands it quickly swept out the legal and physical limitations that had hedged about the war board and brought the railroads under its direction to the very edge of a complete breakdown. No longer might this Federal board or that Federal bureau issue solemn priority orders under Uncle Sam's seal and threaten dire penalties. The Railroad Administration from almost the very day that it went into office issued all the priority orders—the others ceased to be worth the paper upon which they were written. It suspended arbitrarily the mandates and rulings of regulatory commissions, state and Federal alike. The powerful Interstate Commerce Commission it reduced to a clerical force, while the various state commissions found themselves shorn of practically every power over the steam railroads formerly under their jurisdiction.

In all these things the United States Railroad Administration was right. If it had been content to stop with these and with certain of the excellent simplicities of operation that it placed in effect—direct through-train routings, the common use of terminals, and the like—it might, despite its extravagances, have gone out of existence in a blaze of glory and have succeeded in driving a wedge for the permanent government operation of our railroads.

For when one comes to look back upon the history of the United States Railroad Administration in any fair and impartial fashion, how can he fail to suspect such a motive underlying its acts? It is more than hard to believe that it was the intention of that administration, when it first came into power, to return the roads at any immediate period after the signing of peace, let alone as close as the end of the present calendar year. In fact, the original

bill providing for the Railroad Administration stated quite frankly that the systems should not be returned to their owners until Congress should pass a bill providing specifically for such a step.

This clause was hotly attacked by the anti-government-ownership people, both in and out of Congress. They contended that the only ground on which government railroad control could possibly be justified was that of immediate war necessity, and this being true there was no excuse after the coming of peace for holding them under Federal control. Yet to provide that the return of the roads might be subject to the whims of a Congress whose very complexion could hardly be foreseen was dangerous in the extreme; which led to the definite provision that the roads should be returned to their owners not later than twenty-one months after the signing of the peace.

Yet at no time in its early months was the United States Railroad Administration in favor of such prompt return. Its first director general fought bitterly the very suggestion of a fixed time limit. And even after the signing of the armistice he came out as a frank advocate of an extension of the government control for five more years.

Yet these pleas for continued government operation could not avail to save a ship that had become waterlogged and was steadily sinking. And when the White House thoroughly realized this it hastily changed front and announced that the roads would be returned at the end of this year, 1919—even though no financial protection whatsoever was promised them. Yet even before this the first director general resigned and left the mess in the hands of his first mate—a New York lawyer of great ability, honesty and energy, who has labored hard against the inevitable. I think that it is only fair to say that if it had not been for these traits of Mr. Walker D. Hines, the government railroad situation would be in even worse shape than it is to-day. Such a thing is quite possible.

Many Prescriptions for the Sick Railroads

YET the present situation is quite bad enough. In simplest figures we have had government operation for eighteen months and the operating expenses of the roads are to-day running at the rate of about $1,600,000,000 a year more than they were running in 1917 when they still were under private control. The advances in rates made under government operation a little more than a year ago were supposed to yield about a billion dollars additional revenue on the basis of the traffic being handled at that time. But though the passenger traffic is heavier to-day than that of last year—about eight per cent—the freight traffic is substantially smaller—about thirteen per cent. And when one recalls that on our American railroads the freight traffic yields about three and one-half times as much revenue as the passenger traffic, he sees this discrepancy still further increased, and the advances in rates which the first director general made falling a full hundred million dollars short of the promised billion. So with the operating expenses of the roads increased $1,600,000,000 and the revenues increased but $900,000,000, they are to-day running about $700,000,000 a year short of earning the guaranteed return to the owning companies. From being possible political assets to the Administration the railroads have become decided political liabilities and it is anxious to rid itself of them.

But to whom? There's the real rub. There are a vast variance of popular opinion and unending answers to that question. Big men and little have been making speeches and issuing statements and introducing bills in Congress; and all of these, too, at great variance. We are some little individualists, we Americans. The United States Chamber of Commerce went at a really big problem in a really big way and held a referendum of its members on the question, in addition to preparing a summary of the permanent relief plans already set forth. This last is a fascinating document. It contains a chart showing in parallel columns the salient features of the fourteen most important plans yet put forward—including those of the chamber's own railroad committee, of the United States Railroad Administration, of Director General Hines personally, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, of the Railway Executives Committee, the Railway Business Association and such well-qualified individuals as Mr. Paul M. Warburg, for instance.

These plans differ in many, many details—as to the adjustment of Federal and state regulation and control, as to forms of government guaranty as to income, as to the regulation of the issuance of securities, and as to the wages and working conditions of the employees. But thirteen out of the fourteen are in complete accord as to the return of the properties to their private owners, and twelve out of this thirteen urge the immediate return.

It may be safely assumed, therefore, that a majority of the business interests of the country are against a continuance of government control and operation, to say nothing of such a radical step as the introduction of government ownership. But the real problem seems to be as to the method of the return. That is surrounded by many and great complications. As a single instance, take the question of the adjustment of the rates of the railroads so as to meet their greatly increased operating expenses. We have just seen the enormous and increasing deficit that they have been operating under in the summer months of 1919—as well as a fair example of the paucity and deterioration of the service that they are now offering. Increased labor costs have brought neither increased railroad courtesy nor increased railroad efficiency.

Take this last point and analyze it for a moment: In 1917—the last year of private operation—the increase in both freight and passenger traffic moved over the preceding twelvemonth was much larger than that of 1918—the first year of government operation—over 1917. Yet in that very 1917, private operation increased the number of railroad operatives only from 1,701,814 to 1,703,748, or less than 3000 men; whereas in its very first twelvemonth of existence the United States Railroad Administration increased the operatives from 1,703,748 to 1,848,774, or 145,026—vastly greater in proportion than the increased traffic handled. To put the matter in percentages, the increase in passenger traffic handled in 1918 over 1917 was again eight per cent; the increase in freight traffic—three and one-half times the revenue of the other—was but two per cent; but the increase in employees was a full eight per cent. The amount of business handled was actually reduced, whereas under private operation in 1917 it was actually increased.

Increased Wages and Decreased Work

THE question of the eight-hour day does not enter into this situation, since in 1918 most of the railroaders were actually working as many hours a day as before the eight-hour day was established, being paid overtime for all extra hours. Yet with the vast wage increases, to which we shall come in a moment, it is quite true—despite the fact that owing to almost universal patriotic cooperation of the shippers the average load in each freight car was increased to a record figure—that the average haul of each car as well as each freight locomotive decreased in that year, with the final result that the number of tons moved one mile per car each day in 1918 was but 490 as compared with 495 in 1917. Tonnage per car-mile may not seem much to the layman, but to the expert railroader it is the unvarying thermometer by which he judges efficiency results. And by that thermometrical test the first twelvemonth of government operation failed to equal the last twelvemonth of private, despite vast increases both in the numbers of the employees and in the wages given each individual employee.

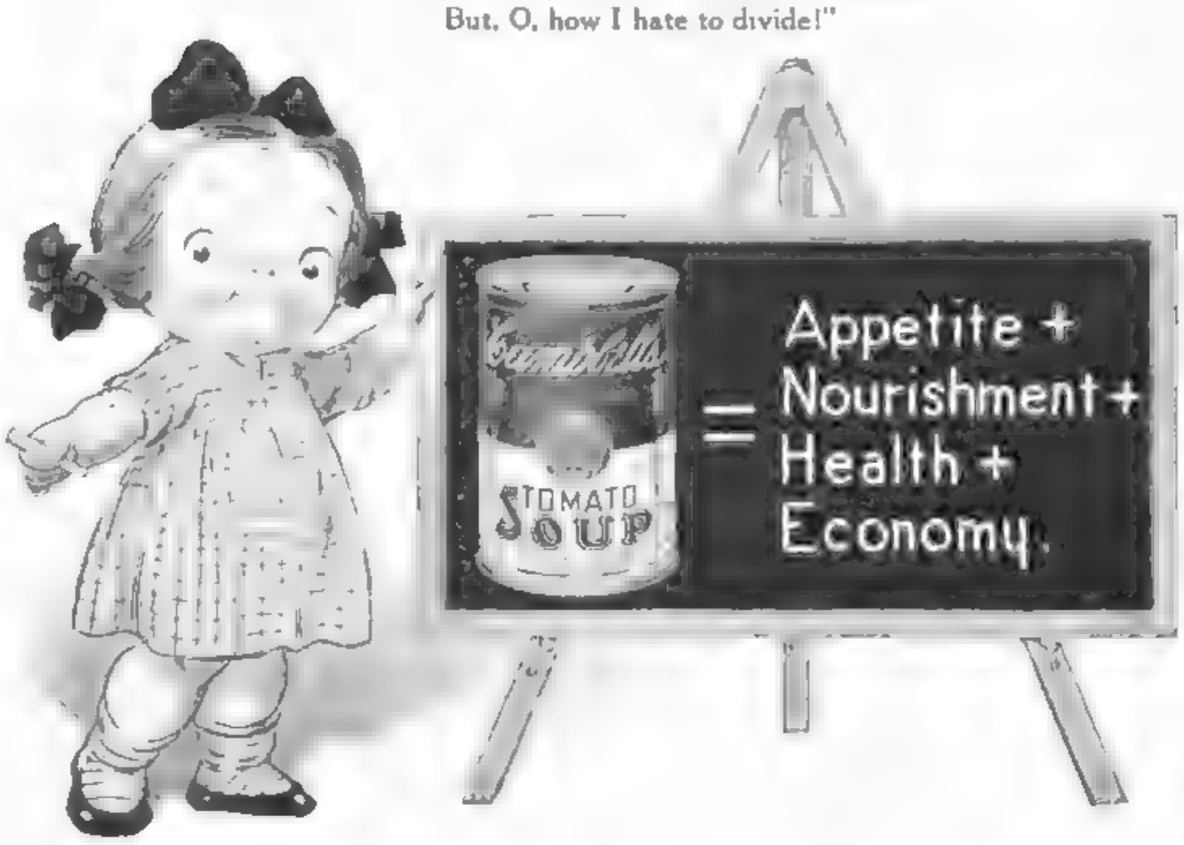
Let us pause for a moment on the question of these increases. The railroads of the land in the two years preceding their being taken over by the Government had granted wage increases to their men amounting to some $350,000,000. Yet in the very week that the United States Railroad Administration was being born into existence the rank and file of the railroaders were clamoring for still greater wage advances. The increased cost of living was pressing hard upon every mother's son of them.

The Railroad Administration at first took hold of this wage situation in a thoroughly scientific way. It lost no time in the appointment of a wage commission, headed by the very able and impartial Secretary of the Interior,

Continued on Page 135

"For One Reason or Another Our Roads Rarely Were Able to Build for To-morrow; to Meet To-day's Imminent Necessities Was About All They Were Able to Accomplish"

"This pleasing addition just suits my ambition
I multiply *Campbell's* with pride
I'm ready for action at rapid subtraction
But, O, how I hate to divide!"



Simple Arithmetic

The distinct health-promoting qualities of *Campbell's Tomato Soup* are as plain and certain as two and two are four.

A delightful appetizer nourishing in itself, this wholesome soup also enables the digestive powers to obtain increased nourishment and energy from all you eat.

Just as certain, too, is the real economy of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Compare the enormous price-advance of most food materials with the low cost of this tempting and sustaining soup.

You cannot fail to realize that here is one of the most economical foods you can buy.

Order this satisfying *Campbell's* kind by the dozen or the case and enjoy the full advantage.

21 kinds 12½¢ a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Farewell Horse

IT IS impossible to think of the passing of the horse without a feeling of sentiment. No animal friend of man ever proved more faithful and certainly none has been so useful. We still see many horse-drawn vehicles, but viewed in the light of cold fact it is impossible to escape the conclusion that the exit of the horse has begun.

A survey in New York shows that in 1917 there were 10,584 stables in the city, holding 108,036 horses. Now, after a lapse of only two years, New York has but 7920 occupied stables, housing 75,740 horses. In other words there are 32,296 fewer horses in our largest city to-day than there were in 1917. If the same rate of decrease continues New York will be horseless in less than five years.

This does not mean that the city traffic of our metropolis is declining. It simply indicates that the motor vehicle is supplanting the four-footed animal in practically every line of transportation. The street traffic of New York has now reached a figure that is astounding. If the motor vehicles that traverse Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street from nine A. M. to seven P. M. were placed end to end they would extend from New York to Chicago, a distance of approximately nine hundred miles. Reducing this flow of travel to cars per minute we find that during the ten active business hours of the day the traffic at the point investigated amounts to twenty-seven cars every sixty seconds.

Even on our farms the horse is losing in his uphill fight to continue serving mankind. Food-producing areas are being pushed farther and farther from the centers of population. Truck and dairy farmers can no longer dispose of their products in a near-by market with a short haul. In most cases they are finding the horse-drawn vehicle entirely inadequate to cover the increased distance to a selling point.

It is also true that the development of crop-producing districts near the larger towns and cities has been carried forward at a faster pace than the development of railroad facilities for these local hauls. All of which has caused the adoption of the motor truck as a transportation medium.

In many cases the individual farmer has found that he was unable to use his motor truck to capacity on a regular basis, and has arranged to haul a part or all of his neighbors' products to market. In other instances the farmers of a whole district have organized a cooperative plan of transportation and have established regular rural routes for trucks with farm-to-farm collection. In still other places the plan has been to save on stops by collecting at crossroads or at central assembling points. It sometimes occurs that these central stations are situated ten to twenty miles from the city market. Every effort is being made to see that the trucks are loaded to near capacity on their periodical trips to the city.

In some cases failure has come to the truck owners because they have failed to establish a two-way business. It is necessary to provide at least a partial load on the return trip if success is to be assured. Even though the return freight is hauled at a low rate the truck operator is justified in handling the business, for even a small income may pay for the cost of operating the truck on its return trip to the farms.

But above all else it is likely that the tractor will deprive the horse of his regular job on the American farm. Out in our great Northwest the tractor first came into its own. The job of breaking the virgin prairie with horses and oxen was a tedious and laborious bit of work. The returns from the large acreage planted by the first gas-tractor outfits appeared to be so satisfactory that hundreds of settlers borrowed money to purchase these new machines. But the early tractors were of crude construction. They were too large, and after being used a couple of seasons many of them finally landed on the junk heap. In some districts the horse again came into favor, and the machine lost its original friends. However, as in other lines, the mixture of steel and inventive brains finally prevailed in its competition with mere animal flesh, and as a consequence the machine is slowly but relentlessly forcing its way into general use on most farms of three hundred acres or more where the land is not hilly and is free from stones.

The tractor saves on time and economizes in man labor. It also possesses ability to do thorough work in hot weather when the horse must reduce his effort. In these days of labor shortage it is no small matter for the farmer to possess a machine that enables one man to farm an unusually large acreage. The chief disadvantage of the tractor is its inability to do satisfactory work when the soil is wet and heavy, as is often the case in early spring. This trouble is a problem for the farm engineer to overcome.

As to the cost of a tractor and the special equipment that goes with it, the present price varies from $1300 to $2000 for a three-plow machine, according to the make and quality of the tractor. The United States Department of Agriculture figures that the average tractor is operated 51 days each year, and that these machines have a working life of 450 days, or nine seasons. As to the area covered, experience has shown that a three-plow tractor will plow 8.5 acres a day at a total cost of $1.85 an acre when gasoline is used for fuel. If kerosene is substituted for gasoline the cost will be reduced to $1.56 an acre. Both of these figures include the cost of oil, grease, depreciation, man labor and other items of expense. An analysis of this working cost shows conclusively that the advantage of the modern farm machine does not lie in the reduced cost of doing a unit of work but rather in the opportunity that is presented whereby one man is able to perform more work in a given interval of time.

Concerning the displacement of horses by tractors, the indications already point to a gradual substitution of the mechanical device for the four-footed animal. The quality of the work accomplished by the machine shows very little improvement over that done with the aid of the faithful beast, but the tractor is untiring while animal power has its limits of endurance. Reports show that on more than fifty Dakota farms four horses were displaced by each tractor that was purchased. In other words, the machine has done away with more than one-third of the horses formerly used on these farms. It looks as though we must find some new jobs for the horse or this gallant friend of man, to whose willing service civilization owes so much, will have a future of declining promise.

Above All Else It is Likely That the Tractor Will Deprive the Horse of His Regular Job on the American Farm

Chemical Independence

IT REQUIRED the entire time of two dozen people for ten months to complete an investigation of the present status and future opportunities of the chemical industry in the United States. A study of this report will be apt to convert the proudest American into a humble citizen of modest demeanor. We have just discovered that though our capital investment in chemical manufacturing plants is now in excess of three billion dollars we are a dependent nation chemically, as was clearly indicated to certain knowing individuals during the progress of the war.

However, up until just now we have not had the definite facts before us, and the result has been that most Americans have gone on in the happy belief that though we were a bit shy on dyes, potash and nitrates the rest of the world was being supplied with all the other necessary things from the vast deposits of minerals so bountifully given us by a beneficent Providence.

The total capital invested in manufacturing in this country according to the figures of the last census is nearly twenty-three billion dollars, divided among fourteen general classes of business. In this general grouping the chemical industry ranks second, being outclassed only by the iron-and-steel industry. Notwithstanding this important position of the chemical business in our national life the manufacture of the finer chemicals has been left largely to foreign hands. In other words the chemical industry proper has not been aggressively developed in America. Nearly one-half of our total investment of three billion dollars in chemical plants is tied up in the manufacture of illuminating gas. One-fourth as much is invested in the business of refining petroleum. Less than seven per cent of the total value of the nation's so-called chemical products comes from the production of the finished articles such as refined camphor, synthetic oils, perfumery bases, photographic chemicals and the salts of the finer metals.

In the year immediately preceding the commencement of the world war the United States imported 5500 different kinds of chemicals. The investigation shows that 2500 of these products were purchased in amounts exceeding $100 in value, and totaled $268,000,000. This value of imports was nearly one hundred million dollars greater

(Continued on Page 34)

REPUBLIC GRANDE CORD TIRES

Outside—the strength and toughness of Prodium Rubber, *insuring longer life.*

Inside—the last word in rugged, resistant, cord tire construction.

This tells, in the net, why Republic Grande Cord Tires have won instant acceptance, wherever the good name of Republic Tires is known.

You will find Republic distributors and dealers, everywhere, supremely confident in their endorsement of the Republic Grande.

They have proven that Republic Grande, like its fabric namesake, wears down slowly and evenly, like finely tempered steel.

Our word and theirs to you—the Republic Grande is supremely worthy of its name, its record and the Republic reputation for longer life and greater value.

In addition to the element of longer life contributed by the Prodium tread, and the general ruggedness of the cord construction, we believe that Republic Grande Cord Tires are stronger in the sidewalls—a vital spot—than any other cord tire in existence.

Republic Inner Tubes, Black Line Red, Gray and Grande Cord Tire Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation, Youngstown, Ohio

Export Department, 149 Broadway, Singer Building, New York City
Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

(Continued from Page 32)

than the entire value of all our domestic manufactures in chemical plants that same year. In the light of such information can anyone doubt that the United States has an unusual opportunity as well as a national duty in the future expansion of its chemical business? We must no longer be content with a huge output of only the coarser chemicals or we shall be selling Europe a crude product netting ourselves a small profit while the foreigners will be shipping back to us at a much larger profit the finished articles made from our own raw materials. That was the case with copper a few years ago, and a similar humiliating situation should not be permitted to develop again.

We have legally acquired through our Chemical Foundation all the enemy-owned United States patents in the chemical field. This removes the greatest obstacle in our path to chemical independence. But we must take advantage of the release of materials formerly needed for war purposes, and continue to utilize in even greater degree the numerous new plants we were forced to construct during the war for the manufacture of dyes, coal-tar chemicals, nitric acid and ammonia.

Speaking of dyes brings up the matter of a peculiar trait in many Americans, who when once possessed of the idea that a foreign article is superior to the home product never seem able to lose that thought even though the local manufacturers may overtake the lead of the oversea producers. Right now in dozens of our larger department stores the salespeople themselves are doing more to impede the advance of the new American dye industry than the interested agents of the foreign manufacturers. The first thing our dye makers must do is to sell the American salesman on the idea of equal quality in American dyes. Our progress in this new and important business has been marvelous, and the home folks should know that American chemists have succeeded in turning out a variety of dyes that equals the foreign article in shade, strength and working qualities.

Our national existence in times of emergency and our prosperity in times that are normal depend largely on the position we occupy in the world of chemistry. It is this same science that has enabled us to transform the elements of the atmosphere into nourishing foods, to convert cotton into death-dealing explosives and coal into life-saving drugs. It is also chemistry that has elevated medicine from the uncertain realm of art to the higher and safer plane of science. Practically all industries to-day turn to chemistry for help in the solution of their problems; and yet, notwithstanding our possession of unmeasured power resources and untold mineral deposits, we in the United States may well lower our heads on learning that our claim of national independence is but an empty boast.

Standing Still

IT IS rather surprising to learn that the world war, which was literally a battle of machines, did not develop anything striking or new in the way of cargo-handling devices. This is the conclusion of M. J. Sanders, Federal manager of the barge lines which the Government is operating on the Mississippi River. The thought has prevailed that the act of transferring immense tonnages of war materials from land to water carriers at English and French ports must have evolved new methods and more efficient equipment for accomplishing this work.

Mr. Sanders first visited Richborough on the coast of Kent, through which port one-third of the munitions sent from England to France moved. All the well-known devices for freight handling were in use, but there was nothing new in the line of time-saving machines at this important center His inquiries even extended to the river stations on the Rhine, with no better result.

The effort to demonstrate that barges on our fluvial highways can compete with railway transport now has reduced itself to the working out of more expeditious handling of freight from the terminal to the barge. A towboat with its string of barges cannot afford to stop long at river landings. To be profitable, cargo must be put aboard in the fewest minutes possible. There is no riper field for mechanical ingenuity than this business of expeditiously handling freight at docks and terminals. We have here one of the foundation stones of foreign as well as domestic trade.

Meat From the Ocean

MOST eatables are so expensive nowadays that the average citizen is willing to take a bit of a chance and try some of the food substitutes that heretofore have failed to gain favor. Acting on this knowledge the United States Bureau of Fisheries is trying to popularize whale meat, a highly nutritious food, thousands of tons of which are now being wasted annually.

The investigators tell us that the meat of the whale equals beef in food value, and that being attractive to the palate we do not have to cultivate a taste for it as we do for many things, like olives and oysters. The amount of edible meat on the average whale is six tons. It has the appearance and texture of beef and the taste of venison.

All of this may sound strange to the person who has always thought of the whale as being a fish. Let the doubtful one take his dictionary and he will find that the whale is a vertebrate animal of fishlike form. It is a mammal, like a cow or horse—that is, the female of the species suckles its young. The fore limbs are developed as broad flattened paddles while the hind limbs are entirely absent. The hair on the skin has disappeared except a few bristles about the mouth, and a layer of fat lies directly beneath the animal's skin to protect it from the cold. The nostrils open near the top of the head. All of which means that animals other than fish inhabit the ocean, and that before long many tables may be graced with steaks that have come from the depths of the sea.

During the war the American public added tuna and tilefish to its established diet, and this fact among others has encouraged Commissioner of Fisheries Smith to believe that there is now a good chance to develop a broader market for new varieties of sea food. When we consider that in some countries the average annual consumption of sea food amounts to more than two hundred pounds per capita, as compared with thirty pounds in the United States, it is quite clear that there is ground for hope in the effort to use fish and whale meat as a partial remedy for high food costs.

While on this subject let us not forget that sharks are also good to eat and that the Government stands sponsor for the statement that crab meat or any sea food may be eaten at the same meal with milk without danger of the ill effects so commonly attributed to such a combination. It begins to look as though we have been too prone to accept fancies for facts.

Miss Jones Lands a Job

ON THE night before the memorable day when Mary was to seek employment the Jones family gathered in council, and the prospective saleslady was so filled with feminine advice that her inexperienced mind was quite bewildered by the multitude of "don'ts" that were designed to safeguard her against errors that were supposed to be fatal in the game of hunting a job.

When the morning arrived this youngest daughter was brushed and polished to suit the critical taste of her family, and long before nine o'clock had left her sisters at the ferry on their way to business and was waiting uneasily in the office of the employment bureau of a large department store in New York's most famous retail district. Other applicants came in one by one and soon there were seven hopeful members in the party of watchful waiters, the girls being separated from the men.

Then the long-anticipated ordeal commenced. A pleasant young lady gave each applicant a blank form to fill out. Not having had previous experience, there was not much for Mary to write on the sheet, except that she lived at home, had finished one year of high school, and could give the names of her minister and an old family friend as her references.

The applications were collected and a half hour later Mary was asked to step into the office of the employment manager, where she met a tall, dark, polite young man who sat at a large flat-top desk with a good-sized mirror standing upright upon it. He requested that she remove her hat and then asked her many questions, most of which appeared to have no bearing on the work in hand. The one thing Mary failed to notice were the covert glances the employment manager cast toward the mirror where, quite unknown to her, he could easily scan the image of her face and hair.

It was right here that our aspiring young applicant came near meeting defeat. She did not know that one of the chief requisites for employment as a saleslady in a high-class store is a neatly dressed head of hair. Only that morning Mary had accepted the suggestion of her older sister, and for the simple method she had always employed to fix her hair had substituted a barbarous style that was a sort of cross between the coiffure of a Hottentot and a Fiji Islander. She entertained no suspicion that the man she faced was a college graduate with years of experience in the concentrated study mostly of feminine types and their adaptability to the business of selling merchandise to a great cosmopolitan clientele. Little did she realize that he was trying to form a picture of how she would look with her hair wholly changed, nor did she know that if she got the job the first action of the employment manager would be an order to one of his women assistants tactfully to request the Jones girl to reduce substantially the compass of area occupied by her fluffed hair.

At any rate, the manager completed his survey of the new applicant and turned her over to a young lady who conducted her to a room where further strange questions were asked. Once more Mary was puzzled, and again she did not know that she was in the hands of a young woman who had graduated from a great university and whose profession was vocational psychology. Even if she had known that she was now in a research laboratory where human qualities are tested very much as chemicals are analyzed the knowledge would have meant little to her.

But she was in earnest and readily complied with all the requests of the young lady examiner. It was apparent to her that they wanted to test her eyesight when she was asked to read words of diminishing size on a large card twenty or more feet distant. But it was all Greek to Mary when they gave her a pencil and paper with a column of strange words, each one of which seemed to be nothing but a jumble of letters. She was told that the words were the names of animals and was asked to see how quickly she could write the correct names alongside the words with the misplaced letters. The first word was niol and she quickly wrote down lion. Then came tgrei and she wrote tiger.

But further down the list, where the words were longer, it was not so easy. It took her several seconds to discover that clreoicdo spelled crocodile, and she was only half finished with the column when she was stopped by the examiner, who—unknown to her—had watched the time and had allowed ninety seconds for the test.

Our young applicant next started on a list of cities where the letters of each word were again scrambled. This time she showed her smartness by skipping several difficult words on her way down the list, and by so doing managed to get to the bottom and had finished reconstructing several of the hard names she had first omitted before the allotted time was up. That the examiner was pleased with her effort Mary could plainly see, and her hopes were again restored by this show of encouragement.

Next she was examined on color naming, then on number checking and other tests too complicated to describe, but all designed to grade her in mental intelligence. She passed the physical examination with flying colors and a little later was called to the desk of the employment manager, where she signed the employees' agreement that bound her faithfully to perform her work and to become a member of the company's Mutual Aid Association. Before leaving she was given a manual of information for employees which she was asked to read carefully, and was told to report in the morning.

All that afternoon at home Mary studied the book of store information. She learned that if she were neither late nor absent for all or any part of a day for four consecutive weeks she would be allowed one-half day's summer vacation. This meant that if she could keep up a perfect record until the following summer the company would grant her an additional week's vacation with pay. But she also found that if she were late four times in any four consecutive weeks the penalty was one day's suspension. In case of sickness the employee was to notify the Mutual Aid Association and prompt assistance would be rendered by one of the three nurses or two doctors who were in the regular employ of the company.

After carefully noting the instructions concerning the color and style of clothing and shoes she should wear at business, Mary studied the remarks on unnecessary wastes. She was informed about the proper use of twine and wrapping paper, the handling of delicate fabrics with soiled hands on dusty counters, the throwing away of useful lengths of cord or rope, the careless dropping of fresh wrapping paper to be trodden upon, and the waste from using paper to protect one's sleeves. Other rules warned against loitering about the store, chewing gum and smoking, reading books or letters, leaving a department without permission and taking cloaks, hats, umbrellas, bags and lunches to the department where the employee works.

The manual further stated that promotion was sure to follow a display of ability and willingness, for the policy was to fill all vacancies, when possible, by the advancement of the company's employees. In case of an opening in any department the plan was to post a notice to that effect, and all employees were invited to apply for any vacant position they believed they could properly fill. Each month three prizes are given to the employees who make the best suggestions for the betterment of store service. Boxes are located in convenient places and the ideas intended for entry in this contest are to be plainly written and dropped into one of these boxes. The first prize is ten dollars, the second five dollars and the third two dollars.

Perhaps nothing interested Mary more than the description of the department of training. She found that a part of every day was to be devoted to class work, where she would be instructed in store system and all the intricacies of salesmanship. If she so preferred she might learn to operate an adding machine, a dictating machine and other mechanical devices common in large business houses. She read that there was a special officer, the assistant superintendent of training, whose duty it was to interest herself in each of the girls, both at the store and at their homes, when it was so desired. It was this woman's duty to listen to all the various tales of woe, to advise in business and personal matters and to render material help, even to advancing cash in cases where the need was urgent.

The information that was given concerning the recreation room where the employees might rest and read in comfort during their lunch time appealed to Mary's sense of justice. Being fond of reading, her attention was also engaged by the facts and rules concerning the library that was solely for the use of employees.

(Continued on Page 158)

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

Belters are stylish

Styleplus for this fall include a wide choice in belters. Suits and overcoats both.

Snappy belter models for the young fellows looking for the ultra style. More conservative belters for those who want their style on more mature lines.

No war restrictions limited our buyers and designers for this season. The result is a wealth of stylish, snappy Styleplus models and fabrics. Every man of every age and every physique can find the Styleplus that will make him look his best.

Styleplus are smart clothes for smart men. They have the style and they give the service.

They sell at known prices. We attach a sleeve ticket in each garment which tells the price.

You can be sure the quality maintains the Styleplus reputation for giving exceptional value at the price.

Clothes will be more expensive later on. Conditions are forcing prices up. Buy liberally for fall. Buy Styleplus now.

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TRAVELING THE OLD TRAILS

The Long Trail of the Cow Country

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

NEARLY everyone in the chaste white barber shop of our metropolitan club smiled when William B. Robinson entered. More than a few of the members know him and he never lacks a guest card when he comes in from Texas. In his own city in the northern part of that state he is president of the Elks Club, president of the Drovers National Bank, president of the Street Railway and Lighting Company, president of two Ranger oil companies, president of the Sunday school and almost everything else. Whenever the citizens of his town find it possibly desirable to lynch some erring member of society, they instinctively turn to William B. Robinson for consultation in regard to the best sort of rope. Some men are naturally pillars of society.

Mr. Robinson wears good clothes easily. He has always worn his own particular block of hat, which on him somehow never looks out of fashion. He is very particular about his footwear, as are all Southerners. Well poised and hearty, gray and pink, well filled out but not soft, he looks like a man in the early fifties instead of the early seventies. Certainly, taking him as he entered the barber shop the other day, there was no visible reason to suspect that at home he wears the nickname Hard-boiled Bill.

Mr. Robinson took a chaste white chair in the chaste white shop, and in reply to the elevated eyebrow of the chaste white barber remarked, "Everything." Presently he was surrounded by many of the appliances of higher civilization. The barber worked at what his hand found to do; an assistant handed him towels; two smiling manicures began to work—one at each hand—as he lay back in the chair and two bootblacks began to do his handsomely cut kangaroo boots. Had there been more places for the appliances of civilization, Hard-boiled Bill would have had them all busy at once, but for the time he seemed to think himself pretty well organized. After a time he sat up in his chair, his face breaking into a thousand wrinkles round his eyes, and spoke pleasantly to everybody of whatsoever rank in the shop.

The Reign of the Old-Time Cow Kings

"WHEN I was a boy," said he, "living on squirrels and corn pone, a man came to our ranch and stayed overnight. In the morning I watched him wash his face and brush his teeth and shave and comb his hair and fix his fingers and wipe off his boots, and I said to him: 'Mister, you must be a heap of trouble to yourself, huh?' Wonder what my boys on the old Circle Arrow would of thought if they'd saw me in here with all these people fixing me up this way?"

He slid easily out of the chaste white chair, and shamelessly ignoring the club rules—as he always does—dropped a five-dollar gold piece into the chaste white washbowl of each manicure and likewise left both bootblacks in a state of bliss.

As we often have before, Mr. Robinson and I met in another room of the club at a date subsequent to July 1, 1919. Our club makes an excellent example of lemonade and we had two, each with two straws, in spite of all admonitions to use thrift in these days. Hard-boiled Bill used at least half of his lemonade. After a time he sat looking out of the window across the roofs of the city.

"God!" said he. "What a country!"

Attaching to his remark the meaning which perhaps may best please us—that this country is all right and is everything that it should have been or could have been—we can affirm and approve the last remark of Mr. Robinson. He himself is the best reason for that belief. What a country—that could take a boy from a squirrel-and-corn-pone environment and in the space between 1846 and 1919 make of him a man thus wealthy and respected by his fellow men!

The life of Hard-boiled Bill Robinson, cowman, is a human document and a part of the history of America. To understand him and his career we are obliged to understand the old Cow Trail that once ran from Texas to the British possessions. Fortunes were made during the time covered by that trail; states also were made and empires of wealth sprang up. America leaped forward in one of her most astonishing stages when the laughter of the last West rose, gustily heard in all the corners of the world; when Comedy sat, her tongue in her cheek, and smiled at death and disaster.

It was not all clowning. In all the ranks of all the world, among all the aristocrats of any land or any period of the world, the old-time cowman had a place as good as the best. There never was a barony better than that of the range. There never was lived by any nobleman a life freer, bolder, more adventurous, more generous, more kindly, more noble than that of an old-time cow king. In no aristocracy of the world did a higher code of honor prevail. No aristocracy of the world ever showed a higher grade of personal valor than that of the range.

The great trail of the cattle drives from south to north began later than either of the three transcontinental trails which ran from east to west. It intersected those trails almost at right angles. It did this while much of the wild life carried out by the older trails still was passing west. Into that hard-boiled population of the plains it brought yet newer and wilder elements. We had had the fur trader, the skin hunter, the trapper, the Santa Fé trader, the miner, the prospector, even the west-bound farmer, and mixed with these the army men engaged in subduing the Indian tribes and the wild crews of the freight outfits called upon to supply the wants of all these frontier folk. Now complicate that population with the rough and lawless element of the railroad workers, who, soon after the Civil War, were carrying the head of steel steadily across the plains; and add thereto this tremendous upthrust from the South of a bold and hardy breed of men who had lived lives almost as free as those of the savages of the plains—and there you have a rough view of the population of the cow country when it first began to be the cow country.

The buffalo was passing. The Indians, army men, railroad men, settlers, adventurers of all types, had to have something besides wild game for their daily meat. Into the gap stepped the cowman, proposing to utilize millions of acres of lately useless short-grass lands. That brings to view the restless condition of the Middle West, the South and even the East at the time of the swift advancement of railway transportation westward. We were a seething mass of would-be movers. Every man's eye was on the West. We never have seen such time of change. The world has never shown its like.

Shanghai Robinson Comes to Texas

HARD-BOILED Bill Robinson was the product of that tremendous environment when pastoral and modern transportation tried a brief alliance. He lived through those times and he came out of them a rich, useful and contented citizen, looking back on all his life drama with no manner of surprise. It all had been perfectly simple and natural to him.

But God! What a country!

There is a beauty in all wild places. There is a beauty of the forest and of the mountains; a beauty of the flowered prairies and of the rolling sea; a beauty of the marshlands and of the eternal walls that hold back the sea; there is a beauty also of the desert.

There was beauty in the half-desert landscape that lay round the home of Shanghai Robinson in Bexar County, Texas—beauty, even though the naked trees were tortured and twisted in their need for water, though the giant cactuses reared inhospitable jungles, though the grass itself for most of the year seemed burned brown and dead. But the sky was so blue, the air so calm and full of peace, the feel of the landscape so strong that no one could call the surroundings somber or unpleasing. The land had lain thus, unchanged, all the years of the world. The mark of the plow was hardly visible. Wild deer passed now and again in the live-oak groves. Along the half-dry bayous the wild turkeys congregated. Droves of grunting peccaries were not infrequent. Here and there were groups or loose bands or scattered individuals of cattle as wild as any of these other wild creatures.

(Continued on Page 38)

A GRATIFYING proportion of skilled Cadillac craftsmen remain with the company year after year.

There is a spirit of pride and personal interest in being associated in its production, that is invaluable.

Moreover, the feeling is widespread that the man who works under Cadillac traditions and standards is receiving the best training America affords.

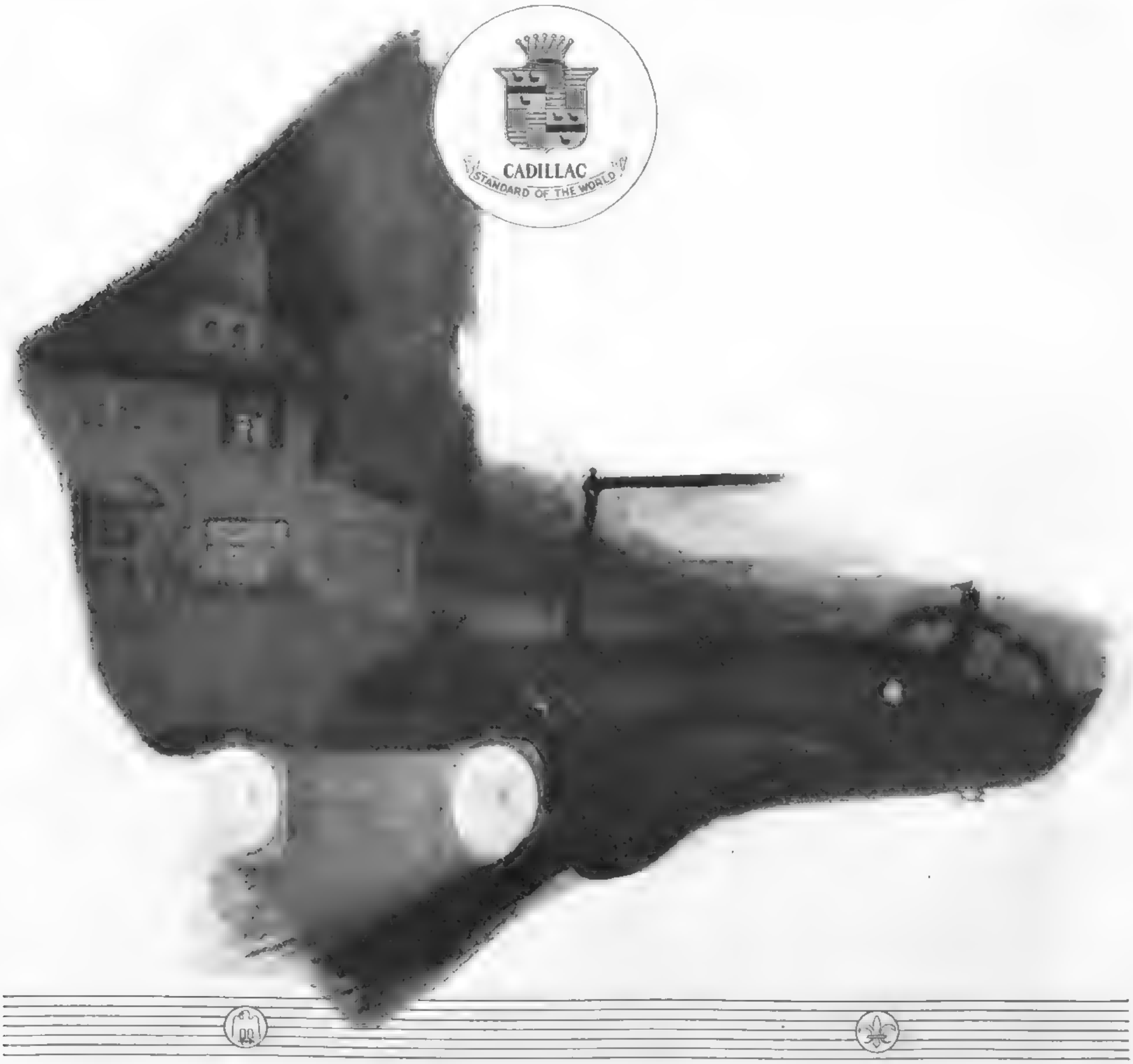
All of this has its effect, of course, on the fineness, the closeness, the accuracy, with which even the most trifling operations on the Cadillac are executed.

Rigid oversight guards continuously against even hair's-breadth variation in Cadillac measurements.

But the zeal and ardor of those who are steeped in Cadillac tradition—the human element of faith, and pride in fine workmanship—contribute not a little to the sum-total of Cadillac reliability.

One reason why the Cadillac is not a 'temperamental' car—smiling one day and sulking the next—is that every department, and every man in that department, adheres to a code of excellence than which there is none higher in the world.

The satisfaction you derive from your Cadillac, in other words, is not merely the result of high ideals—but *high ideals reduced to a precise, definite, scientific standard.*



CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY // DETROIT, MICH.

(Continued from Page 36)

The one-story adobe house was built like a Maltese cross, along two wide halls, which intersected at right angles, allowing the breeze to pass through the house, no matter which way it blew. A rough windmill provided water. A number of loosely scattered buildings lay about.

Not far from the house was a rudely oblong pen—the round pen where the horses were handled—made of poles set in the ground, their tops projecting raggedly. In it there was not a fragment of iron. Rawhide served instead of nails. As to other fences, there were but few. Who could fence a holding that was not measured in acres but in leagues—and in leagues of unknown number? Shanghai Robinson, at the end of the Mexican War, had strolled into San Antonio and said that he would like to buy the old Moreño Spanish grant. So he bought it. No one knew how large it was and no one knew what he had paid for it. It could not have cost him a half cent the acre. He did not need fencing. The cattle ran wild, to be sure; but wild cattle have their own range and do not stray widely therefrom.

When More Cows Meant Less Money

SHANGHAI ROBINSON came from somewhere south of the Ohio River, down the old River Road through Mississippi, and so got out into Texas. No doubt he had some reason for wanting to go to Texas. A great many had in those days. At least he was one of the early Anglo-Saxon army who met the Spanish civilization along the Rio Grande. He fought amiably and cheerfully, as the occasion required—fought Comanches for years, and more or less uniformed Mexicans for a time; got his land grant, raised his family, lived rudely, wildly and comfortably until his long whiskers grew gray. Then came the Civil War.

With him to the war went his son, William B., alias Bill, later alias Hard-boiled Bill—a youth at that time some fifteen years of age but as flaming of soul as most. Shanghai and his offspring fought for the South throughout the Civil War and went home to Texas unreconciled and unreconstructed. As a matter of fact, the war had not much changed their lives.

Except in one way: It had made them even richer than they previously had been. There were more cattle on the Moreño-Robinson grant than there had been before. During the war no one had branded any cows. Long before this the Spanish law of the range had been accepted in all this vast half-Spanish country. A man's brand on a cow made it his cow. There were no disputes about it. It was not worth while. The cow had no real value. The only thing about it salable was its hide. True, an attempt had been made to start a packing company once upon a time, but the steamship company gobbled that in freights. There was no market for beef. Beans were edible but beef was scarcely so regarded. The more cows a man had the poorer he was—if he tried to count or locate them.

But having nothing else to do, and there being nothing else but cows—thousands and hundreds of thousands of cows—which did not belong to anybody at all, Shanghai Robinson and his son, later to be known as Hard-boiled Robinson, had their negro blacksmith fabricate a few examples of the family iron—a circle arrow of such formidable proportions that it almost took a two-year-old to hold all the brand on its hide. You could see that brand about as far as you could see the cow—which was the accepted Spanish fashion of branding. Then, conscientiously and industriously they set out to brand everything in Texas that wore hair. They were establishing a few basic truths of the cow trade. Land was worth little, water was worth everything. The water carried the land and the cows, because the cows had to come to the water.

There was no regular round-up among the great cattle owners of the cattle country at that time. Values were so low and so inexact that no one cared to count his wealth. A cow might be worth a dollar, a dollar and a half, five dollars—certainly it was not worth counting or feeding or pulling out of the mud. The only thing you could trade it for was more cows. In time, as the cattle increased so that two or three brands began to mix at the same watering places, it became necessary to segregate the individual brands annually. But Shanghai Robinson did not live long enough to bother much about those things. He raised some red and green peppers, a few large red beans, a few onions. He had all the wild meat he liked. Milk and butter were unknown on the ranch, because they had nothing but cows. Clothing made very little difference to any of them. Bill's mother died while her men were away at the war. He and his brothers grew up pretty much like savages. They knew how to ride, because in any land of great distances a man must learn to ride or he must die. To steal a man's horse was very logically worse than to kill a man.

And Shanghai was gathered unto his fathers. When Bill reached his years of legal majority he was the head of the Circle Arrow Ranch. But he was no longer the same Bill. His trip North in the Civil War had taught him a good many things—incidentally how to read and write. He had seen books. He had found that there was an enormous world outside of Texas. He studied maps. When his chuck wagon went up to San Antonio for supplies, it now must always bring back newspapers—bundles of them. There were books round the Circle Arrow now, where none had been seen before. Once in a while, too, strangers or friends came to San Antonio, men who knew something of that great world outside of Texas.

Transportation Problems of the Cattle Men

BILL ROBINSON began to get restless. He knew, without much telling, what his father already had told him—that sometime people would pay for cows. The only trouble was that where there were cows there were no people, even if where there were people there were not enough cows. In brief, before this lean and brown young Texan there appeared that problem of transportation which is at the bottom of all the commerce of all the countries in the world. The West was waiting for one more trail.

As long ago as 1840 a half-breed Indian named Jesse Chisholm had begun to drive horses and cattle into the

Continued on Page 40

History May Have Produced More Resplendent Figures Than These Lank Trail Riders; But I Don't Know of Any Country That Ever Produced Any Better Stock of Real Manhood

An amazing motion picture drama

"The Miracle Man"

is being shown in scores of leading theatres throughout America

THERE are achievements of physical prowess which people marvel at—such as the cutting of the Panama Canal, or the spanning of the Atlantic by aeroplane and dirigible.

But there are achievements in laying bare the secret mystery of the human heart which provoke still greater astonishment.

There is nobody who will fail to surrender admiration to the inexplainable spell of this George Loane Tucker production.

The fact that "The Miracle Man" cost thousands of dollars to make, the fact that it was six months in the crucible of creation—these things don't explain, they merely indicate the high artistic conscience behind all Paramount-Artcraft Pictures.

It is enough that "The Miracle Man" exists for all to see—*that* is the great news!—exists as mysteriously and provokingly perfect as the lily of the valley.

There are some pictures that are exciting because of the wickedness they reveal, and others that are exciting because of the incredible virtue they depict.

"The Miracle Man" is both!

Imagine the worst sharks that exist in Chinatown—a daring cracksman, a beautiful girl as tough and wicked as a snake, a faker who could counterfeit any deformity you like, a dope-fiend as sly as a weasel. Imagine these people invading the lives of other human beings every bit as good as these are bad, the acid of sin striving to bite into the gold of pure hearts, imagine . . . but if the story of "The Miracle Man" were properly tellable in words we would tell it. It isn't.

Frank L. Packard made a brave attempt at it four years ago in Munsey's Magazine and the result was fascinating,

—then George M. Cohan made a stage play out of it which ran for a year in New York,

—but the George Loane Tucker production, a moving picture, *is the story itself*, ALIVE with all its incredible assertions of the villainy and virtue that dwell together in the hearts of men and women.

"The Miracle Man" is a perfect melodrama—a never-to be-forgotten crowning of all that is meant to America by the name Paramount-Artcraft. It is a picture that no one can fail to see without being left out of millions of conversations during the coming weeks.

As entertainment, supreme, "The Miracle Man" is still something *more*. What is that more? It can be felt *by you*, but not stated by us.

Mayflower Photoplay Corporation
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George Loane Tucker's
Production

"The Miracle Man"

From the play by George M. Cohan
Based on the story by Frank L. Packard

A Paramount-Artcraft Picture

"The Miracle Man" is now showing at scores of theatres Watch your local paper for advertisements of this great Paramount-Artcraft Picture. Demand *early* showing at your favorite theatre.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

Paramount Pictures

Artcraft Pictures

(Continued from Page 38)

western parts of the Indian nations at a time when no one else would go into that country. He bought his stock from the lower plains Indians, who could sell very cheaply to him, because they stole everything they had from the whites and Mexicans. Chisholm often had long trains of horses, cattle and goods with which he worked north across upper Texas, along a line which had good grass and water. All live stock had to feed itself as it went along in those days. This was perhaps the first—and perhaps also the most famous—of the old-time cow trails, and it may be called the beginning of the various and sometimes interweaving paths which in time came to be known as the Cattle Trail. It is quite likely that this writer was the first to give the Cattle Trail, in a chapter head of a book, the name Long Trail, which seems to have been accepted as though it were historically correct. I am not sure it ever was so called by the cowmen who made it.

Where the Old Trails Met the New

THE very first trail out of Texas ran loosely to Eastern Kansas and Western Missouri, its general course being east and north. There were cattle driven from Texas as far north as Iowa and Illinois in very early days. The Shawnee Trail ran east from the Red River, north across the Arkansas River and westward along that stream. The Chisholm Trail lay west of the Shawnee Trail and crossed what came to be called the Neutral Strip, or No Man's Land. Still farther to the west, in New Mexico, was the Pecos Trail, which ran north into Colorado but which was used only in the territorial or stock-cattle drives. The Old Western Trail ran from a point west of San Antonio, north across McCulloch County, crossing the Colorado, the Pease, the Wichita, the Salt Fork, the Clear Fork of the Brazos and eventually the Red River, which makes the north boundary of Texas. This point on the Red River was known as Doan's Crossing and was perhaps the most famous of any of the crossings. Above the Red River ran the New Western Trail, so called. Of course as the railroad moved west the cattle trails moved west to meet the head of steel—and the fame of Wichita, Newton, Abilene, Hays City, Ellsworth, Dodge in turn went waning. Such towns as Ogallala in Nebraska, Miles City in Montana, farther to the north, had their lurid days in turn. Cattle were driven in early days as far as Nevada to the west, as far as the Dakotas to the northeast.

Herds were driven from Mexico, crossing the Rio Grande near Brownsville, to the Blackfoot Reservation, where Glacier Park now is. Measure between these points straight across the map and you will see that the Long Trail, braided and bending as it thus was, meant a roadway at least as long as from New York to Yellowstone Park; or from San Francisco to Chicago. It was half as long again as the distance from Duluth to New Orleans.

The names of these two latter points suggest a difference of latitude, and hence a difference of climate, which will bring us directly to some additional basic truth about the old cow trail. In the earliest trail days cattle went north simply in a desperate effort on the part of their owners to get hold of any sort of cash. Cattle grew in Texas abundantly and nowhere north of that—there were no domestic cattle north of the Red River and east of the Rockies almost to the Missouri River. Gradually it began to be discovered that a steer would grow a little heavier in Northern Texas than in the hot coast country. Long after that it was found, perhaps by accident or at least through necessity, that cattle would winter through in Montana. Then it was learned that the Texas cow, moved north into Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, would almost double in weight at maturity over the weight of the same animal left in lower Texas. Hence this interchange of the Texas product into the north was a thing not only epochal but inevitable as soon as the problem of transportation should be solved. If Hard-boiled Bill had not hitched his wagon to a star, at least he had hitched it to a law of Nature, which is just as good.

All through Southern Texas after the Civil War there were young men who had as many cows as Hard-boiled Bill, but who are not to-day superintendents of Sunday schools or citizens first consulted in a lynching. But Bill had all the credit he liked among the merchants at old San Antonio. He squared his accounts almost every year or so. Had he wanted he could have bought all the cattle he liked across the river in Mexico or on the ranches all round him; but he figured that he had now in his own iron as many as he wanted for his first venture north. He could get together three thousand or five thousand mixed cows without much trouble. He could pick up round the ranch a dozen riders who knew cows as well as he did. He had more horses of his own than he could count, and he could throw together a remuda that would give a dozen good mounts to every rider and leave over a few mean ones for possible use in emergency.

Bill had never been over the trail, but he figured that he could make it through somehow and he proposed to solve each problem as it arose—not to cross any rivers until he came to them. He did not worry about anything. If the family of Shanghai Robinson had ever begun to worry they would all have died long before that.

Pending the start of Bill up the nascent cow trail, we can at least remember our three great trails already established from the Missouri River to the Rockies—the trail up the Arkansas, the one up the Platte, the one up the Missouri. We can think of the country between the Missouri and the Rockies, or at least the western half or two-thirds of it, as the range. We can think of the new railroads pushing west; of the great lines of white-topped prairie schooners pushing west also. And then lastly we can restore, in the mind's eye at least, the picture of the dust clouds coming from the south; thousands and hundreds of thousands of low-headed, long-horned kine marking out and making deep the Long Trail of the range.

As Hard-boiled Bill and I sat in our club, after July first, with the two tall lemonade glasses between us and with pictures of Renaissance saints all round us it occurred to me that here was one sort of history at hand. His exclamation brought up a swift series of large pictures blending one with the other. His pleasant voice, in amused comment on fragmentary and detached incidents of his own life, was something like the music at a cinema.

"I didn't want any fancy boys," said Robinson. "Some men understand cows and some don't and you can't learn 'em. My men mostly did. I didn't care whether a man et tobacco or drank liquor—that was his affair. He couldn't drink much on the trail, that was certain. The main thing was that he should be square to the brand and keep things going. No, they didn't wear no cow-puncher uniform. They just wore clothes. Mostly I liked them with blue or gray eyes, but they come in all shades. I didn't usually care much for Mexicans, because they are too hard on cows and horses both. When I found a man that always took care of his horse before he did of himself, and dried out his saddle blankets, I thought I could depend on him not to get on foot on the trail."

All Kinds of Assorted Trouble

"ANY herd that went north was apt to meet with a bunch of outlaws here or there below the Red River who would claim the right to cut the herd to look for cattle of their brands that were being carried north out of the country. Of course, too, when we were going through the Indian country there would always be several of them people calling for a dozen head or so of cows as pay for going through their lands. Weak outfits could be bluffed. I had men who were quiet and would stand about so much—and no more. Main thing was, a man's cow was his cow and his brand called it that.

"There was plenty of other kinds of assorted trouble could happen to a herd. The worst thing was runs in the night. Sometimes the whole herd would get up off the bed ground and run all night over some fool scare. A bad storm might start a herd, and buffalo very often caused runs. Sometimes there might be two or three herds come in together below a river when the water was high and any sort of run would get the cows all mixed up together, maybe ten thousand head of them—all mixed and all running. Then there was work to get them headed and stopped and get them milling and gentled down so we could start to cut out the brands—it might be days we was doing that; and that was man's-size work. When each outfit had made a rough cut for itself, the foreman of each

(Continued on Page 42)

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THE record the Liberty is making in point of very slight service costs, can only be described as wonderful. The car first proves its superiority by the marked difference in the way it rides and drives, and afterwards by the splendid way it stands up and keeps in tune.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit.

LIBERTY SIX

(Continued from Page 40)

brand would ride through all the cuts to look for any cows in his brand. This was part of the law of the trail and nobody objected. Naturally, as the herd worked north it would pick up some local cattle. I have known of a herd counting out three or four hundred more in Montana than it did in South Texas, where it started; but that's on account of the fine northern climate.

"When the trailing got to be a big business, there was regular trail cutters with lists of brands and certificates on brands they was authorized to cut out of any northbound herd. I know of two or three men on the lower range that made a fortune in that way, but they never made any fortune off of me.

"In the early times people was not so particular about cows. In buying a cow her calf was throwed in. If we was buying a bunch of cows we'd take whatever they had throwed in for us, doggies and all as they run; and if the two tally men, one for each side, didn't agree there wasn't usually much argument. Everything was wide open and one cowman took another to be square. Later on, up north, when the Yankees come on the ridge and the cattle associations were checking up on the rustlers, the thing was got down to a pretty fine business and nobody trusted nobody else. After a time laws was passed on the upper ranges so that no foreman was allowed to run a brand of his own. I never would have any man working with me that I couldn't trust that much. In them days the world was big enough for everybody and we was willing to give another fellow a chance.

"I don't know how much my first herd cost me a head. Counting in what my pap had done left me and what had drifted in on our range and got branded and what mavericks we had got under our iron after the war was over, I could round up a mixed herd, take 'em as we found 'em, and they maybe hadn't cost me a dollar a head. I don't know—nobody knew. We didn't keep books and there wasn't no way of keeping books.

"In my first herd, when I was a youngster, I didn't grade any stuff at all for my herd—just went out in the mesquite and rounded up everything we run across. I reckon I had all ages—yearlings, threes and fours, and mixed. Looked like Noah's Ark. I reckon I had cows in there that come there before the Spanish Conquest, with horns longer than both your arms. Most of these lower cattle from the coast country was light, lean and rangy and they could travel, all right.

"At first a herd was hard to get off, but a in few days they'd go along easy like, ten or fifteen miles a day. It wasn't any foot race. We was driving cattle to market to sell them. We didn't run either our cows or horses for the sake of running them.

"In the first drives that I knowed there wasn't much of any trail, but later on any one of the big northern trails was plumb plain. It wasn't like a wagon road of course. There might be thirty or forty or fifty paths braiding in and out, cut through the grass roots, and the whole thing might be a hundred yards wide or a quarter of a mile wide. It was laid out for grass and water."

Meetings With Indians and Cow Thieves

"OF COURSE, when the trail was well known, we come to know pretty much about the feed and water on ahead. I didn't when I started, and I got one or two dry marches where it looked like I'd lose every head I had. Most usually the foreman rode on ahead hisself to be sure about the water. I was my own foreman. We nearly always knew how far we had to go each day so as to get water at least once. Cows wouldn't rest much if they hadn't had water.

"I didn't exactly get rich on my first drive. I had my eyes on the market farthest east—where they bought range cattle to ship back into the Middle States. The western stock market, what we come to call the territorial market, was not begun yet. The big Indian reservation beef market or the army market hadn't got down to us yet. All I knew was that somewhere up north people didn't have as many cows as I had. I wanted to get some cows up that way. How did I come to trail cows north? Same reason anything is done—I needed the money.

"I started my first herd on what they used to call the old Chisholm Trail and I crossed the Red River that way; but once across I just struck off northeast on my own hook, not knowing any better. The Lord chastened me some. We had two or three dry walks and three or four night runs and three visits from Indian tribes—Comanches, which is the worst. My men stood by me, but at the same time I was losing cows in spite of all. I didn't care much—they hadn't cost me much anyway, and the more we had the more bother they was. Feeling out my way the best I knew, I reckon I wandered about all over what is now the state of Oklahoma. I don't know where we was and I don't much care now. It come out mighty lucky for me. I'll tell you how:

"One day when I was riding on ahead of my outfit to see what the outlook was, I seen a horse standing with his bridle throwed down, near a little tree. When I come up, there laying under the tree was a man in store clothes and he was sick. He had a fever and ague, like enough, and he was pretty bad off. But he set up and ask me who I was, and I asked him what I could do for him and who he was and what he was doing there.

"He told me, holding his head between his hands, that he was a buyer for a Chicago stockyards outfit and had come down below Wichita to meet any trail herds that might be making in for other markets further west and to see if he couldn't turn them for shipment from Wichita. He was a hundred miles or so away from Wichita—maybe more. Nearest I can tell, we met somewhere southeast of Coffeyville, which was on the line between Kansas and the Nations.

"This fellow looked too sick to trade with and I didn't want to bother him, but he was game. He asked me what I wanted for my cows and I asked him what he thought was fair, and he said ten dollars a head straight through. I was tired of mine and I said 'All right'; and he said 'Go count them, I'll take your count.'

"'I see you're a cowman,' says I.

"'I was once, before I went broke,' says he. 'My name is Strayhorn. I'll take your count.'

"I left him a can of tomatoes and went back to my men and we trailed our outfit close in there and started to tally, two of us, and I made it out nineteen hundred and twenty-eight head, with some doggies and calves throwed in. Strayhorn waved his hand and said 'All right.'

"I asked him when would it be convenient for him to pay me. 'Right now,' says he."

Grazing Across the Oil Fields

"HE BEGUN to peel a roll he'd been using for a pillow, I reckon. How on earth he got down there with all that money without being shot I never could tell, but he had dodged every Indian and every cow thief in that whole country south of Wichita. He always was careless about money. He said banks was shot up so much that year anyways, a fellow's money was safer in his stocking. You couldn't of put his roll in no stocking.

"I asked him to tally my count if he pleased and he said no, he knew I was straight.

"I told him I found cowmen was mostly fair to each other and allowed that I would use him or anyone else fair any time.

"'I knowed you would,' says he, and lays down again. 'Go on away now and let me alone with my cows,' says he. 'I'm sick.'

"I seen then that he was one of these sort of people that don't stop to cross any rivers till they come to them, same as myself. I knowed he was a cowman all right. I told him I didn't think I'd go on to the railroad myself but would start back for Texas, but if he wanted any of my men they'd like enough go on through with him to the railroad and I'd keep them on my pay roll till they made Wichita. That was more than he had asked, but he nodded and said 'All right,' just as though he could of drove them all in single-handed. He was powerful sick all the time. I wouldn't go away until he got better, so we camped in there a while.

"Was that the last I seen of him? No, it wasn't. He told me that night he'd been a drover in Arkansas and that he had knowed a good many cow people down in Texas. Says he to me: 'You're a cowman, all right, son, and with what you know and the way things is going to break you'll get big rich. Why don't you take in a partner and go into this thing big, the way you'd ought to?'

"'I ain't got any partner,' says I.

"'You're a liar,' says he. 'I'm your partner right now.'

"I said I believed that was so, for I liked his way. I sort of believed he was game and square—and he never showed any other way in all the years we was in partnership together, which was till Bob Strayhorn died.

"Strayhorn run our northern business. He soon put me wise on the trails north of the Red River and told me what town to drive to. First it was Newton, then Abilene, then Dodge, then Hays City and Ellsworth; and after that Ogallala, when the beef drive was on; and after that to the reservations above there and to the new ranges opening up. Of course by this time he had learned me how to grade a herd—young she stock for territorial markets, threes and fours for beef and maybe mixed stuff for the Eastern farm feeders. Then, too, he begun to tell me that he would have to have a northern range so we could hold our herds over winter and turn them out in good shape. He always took care of the quarantine. He worked north and I worked south. The banks in Kansas City staked us for all we needed when I bought stuff outside my own brand. When the time come, he was one of the big men in the cattle associations. He was a good cowman and he always said I was. We never had a word from the time we met and never an argument about a dime.

"Between us we drove north in all maybe over a hundred thousand head, for all I know, and counting in all our losses here and there with bad markets and the quarantine and every hold-up of the game which come to be practiced on the trail men, we cleaned up almost a million apiece by the time he died. I don't know. We didn't keep much books. We've had a half dozen herds on the trail at the same time. Of course his widow got into some trouble and lost a good deal of her money, the way widows always does. I divided what I had with her, the same as I would of with him. Still I had plenty—and I made more.

"The big jump in the business come when it was found that cattle could live through the winter on the northern range. Before the railroads was built Texas was the breeding range, and the feeding range ran from Kansas to the Montayna line on the north. After the north-and-south railroads come we got in better grades of stock on the lower range.

"In 1885—when Dodge took down her sign as a cow camp because the farmers was putting up so many fences that there wasn't any holding ground left anywhere for a herd—I was pretty well established for range in Newbraska and Southeastern Wyoming. We had had our share of the fat Indian leases down in Nations until the Government ran us out there, when the farmers begun to run us out up north. I sold thousands of acres of Kansas land for seven dollars an acre that hadn't cost me over a dollar and a quarter. That land is worth a hundred and fifty dollars to-day. When it got so that a fat steer would fetch forty dollars, I knowed something was wrong and thought it was time to get out of the business before it busted. Such a steer would bring, like enough, a hundred and fifty to-day. But I had started when cows didn't cost me a dollar a head, so to speak, and I don't suppose all my pap's land ever cost me over six cents an acre—if it did that. We sold out plenty of it at fifteen dollars an acre; and where you can put it under the ditch it's worth a hundred and fifty easy to-day.

"I drove cows one time over what is now the Ranger oil field in the north of Texas. I wandered all over the Nations with my first herd and I bet they et grass over enough oil to of paid the national debt two or three times over, including the war. I have had plenty of oil lands I didn't know was oil lands in my time—sold some and kept some and bought some more.

"I married a Kansas girl, a school-teacher, when I was forty-three years old and up with the second biggest herd I had ever taken north. I had three boys in France and two are dead there. Both was officers. Bill went from Chicago. Bob enlisted from New York. They both was lawyers. They both was doing well. My other boy, since he's come back from France, is a representative out in Frisco of one of the big Eastern packing houses.

"That's about my life," said Hard-boiled Bill, pushing back his lemonade glass. "Not much of it.

"But God! What a country!"

Losers in the Game of Conquest

BRIEFLY, as we may learn from many hard-boiled lives of cowmen, we made the cow range out of the buffalo range. It is, from our white point of view, a mere detail that we wiped out a species of great animals, another species of great savages, to make room for our own and ourselves; but to get any perfect perspective of the white man's great pathway into the buffalo and Indian country we must at least have a glimpse of the Indian's side of the game of conquest in which his was the rôle of loser. It was because he lost—but still must be fed so far as he survived; and because in losing he left now safely accessible his own old vast domain—that the great trail of the white man's cattle, loose-lying, interbraiding, so swiftly overran and obliterated the more ancient buffalo trails, themselves loose-lying, interbraiding over all the tremendous Indian range.

The cow trade which swept north over all that wild region just cleared of its earlier inhabitants, therefore, clearly meant the shifting of an entire species of animal life from one part of the country to another; just as it meant the right-angled intersection of pastoral transportation with modern railroad transportation.

This involved some large economic problems. The buffalo had lived on the northern range, but it was not supposed that cattle could survive the winters there. The herds of Indian beef cattle driven up to the agencies were never intended for anything but fall delivery. There is a rather doubtful story that some freight oxen were abandoned one fall up in Montana and were supposedly sure to die, but were found the next spring fat and sassy. Again, it is said that a drover from the south had his entire herd refused when he got to a northern Indian reservation and so was obliged to winter them through on the range—much to his surprise discovering that he had found a gold mine in doing so.

Be these things as they may, little by little the new environment was accepted. Then followed the taking over of all the short-grass country of the upper range. It was controlled, as had been the range in the Spanish South, by ownership of water front. That ownership largely was procured under the elastic homestead law, each cow hand

(Continued on Page 170)

Have You Examined

A Smart Five-Passenger Model of the Light Car Men Praise so Highly

The Essex Sedan?

You must have seen this dainty new Essex. More than a thousand are in service.

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It comes in the same beautiful green that distinguishes the Essex touring car. The body is simple with the newest square lines, low roof, but with ample head room, wide doors, deep seats and high backs.

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For one reason, men speak of the Essex as they do, because of its costly car finish and equipment. The Essex has no useless length or weight and no sacrifice has been made in any of the comforts. It has all the passenger space that larger cars afford.

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It makes the Essex easy to drive. It can be steered with two fingers. It can be turned in a short radius, parked in a small space, and of course there is an immense saving in operating costs.

And, too, its size accounts for its costly car quality at a moderate price.

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Many will tell you the fastest automobile ride they ever enjoyed was in an Essex.

Others say it is the quickest and liveliest car in acceleration they know. We leave it to the Essex to reveal those qualities.

But rest assured it is not sluggish. It gives way to no car where acceleration, speed and comfort of driving and riding are concerned.

The season when the Sedan will be most enjoyed is approaching. So you should speak for your Essex without delay. The one thousand in service, to say nothing of ten times as many touring models in use, indicate a continued Essex shortage.

(67)

ROTHSCHILD

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"All the new ones all the time"
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Sonnets of a Soda Slinger—By Berton Braley

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

SOME fountain, kid! It has that ancient kink,
Old Solomon, in all his palmy days
Backed off the boards in half a dozen ways.
I'll bet his temple couldn't sport the pink
And fancy marble in this joint. I think
It would 'a' made him envious to gaze
At these here pumps, and spot the classy glaze
On all the tables. Boy, I guess he'd blink!

I've slung the soda in a lotta places
From hokey-pokey carts to Cuyler's best;
I've helped the East Side kids to fill their faces
With aniline and cornstarch and the rest;
And I have passed out Rigget's swellest stuff,
But this here fountain makes the rest seem rough.

II

It's fun to hear the malted-milk machine
Go humming like the little busy bee.
The vichy faucet sings a song to me;
And ice that clinks in glasses bright and clean
Makes music to me—you know what I mean.
I ain't no poet, but there's poetry
In any job; it's all in how you see
The work you do and how you use your bean.

Some lads are built to gather in the kale
And some to spill the music and the art.
Well, I'm an artist on a smaller scale,
But as for dough—I'm distanced at the start.
Yet though I ain't exactly picked for fame,
I sure can sling the soda, just the same.

III

A barkeep hears the troubles of the men,
And all about their quarrels with their wives,
And half the secrets of their fair young lives;
With me it's simply something else again.
I listen to the sorrows of each wren
Who gets my ear when trade is sorta slack;
I tell her how to handle Jim or Jack,
And soothe her heart with sundaes, now and then.

I've gave advice on how to land a guy,
And how to cure a husband who's a souse,
What kind of rugs and furniture to buy
And how to chase the vermin from the house.
I don't suppose the women take my dope,
But what I tell 'em does no harm, I hope.

IV

A classy frail came drifting in last night
And with her was a dressy second Lieut.
He wore two silver stripes upon his suit,
He was a military swell all right.
But when I greets him, pleasant and polite,
With "How's the Army going, nowadays?"
He stiffens up, his eyes they sorta glaze,
He tells the dame: "It really is a fright

How fresh these common persons sometimes get!"
She kinda smiles, and then she answers, "Yes,
They're fresh enough—the Germans found them so."
She grins at me: "I rather think we've met
When you were gassed. I wore a nurse's dress
Up in the Argonne several months ago!"

V

I thought she looked familiar at the first,
But couldn't place her; and that ain't so strange;
We both had undergone a lot of change
Since she had seen me, gassed and cracked with thirst,
Brought to the Red Cross outfit where she nursed.
I didn't make her in her smart array
As the same dame, in cap and suit of gray,
That worked where German shells would sometimes burst.

But she'd remembered me, although I'd canned
My O. D. outfit for a coat of white
And back of this here fountain took my stand
Instead of in a trench where cooties bite.
As for the Louie, leave him out of this:
He is the sort of goof you'll never miss.

VI

A fat man blowed in here a while ago,
A fussy wowser, kicking all the while.
He grouched about the service and the style
Of glass he got. He said that I was slow.
There ain't no quicker slinger that I know.
There's nothing that he didn't do to rile
My temper, but I kept my sunny smile,
Although it was a job, believe me, bo.

He gets his drink, and then he sits and stares
At me and every movement that I makes,
But I works on regardless, and prepares
The orders for my trade. At last he takes
His check along and pays his bill. I'll say
I wasn't sorry when he went away

VII

Each afternoon from four to half past five,
The last few days, I've had a crowd of men
Three deep around this fountain. I have been
Working my head off but they still arrive.
They ask for every drink that I contrive
And some I don't. Their feet keep pawing where
The rail should be; of course it isn't there,
But habits of the barroom will survive.

At first it puzzled me, this sudden rush
Of new male patrons; then I says, says I,
"This is the cocktail hour, and all this crush
Is cocktail fiends, who, since the country's dry,
About this soda fountain cluster thick
Hoping to find a soft drink with a kick."

VIII

It is to snicker when I hear some gent
Handing the gaff to dames for drinking stuff
At soda fountains. Say, there ain't a fluff
I've ever known that would experiment
With some of the concoctions I have blent
For husky males. And when it comes to guff
On how the dames eat candy, it's enough
To make an oyster's laugh grow violent.

The ladies nibble at a box of fudge
But make it last them for a week or two.
But when the men start in they never budge
Until they've eaten all there is in view.
They buy their sweethearts candy from our shelves
And when they call, eat most of it themselves.

IX

The little dame that smart lieutenant brought
Came in last night alone, and had an ice.
And though we'd only met each other twice
Before this time, say, honest you'd 'a' thought
That we'd been just two birdies of a feather
Since childhood days. And yet it ain't so queer,
We'd both been over there, and over here
It made us buddies—little pals together.

Say, but she's pretty! And she's jolly, too,
And seems to like me, some; but what's the use
Of dreaming things? There ain't no hope in view
That slinging fizz and loganberry juice
Will ever pay enough to hire a flat
That's fit for any girl as fine as that!

X

The flossy wrens keep flocking to the place
And plenty of them smile and flirt with me,
But it's no fun the way it used to be
When I would fall for every pretty face.
I'm sorta sore upon the human race
Since she don't come around here any more,
Yet every time a dame steps in the door
My heart goes thumping at a faster pace.

But she don't come. I wonder where she is,
I wonder if some rich guy landed her.
I go on mixing sundae, flip and fizz,
But all my work is sort of in a blur.
I know there ain't no sense to my distress,
But I am dizzy in my dome, I guess.

XI

Ain't Fate the limit? Listen, while I slip
My troubles in your coral-tinted ear.
Remember that old gink who dropped in here
And handed out a lot of grouchy lip,
And stared at me as if I was a dip
And he a dick? Well, say, that guy's the boss
Of all our stores, and he has come across
With some swell job for me. Say, it's a pip!

Says he: "My grouch was just to try you out.
And as for staring, I was watching how
You done your work. You know what you're about,
And I've a place where I can use you now,
Training my soda slingers in their trade
At twice the thirty bucks that you are paid."

XII

Then why, says you, should I be sore at Fate?
I'll tell you why: because she waits too long.
With this new job life might be one sweet song.
If it had come before it would be great.
But now the girl has given me the gate.
At least she's gone away. I couldn't speak
When I was getting thirty beans a week,
And now I've got my raise it comes too late.

So what's the use? Life ain't got any kick,
It's like a glass of vichy that's gone stale:
Who's that outside? It's her or I'm a hick!
Oh boy, oh boy, some girl! Some gorgeous frail!
And look, she isn't wearing any ring—
Say, isn't Fate a wonderful old thing!

They Grind Exceeding Small

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. GORDON SMYTHE

I TELEPHONED down the hill to Hazen Kinch. "Hazen," I asked, "are you going to town to-day?"

"Yes, yes," he said abruptly in his quick, harsh fashion. "Of course I'm going to town."

"I've a matter of business," I suggested.

"Come along," he invited brusquely. "Come along."

There was not another man within forty miles to whom he would have given that invitation.

"I'll be down in ten minutes," I promised him; and I went to pull on my Pontiacs and heavy half boots over them and started downhill through the sandy snow. It was bitterly cold; it had been a cold winter. The bay—I could see it from my window—was frozen over for a dozen miles east and west and thirty north and south; and that had not happened in close to a score of years. Men were freighting across to the islands with heavy teams. Automobiles had beaten a rough road along the course the steamers took in summer. A man who had ventured to stock one of the lower islands with foxes for the sake of their fur, counting on the water to hold them prisoners, had gone bankrupt when his stock in trade escaped across the ice. Bitterly cold and steadily cold, and deep snow lay upon the hills, blue-white in the distance. The evergreens were blue-black blotches on this whiteness. The birches, almost indistinguishable, were like trees in camouflage. To me the hills are never so grand as in this winter coat they wear. It is easy to believe that a brooding God dwells upon them. I wondered as I plowed my way down to Hazen Kinch's farm whether God did indeed dwell among these hills; and I wondered what He thought of Hazen Kinch.

I Had Often Wondered Whether His Love for the Child Redeemed the Man; or Merely Made Him Vulnerable

This was no new matter of thought with me. I had given some thought to Hazen in the past. I was interested in the man and in that which should come to him. He was, it seemed to me, a problem in fundamental ethics; he was, as matters stood, a demonstration of the essential unrightness of things as they are. The biologist would have called him a sport, a deviation from type, a violation of all the proper laws of life. That such a man should live and grow great and prosper was not fitting; in a well-regulated world it could not be. Yet Hazen Kinch did live; he had grown—in his small way—great; and by our lights he had prospered. Therefore I watched him. There was about the man the fascination which clothes a tight-rope walker above Niagara; an aeronaut in the midst of the nose dive. The spectator stares with half-caught breath, afraid to see and afraid to miss seeing the ultimate catastrophe. Sometimes I wondered whether Hazen Kinch suspected this attitude on my part. It was not impossible. There was a cynical courage in the man; it might have amused him. Certainly I was the only man who had in any degree his confidence.

I have said there was not another within forty miles whom he would have given a lift to town; I doubt if there was another man anywhere for whom he would have done this small favor.

He seemed to find a mocking sort of pleasure in my company.

When I came to his house he was in the barn harnessing his mare to the sleigh. The mare was a good animal, fast and strong. She feared and she hated Hazen. I could see her roll her eyes backward at him as he adjusted the traces. He called to me without turning:

"Shut the door! Shut the door! Damn the cold!"

I slid the door shut behind me. There was within the barn the curious chill warmth which housed animals generate to protect themselves against our winters.

"It will snow," I told Hazen. "I was not sure you would go."

He laughed crookedly, jerking at the trace.

"Snow!" he exclaimed. "A man would think you were personal manager of the weather. Why do you say it will snow?"

"The drift of the clouds—and it's warmer," I told him.

"I'll not have it snowing," he said, and looked at me and cackled. He was a little, thin, old man with meager whiskers and a curious precision of speech; and I think he got some enjoyment out of watching my expression at such remarks as this. He elaborated his assumption that the universe was conducted for his benefit, in order to see my silent revolt at the suggestion. "I'll not have it snowing," he said. "Open the door."

He led the mare out and stopped by the kitchen door.

"Come in," he said. "A hot drink."

I went with him into the kitchen. His wife was there, and their child. The woman was lean and frail; and she was afraid of him. The countryside said he had taken her in payment of a bad debt. Her father had owed him money which he could not pay.

"I decided it was time I had a wife," Hazen used to say to me.

The child was on the floor. The woman had a drink of milk and egg and rum, hot and ready for us. We drank, and Hazen knelt beside the child. A boy baby, not yet two years old. It is an ugly thing to say, but I hated this child. There was an evil malevolence in his baby eyes. I have sometimes thought the gray devils must have left just such hate-bred babes as this in France. Also, he was deformed—a twisted leg. The women of the neighborhood sometimes said he would be better dead. But Hazen Kinch loved him. He lifted him in his arms now with a curious passion in his movement, and the child stared at him sullenly. When the mother came near the baby squalled at her, and Hazen said roughly:

"Stand away! Leave him alone!"

She moved back furtively; and Hazen asked me, displaying the child: "A fine boy, eh?"

I said nothing, and in his cracked old voice he mumbled endearments to the baby. I had often wondered whether his love for the child redeemed the man; or merely made him vulnerable. Certainly any harm that might come to the baby would be a crushing blow to Hazen.

He put the child down on the floor again and he said to the woman curtly: "Tend him well." She nodded. There was a dumb submission in her eyes; but through this blank veil I had seen now and then a blaze of pain.

Hazen went out of the door without further word to her, and I followed him. We got into the sleigh, bundling ourselves into the robes for the six-mile drive along the drifted road to town. There was a feeling of storm in the air. I looked at the sky and so did Hazen Kinch. He guessed what I would have said and he answered me before I could speak.

"I'll not have it snowing," he said, and leered at me.

Nevertheless, I knew the storm would come. The mare turned out of the barnyard and plowed through a drift and struck hard-packed road. Her hoofs beat a swift tattoo; our runners sang beneath us. We dropped to the little bridge and across and began the mile-long climb to the top of Rayborn Hill. The road from Hazen's house to town is compounded of such ups and downs.

At the top of the hill we paused for a moment to breathe the mare; paused just in front of the big old Rayborn house, that has stood there for more years than most of us remember. It was closed and shuttered and deserted; and Hazen dipped his whip toward it and said meanly:

"An ugly, improvident lot, the Rayborns were."

I had known only one of them—the eldest son. A fine man, I had thought him. Picking apples in his orchard, he fell one October and broke his neck. His widow tried to make a go of the place, but she borrowed of Hazen and he had evicted her this three months back. It was one of the lesser evils he had done. I looked at the house and at him, and he clucked to the mare and we dipped down into the steep valley below the hill.

The wind had a sweep in that valley and there was a drift of snow across it and across the road. This drift was well packed by the wind, but when we drove over its top our left-hand runner broke through the coaming and we tumbled into the snow, Hazen and I. We were well entangled in the rugs. The mare gave a frightened start, but Hazen had held the reins and the whip so that she could not break away. We got up together, he and I, and we righted the sleigh and set it upon the road again. I remember that it was becoming bitter cold and the sun was no longer shining. There was a steel-gray veil drawn across the bay.

When the sleigh was upright Hazen went forward and stood beside the mare. Some men, blaming the beast without reason, would have beaten her. They would have cursed, cried out upon her. That was not the cut of Hazen Kinch. But I could see that he was angry and I was not

(Continued on Page 49)

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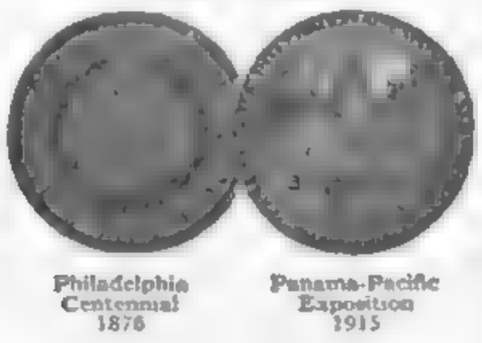

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Oregon City Woolens

"WOVEN WHERE THE WOOL IS GROWN"

OVERCOATS MACKINAWS FLANNEL SHIRTS INDIAN BLANKETS MOTOR ROBES BLANKETS

(Continued from Page 46)

surprised when he reached up and gripped the horse's ear. He pulled the mare's head down and twisted the ear viciously. All in a silence that was deadly.

The mare snorted and tried to rear back and Hazen clapped the butt of his whip across her knees. She stood still, quivering, and he wrenched at her ear again.

"Now," he said softly, "keep the road."

And he returned and climbed to his place beside me in the sleigh. I said nothing. I might have interfered, but something had always impelled me to keep back my hand from Hazen Kinch.

We drove on and the mare was lame. Though Hazen pushed her, we were slow in coming to town and before we reached Hazen's office the snow was whirling down—a pressure of driving, swirling flakes like a heavy white hand.

I left Hazen at the stair that led to his office and I went about my business of the day. He said as I turned away:

"Be here at three."

I nodded. But I did not think we should drive home that afternoon. I had some knowledge of storms.

That which had brought me to town was not engrossing. I found time to go to the stable and see Hazen's mare. There was an ugly welt across her knees and some blood had flowed. The stablemen had tended the welt, and cursed Hazen in my hearing. It was still snowing, and the stable boss, looking out at the driving flakes, spat upon the ground and said to me:

"Them legs'll go stiff. That mare won't go home to-night."

"I think you are right," I agreed.

"The white-whiskered skunk!" he said, and I knew he spoke of Hazen.

At a quarter of three I took myself to Hazen Kinch's office. It was not much of an office; not that Hazen could not have afforded a better. But it was up two flights—an attic room ill lighted. A small air-tight stove kept the room stifling hot. The room was also air-tight. Hazen had a table and two chairs, and an iron safe in the corner. He put a pathetic trust in that safe. I believe I could have opened it with a screwdriver. I met him as I climbed the stairs. He said harshly:

"I'm going to telephone. They say the road's impassable."

He had no telephone in his office; he used one in the store below. A small economy fairly typical of Hazen.

"I'll wait in the office," I told him.

"Go ahead," he agreed, halfway down the stairs.

I went up to his office and closed the drafts of the stove—it was red-hot—and tried to open the one window, but it was nailed fast. Then Hazen came back up the stairs grumbling.

"Damn the snow!" he said. "The wire is down."

"Where to?" I asked.

"My house, man! To my house!"

"You wanted to telephone home that you ——"

"I can't get home to-night. You'll have to go to the hotel."

I nodded good-naturedly.

"All right. You, too, I suppose."

"I'll sleep here," he said.

I looked round. There was no bed, no cot, nothing but the two stiff chairs. He saw my glance and said angrily: "I've slept on the floor before."

I was always interested in the man's mental processes.

"You wanted to telephone Mrs. Kinch not to worry?" I suggested.

"Pshaw, let her fret!" said Hazen. "I wanted to ask after my boy." His eyes expanded, he rubbed his hands a little, cackling. "A fine boy, sir! A fine boy!"

It was then we heard Doan Marshey coming up the stairs. We heard his stumbling steps as he began the last flight and Hazen seemed to cock his ears as he listened. Then he sat still and watched the door. The steps climbed nearer; they stopped in the dim little hall outside the door and someone fumbled with the knob. When the door opened we saw who it was. I knew Marshey. He lived a little beyond Hazen on the same road. Lived in a two-room cabin—it was little more—with his wife and his five children; lived meanly and pitiably, groveling in the soil for daily bread, sweating life out of the earth—life and no more. A thin man, racking thin; a forward-thrusting neck and a bony face and a sad and drooping mustache about his mouth. His eyes were meek and weary.

He stood in the doorway blinking at us; and with his gloved hands—they were stiff and awkward with the cold—he unwound the ragged muffler that was about his neck and he brushed weakly at the snow upon his head and his shoulders. Hazen said angrily:

"Come in! Do you want my stove to heat the town?"

Doan shuffled in and he shut the door behind him. He said: "Howdy, Mr. Kinch." And he smiled in a humble and placating way.

Hazen said: "What's your business? Your interest is due."

Doan nodded.

"Yeah. I know, Mr. Kinch. I cain't pay it all."

Kinch exclaimed impatiently: "An old story! How much can you pay?"

"Eleven dollars and fifty cents," said Doan.

"You owe twenty."

"I aim to pay it when the hens begin to lay."

Hazen laughed scornfully.

"You aim to pay! Damn you, Marshey, if your old farm was worth taking I'd have you out in this snow, you old scamp!"

Doan pleaded dully: "Don't you do that, Mr. Kinch! I aim to pay."

Hazen clapped his hand on the table.

"Rats! Come! Give me what you've got! And Marshey, you'll have to get the rest. I'm sick of waiting on you."

Marshey came shuffling toward the table. Hazen was sitting with the table between him and the man and I was a little behind Hazen at one side. Marshey blinked as he came nearer, and his weak nearsighted eyes turned from Hazen to me. I could see that the man was stiff with the cold.

When he came to the table in front of Hazen he took off his thick gloves. His hands were blue. He laid the gloves on the table and reached into an inner pocket of his torn coat and drew out a little cloth pouch and he fumbled into this and I heard the clink of coins. He drew out two quarters and laid them on the table before Hazen, and Hazen picked them up. I saw that Marshey's fingers moved stiffly; I could almost hear them creak with the cold. Then he reached into the pouch again.

Something dropped out of the mouth of the little cloth bag and fell soundlessly on the table. It looked to me like a bill, a piece of paper currency. I was about to speak, but Hazen without an instant's hesitation had dropped his hand on the thing and drawn it unostentatiously toward him. When he lifted his hand the money—if it was money—was gone.

Marshey drew out a little roll of worn bills. Hazen took them out of his hand and counted them swiftly.

"All right," he said. "Eleven-fifty. I'll give you a receipt. But you mind me, Doan Marshey, you get the rest before the month's out. I've been too slack with you."

Marshey, his dull eyes watching Hazen write the receipt, was folding the little pouch and putting it away. Hazen tore off the bit of paper and gave it to him. Doan took it and he said humbly: "Thank'e, sir."

Hazen nodded.

"Mind now," he exclaimed, and Marshey said: "I'll do my best, Mr. Kinch."

Then he turned and shuffled across the room and out into the hall and we heard him descending the stairs.

When he was gone I asked Hazen casually: "What was it that he dropped upon the table?"

"A dollar," said Hazen promptly. "A dollar bill. The miserable fool!"

Hazen's mental processes were always of interest to me.

"You mean to give it back to him?" I asked.

He stared at me and he laughed. "No! If he can't take care of his own money—that's why he is what he is."

"Still it is his money."

"He owes me more than that."

"Going to give him credit for it?"

"Am I a fool?" Hazen asked me. "Do I look like so much of a fool?"

"He may charge you with finding it."

"He loses a dollar; I find one. Can he prove ownership? Pshaw!" Hazen laughed again.

"If there is any spine in him he will lay the thing to you as a theft," I suggested. I was not afraid of angering Hazen. He allowed me open speech; he seemed to find a grim pleasure in my distaste for him and for his way of life.

"If there were any backbone in the man he would not be paying me eighty dollars a year on a five-hundred-dollar loan—discounted."

Hazen grinned at me triumphantly.

"I wonder if he will come back," I said.

"Besides," Hazen continued, "he lied to me. He told me the eleven-fifty was all he had."

"Yes," I agreed. "There is no doubt he lied to you."

Hazen had a letter to write and he bent to it. I sat by the stove and watched him and considered. He had not yet finished the letter when we heard Marshey returning. His dragging feet on the stair were unmistakable. At the sound of his weary feet some tide of indignation surged up in me.

I was minded to do violence to Hazen Kinch. But—a deeper impulse held my hand from the man.

Marshey came in and his weary eyes wandered about the room. They inspected the floor; they inspected me; they inspected Hazen Kinch's table, and they rose at last humbly to Hazen Kinch.

"Well?" said Hazen.

"I lost a dollar," Marshey told him. "I 'lowed I might have dropped it here."

Hazen frowned.

"You told me eleven-fifty was all you had."

"This here dollar wa'n't mine."

The money-lender laughed.

"Likely! Who would give you a dollar? You lied to me; or you're lying now. I don't believe you lost a dollar."

Marshey reiterated weakly: "I lost a dollar."

"Well," said Hazen, "there's no dollar of yours here."

"It was to git medicine," Marshey said. "It wa'n't mine."

Hazen Kinch exclaimed: "By God, I believe you're accusing me!"

Marshey lifted both hands placatingly.

"No, Mr. Kinch. No, sir." His eyes once more wandered about the room. "Mebbe I dropped it in the snow," he said.

He turned to the door. Even in his slow shuffle there was a hint of trembling eagerness to escape. He went out and down the stairs. Hazen looked at me, his old face wrinkling mirthfully.

"You see?" he said.

I left him a little later and went out into the street. On the way to the hotel I stopped for a cigar at the drug store. Marshey was there, talking with the druggist.

I heard the druggist say: "No, Marshey, I'm sorry. I've been stung too often."

Marshey nodded humbly.

"I didn't 'low you'd figure to trust me," he agreed. "It's all right. I didn't 'low you would."

It was my impulse to give him the dollar he needed, but I did not do it. An overpowering compulsion bade me keep my hands off in this matter. I did not know what I expected but I felt the imminence of the fates. When I went out into the snow it seemed to me the groan of the gale was like the slow grind of millstones, one upon the other.

I thought long upon the matter of Hazen Kinch before sleep came that night.

Toward morning the snow must have stopped; and the wind increased and carved the drifts till sunrise, then abruptly died. I met Hazen at the post office at ten and he said: "I'm starting home."

I asked: "Can you get through?"

He laughed.

"I will get through," he told me. "You're in haste."

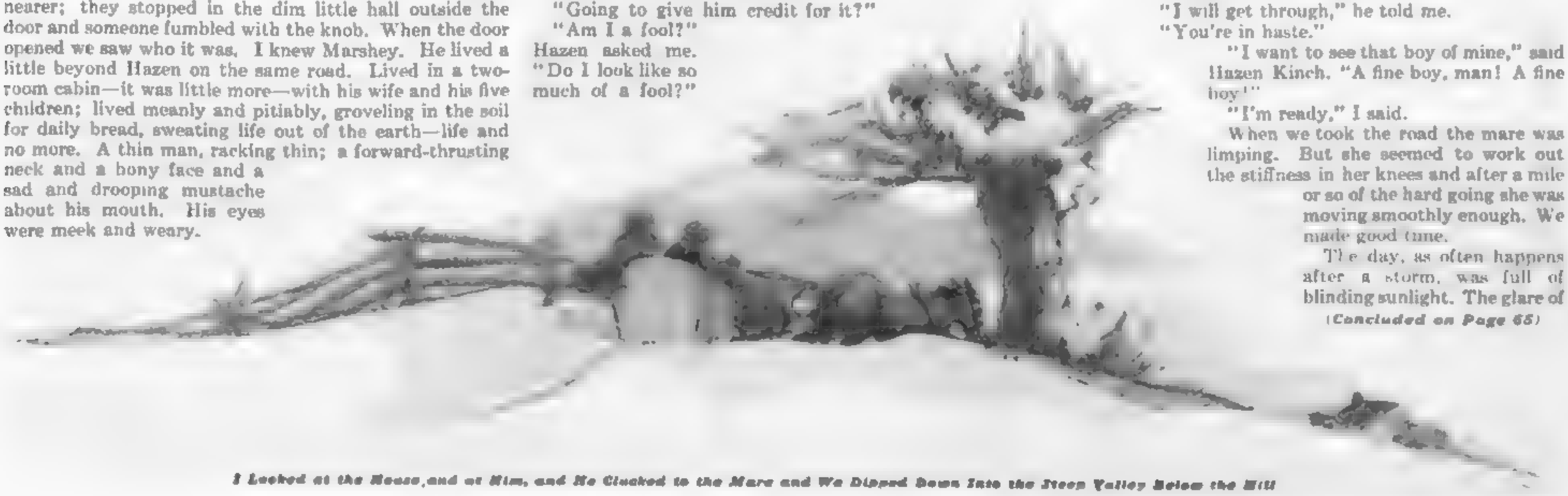
"I want to see that boy of mine," said Hazen Kinch. "A fine boy, man! A fine boy!"

"I'm ready," I said.

When we took the road the mare was limping. But she seemed to work out the stiffness in her knees and after a mile or so of the hard going she was moving smoothly enough. We made good time.

The day, as often happens after a storm, was full of blinding sunlight. The glare of

(Concluded on Page 65)



I Looked at the Mesas, and at Him, and He Clucked to the Mare and We Dipped Down Into the Steep Valley Below the Hill

MARY OF MULESBACK

By Helen Topping Miller

WHEN Job Marcus died people came to the burying from all along Mulesback and as far down Elbow as the lower Turkey Valley. There were many who had feared old Job Marcus and who came in a sort of triumphant bravado now that he was dead. But most of them came because they desired to see what Job's wife, Mary, would do.

As a rule a mountain woman obeys her lord meekly while he lives, hoes his corn and tends the hogs and knits his white wool socks. If he chances to encounter the displeasure of his neighbors she dresses his wounds and does his work, and she sits patiently upon the doorstep if he lies drunk and snoring within. And when he dies she mourns him shrilly until the voice of her lament is heard in distant coves and upon lonely hills.

Mary Marcus was different from the other women on Mulesback. To begin with, Mary was what the mountain people dubbed a "foreigner." Back in the old days which old Taylor Wott could remember Job Marcus had fetched her, a strange woman, all the way from South Carolina.

Mary was a little light-footed thing then, with snapping black eyes and a swift untameable tongue. She had a trick of singing hymns very loud upon the hills, and this last troubled the meeting-house folk of Mulesback, none of them being certain in their pious souls as to whether such goings on were not wicked.

Mary had lived many years with Job Marcus. And though Job was a hard man with a hard voice, and a scoffer, it was told for truth down Elbow that Job never hit Mary and that she ruled him with the keen power of her black eyes and the sparkle of her speech.

Mary was old now and her back was bent and her feet slow. But the shine had never gone out of her eyes, nor the swift sting from her tongue. She still could bake a better ash cake and boil a better ham than any other woman on the Back and her voice was loudest in the hymns on Sundays.

But in all these years that she had lived on the Back she had never been farther away from home than the upper Turkey meeting house. She had never been back to South Carolina. Job Marcus, his needs, his petty farming, his bodily comfort—had been all her life. What would she do now that Job was gone?

The Mulesback people wondered and flocked in curious droves to see.

But if they expected spectacular grief from Mary they were disappointed. Mary Marcus did not holler in the presence of her dead as the women on Elbow and Mulesback were accustomed to holler. Instead she walked quietly to the church, following Job's black painted coffin, and only the quiver of her lips and the misting of her black eyes indicated her sorrow.

All the while that the Reverend Carson Hobbs was dilating nasally upon the virtues of the deceased he kept his close-set piggish eyes upon Mary. To the Reverend Carson Hobbs such self-control seemed verging upon contempt. Women who respected their departed lords did not sit dumb while funeral hymns were being intoned.

At the shallow grave scooped out between two rocks in the little scrub-pine wilderness dedicated to the dead, Hobbs leveled his bushy sandy brows at Mary's stooping little white-haired figure and directed toward her a rasping Scriptural warning. It concerned those ungodly and widowed sinners who forget their dead and do them no honor in the sight of men. It was pointed with the bluntness of ignorance, brutal with the smug brutality of the narrow-souled, obvious to all the folk who stood there, some sniggering, some curling a scornful lip.

While the red clods thumped into the grave Mary stood vibrant, holding her peace. But once outside the graveyard gate she faced the preacher.

"You needn't be preachin' at me, Cas Hobbs!" she lashed at him. "I knowed what was due the dead before ever you was born! And I ain't expectin' to marry no four or five husbands, neither!"

This shot, aimed at the admittedly complicated domestic history of the Reverend Hobbs, struck him fairly with stunning force. He gulped and stared, his loose mouth hanging open, his face a bit green. Then recovering himself he raised his gaunt hand to launch anathema upon this defiant woman. But the cold challenge in her face halted him.

"That'll be all from you!" she said firmly.

The curse of Hobbs died on his lips as with a lift of her white head Mary Marcus turned and walked away.

From that day Mary sat no more in the meeting house at lower Turkey nor led in the singing of hymns down Elbow. On Sundays those who passed on the upper trail heard her singing about her house, and they gossiped that she stood upon the hilltops and repeated psalms in a loud voice. But she came no more into the village.

When she needed sugar or oil or a grist ground she drove her solemn old white mule all the way across Mulesback to the store in the upper Turkey cove. If she met a member of Carson Hobbs' congregation on the trail she turned out respectfully and gave that righteous parishioner all the road. And then without a word she would drive on.

There were some on Mulesback who missed Mary and secretly lamented the establishment of her wordless feud. Mary had been a power in the fever and she owned a recipe for salve which healed alike the sore eyes of babies and ringbone on a mule. Also she knew how to brew blackberry cordial, rich, potent and healing, and there was no other woman on the mountain who could string a loom so skillfully as she.

Chief of these mourners was Miriam, the wispy, coughing, blue-eyed daughter of Carson Hobbs, by his second, consumptive wife.

Miriam, a shy imaginative girl, lived like a lonely and abashed alien in the midst of a stolid and loud-voiced pack of half brothers and sisters. These other young Hobbses laughed at her, scoffed at the games she invented, despised the little trinkets she hoarded, and shirked their work upon her at every opportunity.

As a little thing Miriam had slipped away often and climbed the trail to the Marcus house, where Mary fed her molasses bread and fritters and showed her a Bible book with wonderful pictures in it and let her finger the coral and the string of blown seabird's eggs she had brought from South Carolina.

Later, as Miriam grew, it was to Mary Marcus that she confided her whimsy girlish dreams—romantic little longings that were ridiculous in the eyes of her stodgy red-handed sisters—dreams of red satin slippers, and of ribbons, and of riding in a carriage and wearing a gold ring—dreams that are as inevitable as sixteen, but that Carson Hobbs, when they came to his ears by sisterly treachery, denounced loudly as spawn of Babylon and Sheol and the mark of the scarlet woman.

It was Mary who loaned the girl stories to read—queer old yellow papers full of curious prints of ladies in waterfalls and crinolines. These Miriam devoured clandestinely in the friendly secrecy of the Marcus corncrib. As her slender body grew taller and more slender and the wistfulness in her blue eyes took on the deepened questioning of womanhood, the silver quivering of moonlight, the sound of distant music and the melancholy rasp of nostalgic frogs were for Miriam indissolubly mingled with the fragrance of a moldy old journal and the smell of drying corn.

To Miriam, Mary Marcus was merely an impersonal being, embodying the motherly sympathy and understanding that the girl's starved and thwarted life had lacked. She had no particular affection for Mary, nor any deep passion for the little house on the upper trail; and had Carson Hobbs, her father, been born with a trifle more of breadth between his eyes and with a drop of the pure Gospel that he preached distilled in the core of his acrid soul it is likely that the young engineer who came up Elbow with his hat tripped jauntily over a shock of black hair and the unquenchable light of youth in his face would have gone back down again without so much as a drink from the spring at lower Turkey.

And it is likely that Mary Marcus would never have painted her doorstep sky blue or bought a grave box from Elcanah Towson down Mulesback. If Carson Hobbs had owned this saving grace it is very likely that this story would never have been written.

As it was—when Mary declared her solitary war upon Mulesback, and particularly upon Carson Hobbs and his congregation, that narrow-souled divine showed a sullen and thunderous face in his dwelling.

"Don't let me hyar of none of you young 'uns goin' up thar to Marcuses' no more," he gave orders in a sour bellow. "Don't never let me hyar that ungodly and sinful woman's name spoke out loud in my house! You hyar me?"

Alcesty, the eldest, who bore an angular and acid resemblance to her father, turned sulkily from her bean stringing.

"Don't none of 'em go—'thout it's Miriam," she declared dully. "She's allus traipsin' round somewheres when she ought to be workin'."

Carson Hobbs hung up his coat and pulled off the hampering, gouging ministerial collar.

"You heared what I said," he addressed the group impartially. "Big or little I'll whip the fust one that goes up that thar trail!"

Miriam, sweeping the kitchen with the slow languor of movement that matched her blue shadowed complexion, her small-boned transparent wrists, looked up briefly from under the eyelashes which were another hostage the world and the flesh demanded from the house of Carson Hobbs. She said nothing, but the line that tightened about her lips gave her a look that was like one her mother had worn on a day when she defied Hobbs and rode the roan mule to mill.

She thrust the broom listlessly under the safe and coaxed the dust out with futile twistings of her thin hands. What Miriam Hobbs needed was good food—milk and eggs and nourishing meat, pure air and peace of soul. She needed these—and she got much bacon and coarse corn bread, greens and grits and an airless room to sleep in, shared with three sisters and two babies—and always work, drudging, grinding, thankless work!

She looked at her father in silence and it amazed her to discover how easily rebellion sprang up in her mind,

(Continued on Page 52)

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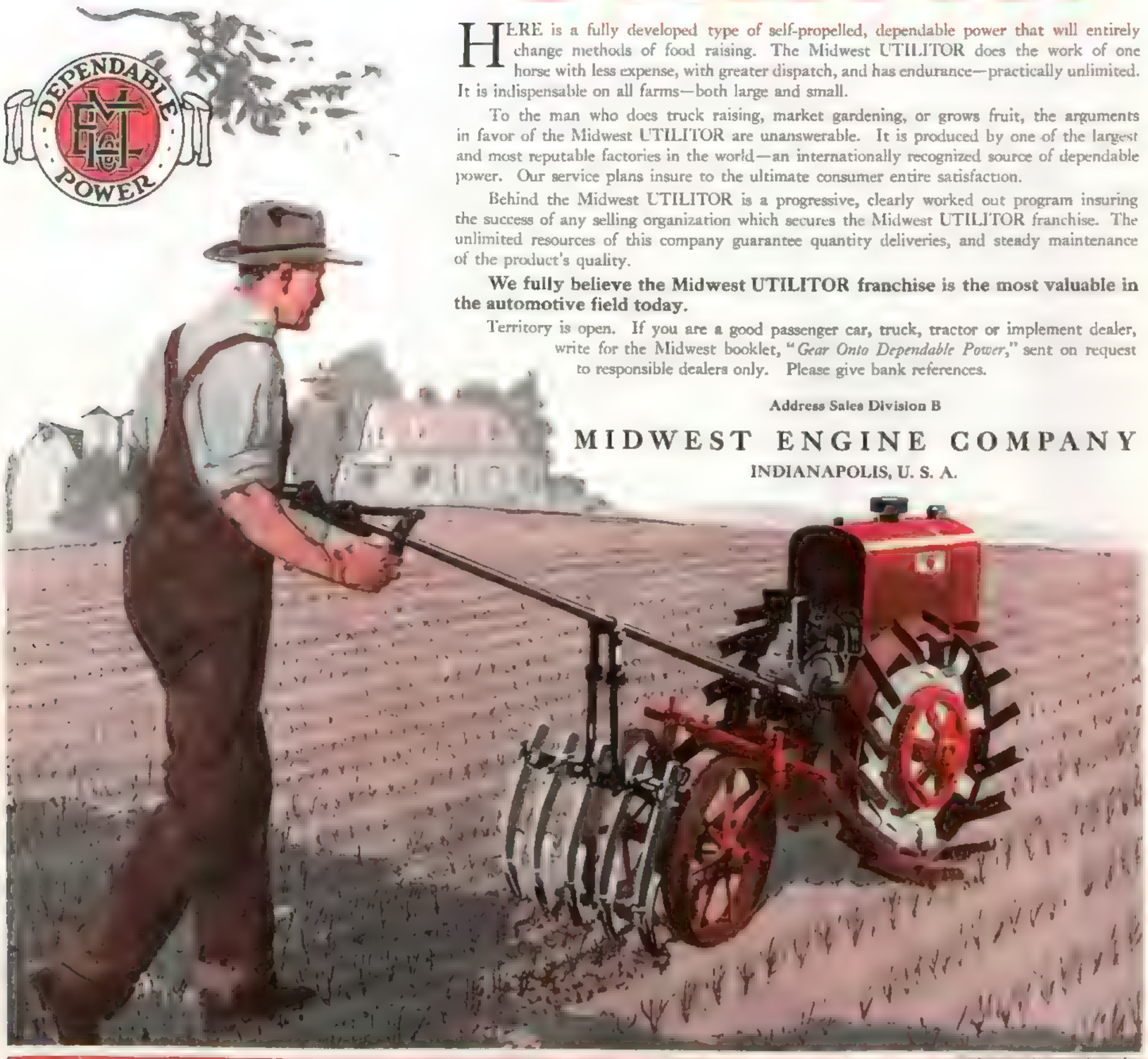

Dependable Power

(Continued from Page 50)

how pleasant a thing it was to foster. She had not known that she had so much spirit—never having heard the family scandal concerning her mother and the roan mule. She looked at her father, at the dour and sinister scowl he wore, and the brooding droop of his narrow shoulders, and she wanted to laugh suddenly because she was not afraid of him any more. He was not terrible. He was only funny! If she ran away—clear across Elbow—down the trail to town, to far cities which she had dreamed of and never seen, he could only storm and threaten. He could not drag her back by the hair of the head or the point of a sawed-off shotgun! She wanted to laugh long and merrily at this freedom which had been born within her.

But she did not laugh. She merely went on sweeping—but with deliberate malice she did flick a chip into a corner of the hearth and sweep a little pile of ashes over it and let it lie there undisturbed.

And Carson Hobbs tramped through his house to the comfortable chair upon the little shelflike porch, where there was a cushion of ticking and a worn Bible upon a shelf beside the water bucket in case any parishioner came up the path, and a wide and unoccupied range into which to spit, unaware that revolt smoldering under long golden-brown lashes lurked in his own kitchen.

Meanwhile Mary Marcus, bedding down her old white mule with trampled cornstalks, sang an old, old hymn in a high and unsteady soprano. It was dusk. Strange shadows were slipping down the slopes of the mountain. Strange, creeping, whimpering little cries shrilled out of the black loneliness of the timber. But it wasn't because she was afraid that Mary sang. In all her sixty years Mary had never known there was not another soul nearer than Cas Hobbs' crowded, unpainted, half-frame house down toward Elbow; Mary sang because she was utterly, blithely happy.

Mary had known a certain, neutral, doglike affection for Job Marcus. They had lived in monotonous magnanimous peace, content if the corn bore two ears to the stalk, glorying in the maternity of a red heifer, satisfied to be let alone by their more turbulent neighbors. Mary had been content with Job and she had grieved when he was dead. But she knew that she had never been so thoroughly happy before—because now she was free.

She knew now what it was she had missed, what it was which had hung upon her heart like a chain. She had wanted to be free. Something within her, which was untamed—something which in the simplicity of her ignorance she had felt and recognized but had not understood—had cried out always with desire. And now—it was as if the wind blew unchallenged upon her smothered soul. She sang louder and jabbed the pitchfork into the manger. . Nobody would complain that she had dulled it. Nobody would come back and pile more straw under the mule's shoulders. She could do as she pleased.

She relished the sudden feud which had flared up between her and the pious folk of Mulesback and Elbow. Something latent, lawless, strangely foreign to her white hair and her peaceful old face thrilled with the prospect of war. She laughed aloud as she visioned the lowering face of Hobbs when she had defied him at the graveyard gate—Hobbs, who prayed long and wearily and who beat his cows and starved his women and children—she was not afraid of Hobbs! She was not afraid of anybody. Just let them leave her alone—that was all!

She abandoned the meeting-house hymn and launched brazenly into an old song she had not dared to sing before upon pious Mulesback—a lilting, foot-patting, dance song which brought to her fading eyes again the glad shine of fire and the glowing whites of slave eyes and the call of a reckless fiddle—and the sound of young laughter, all mingled with an aching memory of laurel bloom and jasmine heavy as smoke and the infinite undying fragrance of life when life is very young!

She sang it softly, with a hurting in her wrinkled throat.

And then she sang it loudly and laughed through the melody of it:

Thar was Old Sim Dempsey and Young Sim Dempsey—
He was Old Sim Dempsey's son ——

Audacious as a mocking jay another voice outside the barn took up the air:

And Young Sim Dempsey'll be Old Sim Dempsey when Old Sim Dempsey gits hung!

Mary gripped the pitchfork.

"You git away from thar!" she ordered sharply, marching out of the stall into the twilight of the yard.

There stood a young man, a good-looking, laughing young man, with his hat tilted to one side over a shock of irrepressible black hair; a young man who wore leather leggings and a corduroy coat and was browned by the sun and wind and who was obviously not of the mountains; a young man who looked at her like something out of that misty remembered past.

"Don't hit me, granny," he pleaded impudently and yet with a certain debonair and boyish charm which disarmed Mary. "You better let me bed down that cow ——"

"Hit's a mule!" declared Mary, her face a stolid mask as she confronted him.

"I'm the best mule bedder in this country," persisted the intruder, reaching for the pitchfork. "Besides—he might kick you."

"Young feller," stated Mary sternly, "I bedded down mules before you was born!"

"Tut, tut!" he argued, twisting the fork out of her fingers, "I was bearding the stubborn hardtail in his lair when you were a prattling infant at your mother's knee. Get over there, beast—or beastess, which ever you be! Lord, who'd believe anything alive could have such big feet!"

Mary had followed this amazing person into the barn. She had a vague and disquieting feeling that she ought to be both suspicious and hostile. She tried to recall the remarks which Job Marcus would have growled through his tangled beard; but something alluring, something in the recklessness of youth which called to the strangled living youth that still smoldered in her veins after sixty years held her tongue. She could not offend this impertinent young stranger, for by some alchemy she was as young, as saucy, as strange as he!

"His feed's in that thar box," she remarked casually. "If you've got done I'll lock up the stable. Thar's folks on Mulesback mean enough to steal a widow woman's critter—though if thar's anybody but me that can git that mule away from his feed I ain't never heared 'em prayed for yit in meet'in'!"

The young man laughed—a laugh that brought back for Mary the scent of jasmine and the flashing whites of slave eyes and the cadence of the crooning fiddle.

She decided suddenly that had the good Lord remembered her with a fighting laughing son after her own blood she would have liked him to look like this boy. She snapped the lock without a word and turned toward the house. He followed, uninvited, as her own son might have followed.

"I stopped here," he explained as they crossed the yard, avoiding the black huddle of an old sow and her brood, "because I heard you singing and I knew you would be the kind of woman who would have an extra bed."

Mary tightened her lips, unseen in the darkness. She strove to tighten her heart with the same withdrawing, but that organ refused cravenly to obey.

"I don't take in strangers," she said firmly.

"That's a wise rule," agreed the lad blithely. "These times you never know what sort of scalawags you are likely to meet. But you see—I'm not a stranger. You've known me for more than fifteen minutes—and I've got to have a place to sleep to-night because to-morrow I've got to climb all over this mountain hunting for a place to begin a dam we're going to build across the Elbow River."

"A dam? What for?" demanded Mary.

"We're going to put that river to work," stated he. "We're going to build a big power house and make it turn mills and light cities ——"

"Cities!" repeated Mary, like a sleepwalker.

"And set little children free from spindles and make music in churches. And I'm the fellow who has to begin all that. I'm one of the engineers, you know. We have to look this loafing river over and find out where it is the strongest—where the biggest fall is and the most power. It's going to be a big job—hard climbing, long hours. Have you got a feather bed on that bed? And quilts with those red and white thingarees running zigzag across? And ropes that squeak every time you draw your breath?"

"I ain't said yit that I had nary bed!" argued Mary doggedly.

But the alien rebellious flame within her was dancing. A dam! Men digging, shouting, the noise of machinery, the world intruding with scream and clamor into the stillness kept for the jay and the wildcat! Life—on Mulesback! And she had lived to see it! Could Carson Hobbs have seen her face at that moment he would have preached a sermon pungent with annihilation.

"And—if I cut some kindling would it be too much for you to make me a cup of coffee?" went on this unbidden guest, tagging at her heels to the doorstep. "I ate my breakfast at Mohawk—and that's thirteen miles from here, straight down! And my dinner—it was postponed—it hasn't caught up with me yet."

"I ain't got but one pone of bread left," apologized Mary, lighting the lamp, "but there's a ham left in the smoke sullor. Job allus argued when I wanted to cut it. I reckon you can git it down. I'll hold the lantern."

It was late—wickedly late for early-sleeping Mulesback—when, the strange young man having finished his snack, Mary rose up from the slat chair where she had drooped, an entranced listener for an hour, and began to clear away the food.

Her guest had talked abundantly and well. He had told her that his name was Hamilton Carver—no kin to the Carvers of South Carolina—had told her much about the power project for Elbow, much of his own ambitions, a little of his youthful dreams.

And Mary after the mountain fashion had listened and told him nothing whatever, except that he might stay at her house for a day or two and that he had best watch out whom he talked to on Mulesback—not all of 'em bein' friendly to strangers!

She had lighted the unused lamp—a magnificent red-glass lamp which had been her pride for years, when there came a fumbling at the latch and the sound of quick breathing and the door snapped open suddenly.

On the threshold, soft hair straying about her face, the lamplight glinting upon her blue eyes and their coppery lashes and touching but slightingly the shadows in her face and the thin slenderness of her throat, sunbonnet dangling, calico dress drabbled, rough shoes untied, stood Miriam Hobbs.

"Good grannies!" exclaimed Mary, the ruby globe of the precious lamp jingling in her shaking fingers.

Miriam, a true and wary daughter of the mountains, slipped inside swiftly and closed the door.

"I run off!" she explained with a nervous little laugh. "Pap 'lowed he'd whip me. Oh ——"

Her eyes, great blue wells which would have bubbled with laughter if only they had not been frozen continually with an icy film of dread, fell upon young Carver, who had risen and stood beside the table, all his black hair pushed back from his brow, his strong rather good-looking face etched dominantly in the light of the lamp. "Oh—I didn't know you had comp'ny, Mis' Marcus!"

Such social graces as she had salvaged through the long years of isolation came to the aid of Mary Marcus.

"This here's Mister Carver," she explained politely. "He's goin' to stay with me a spell. And this here's Miriam Hobbs—her pappy's the preacher down to lower Turkey meetin' house—and I reckon he's huntin' her all over the Back with a rawhide right now. Miriam, you know you ain't got no business comin' up that thar trail alone in the dark! I told you that times enough!"

Miriam smiled.

It was a youthful smile, sanguine, slightly contemptuous of the cautionings of age. There was a quality in it so new, so akin to the blithe laugh of the young engineer, something that shimmered in the dim little room like heat lightning, something that wakened an answer in Carver's brown face, something that hung on the air like jasmine and the croon of luring music, something that stole into the dried old heart of Mary Marcus and sang a little vibrant stranger song there—a song that the old woman heard and understood.

Youth was in that smile—and romance; and for Mary a wild sweet remembering across an aching width of years.

She recalled Carson Hobbs—his anathema, his venomous denouncings, his eyes like serpent eyes upon her. And then she laughed. Here was vengeance upon Carson Hobbs delivered into her own hands!

Mary put down the lamp.

"Miriam ain't a wild girl," she apologized, while the girl dropped her eyes demurely. "She's jest keerless—and powerful young! She's been comin' up hyar to see me ever sense she was a little thing. But Hobbs, now, ef he is her pappy—he's or'nary! All of the Hobbses is or'nary. So I'll have to take her back home agin; and I'll ast you to overlook me bein' gone till I git back. Hit ain't safe for no young girl out on the Back this time o' night!"

It was a labored speech for Mary—whose manners had grown long ago stiffened from disuse.

But the decision which suddenly glowed in the face of the young man repaid her for the effort.

"Why, let me go!" He reached for his hat, which hung on the peg formerly sacred to Job Marcus. "Can't I take her home? It isn't safe for any woman on the mountain at night!"

Mary smiled discreetly. But in the lamplight her face showed a dubious frown.

"Hobbs is p'ison about his gals," she objected, shaking her head. "And he totes a low-down mean shotgun."

But the adventuring flame in Carver's eyes only leaped higher. Mary had been counting upon that. Had she glimpsed even the faintest dimming of precaution she would have sickened with disappointment. The fighting strain of long-gone pioneers was in Mary, and she used it unconsciously as a measuring stick against which she gauged those males demanding her respect.

"I'll look after pappy and the shotgun," declared the boy. "If I'm not back by morning you'll know where to look for my slain corpse!"

They went out, Miriam dumb and obviously a trifle fluttered over such feminine matters as the muddy hem of her no-color frock and the broken toes of her shoes; Carver jaunty, protective, at ease, very masculine.

And Mary after they were gone sat down and trembled, which is the secret prerogative of those valiant females who send their youth off to war. She knew that she had done a murderous thing in sending Carver down that Elbow trail with Miriam Hobbs.

If the girl had been missed the Reverend Cas would be stalking the Back—and with him Uri and Seth, his half-grown, sullen, straight-shooting sons. If this ubiquitous trio encountered Carver with Miriam it meant slaughter.

Mary sat and listened while strange, creeping, whimpering things complained outside her door, while the forest changed from a black silence to a great singing presence, low and pervading, while many, many footsteps crackled up the trail only to die away into vague night noises.

And then at last he came.

He opened the door with the maddening calmness which awaited ones always display toward those who have been racked with listening dread. He hung up his hat. He looked at Mary Marcus—half asleep, gray faced, haggard of eyes, in the old slat chair.

"Have you ever seen that girl's house?" he asked abruptly and disgustedly. "It's a shack—a rotten shack! A nice girl like that!"

Mary rose up stiffly. "I reckon you think this house is a shack," she remarked cannily. "But I 'low I'll have to endure it the rest of my days!"

He looked round swiftly—at the walls of whitewashed logs, at the plank floor, at the table with the red cloth, at the ruby glass lamp.

"Why, this," he stammered—"this looks to me like a home!"

Though Mary Marcus went no more into the village nor descended to lower Turkey she sensed almost immediately the brooding of war upon Mulesback.

Strange young men came into the mountains, booted, brown-faced men like Carver, who tapped the rocks and squinted through glasses and sat about at unexpected places writing down figures in little books. Carver, who stayed on at her house, was away at dawn and tramped back very late, weary and often silent. They had decided to build the dam below the meeting house at lower Turkey, he told Mary finally. It would make a lake—a wide lake as far up as the Hobbs place perhaps. After that there would be a railroad and a great engine turning tirelessly day and night, and a white dirt road for automobiles—which Mary had heard about vaguely but never seen.

(Concluded on Page 55)

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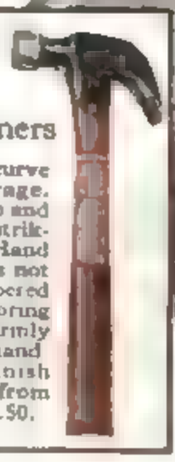

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(Concluded from Page 52)

All these things Mary saw and heard; and more.

She saw grim scowling men, gaunt and still after the pattern of Job Marcus, conversing in sullen groups behind the burying ground at upper Turkey. She saw Carson Hobbs riding up and down the trails tirelessly—a reactionary and sinister Paul Revere.

The men of Mulesback and Elbow strange, aloof, proud men who had lived content without the world for long—were not pleased at the prospect of having their river pent with a strangling dam, of having their mountain sanctity destroyed by the intruding clamor of a railroad, of being revealed suddenly to the outside universe in the merciless glare of electricity.

She warned Carver, but that imperturbable youth only laughed. He laughed, though not so blithely, when he came in one dark night with the crown of his hat torn away by the blast of an ambushed shotgun. He laughed, but with a sort of glad hush upon the laugh, when Mary lectured him vindictively on the evening when she discovered him walking the dim trail from the burying ground with Miriam Hobbs—that overgrown, honeysuckle-fragrant, bird-melodic, breeze-caressed path beyond the timber, which since the first brave Puritan had planted a cabin on Mulesback had been a lane sacred to trysting!

"Some day," he told Mary, sitting calmly on her kitchen table and filching scraps of dried apple from her baking, "I'm going to carry off that girl and coax that scared look out of her eyes!"

"Some day," snorted Mary, stuffing sassafras roots into the rusty little cookstove, "they'll carry you off—with your hat lyin' on your stummick! I've seed many a promisin' young feller toted feet first down this hyar mountain!"

"Too bad to beat Pappy Hobbs out of the chance to preach a joyful funeral," philosophized the boy, "but to-morrow I'm through. After me the deluge—steam shovels, wops, pile drivers, dump cars. All the devices of Beelzebub to keep poor old Pious Poison from his prayers. Do you know, there's something about her eyes——" He looked straight out the window into a hazel clump, and the glow that burned in his eyes set soft whimsy tunes to playing in the old ears of Mary Marcus. "If she had on a soft blue dress—fluffy stuff, you know, with lace on it—and some little slippers—and a big white hat——"

It was that night, very late, that Hamilton Carver stumbled up the trail to Mary's house, leaving behind a ghastly pattern of his passage; and staggered in dizzily, holding a shattered arm with his good hand, dripping blood upon Mary's scoured floor and looking at her with dazed, hurt, confident youthful eyes which somehow seemed to demand of her why the world had hurt him!

It was that night, very, very late, that a girl in a torn frock—a girl with a face as white as death fell in at Mary's door, and turning slammed it swiftly, brutally, vindictively.

"He whipped me!" breathed Miriam Hobbs, wrathfully and tremulously. "He beat me—with a sourwood bough! I ain't never goin' back there no more. I ain't never goin' back there no more!"

"No," said Mary soothingly, with a swift glance at the chamber door, which stood half ajar, "you ain't never goin' back there no more!"

It was deadly late—that grim unearthly hour when the earth seems drugged with the pungent smother of the dark—when Mary saddled her old mule and muffling his feet in sacking stole warily down the dim trail to the camp of the engineers.

"You've got two hours afore daylight," she told them as they blinked at her in the light of a sudden lantern. "The's a doctor down to Mohawk. He come up hyar once to a baptizin'. You take him to that doctor's house."

With the blaze of day the Reverend Carson Hobbs mounted the trail from Elbow with militant fury emblazoned upon his righteous brow. There were portents along that trail upward from the burying ground—signs and splashes which the Reverend Hobbs surveyed with outward tightening of his lean mouth, but with a glow of inward joy. So be it, then, when the powers of darkness strive to have dominion over men—and over women! The Reverend Carson stroked tentatively the black cool torso of his shotgun.

Mary Marcus was painting her doorstep when Hobbs arrived before her house painting it carefully and deliberately—the lowest step first and then the upper, painting it sky blue! She looked at the angry preacher from under her black sunbonnet, tossed back a strand of white hair from over her eye, spat calmly, and went on painting. She was painting the threshold now, bent on her knees inside the house, her calico sleeves rolled up over arms as brown and sinewy as the forelegs of a colt.

The Reverend Carson braced himself and summoned his sacerdotal and damning scowl.

"Godless woman!" he commenced oratorically. "I want my daughter!"

"Git away from my doorstep, Cas Hobbs!" she ordered without heat, "I jest got this hyar done—and I aim to shoot the fust critter that makes a track on it!"

"You've got her hid away!" thundered Hobbs viciously. "You've sold her to the world and the devil, same as you sold yourself! Step back, woman, till I fetch her out of your evil house!"

Mary rose up. She leaned a little to one side. She was old, was Mary; and she was a little weary. Hobbs saw that what she leaned upon was the long barrel of Job Marcus' gun!

"The's jest one person in my house, Cas Hobbs," she said slowly. "I 'lowed mebbe you knowed how come that one thar; and how come they to be—like they be!"

She stepped aside. Through the door Carson Hobbs visioned an inner room, a white bed, a stretched sheet, an upturned, ominously draped profile, and across the white shape a spray of laurel, quivering with red bloom.

Carson Hobbs swayed forward stiffly. She heard his teeth click.

"Thar's them that brings troubles on their own head!" he stated solemnly. "Thar's them that suffers for their own wickedness—and some for the wickedness of others!"

"Git away from my door!" commanded Mary. "Ef you ain't beyond that thar sourwood saplin' by the time I git this hyar board painted——"

Late that day Mary Marcus bought a wooden grave box from Elcanah Towson down Mulesback. Elcanah, who was inclined to be worldly, and who had small love for the Reverend Hobbs, owing to certain long-gone negotiations concerning the grave of Hobbs' third wife, was inclined to be discursive and to offer assistance. But Mary froze him with an icy look.

"I ain't sayin' who done this hyar shootin'," she commented coldly. "I ain't sayin' but what most any man on the Back mought have done hit. I'm aimin' to tote him back to his folks, and I don't need no help from nobody!"

At dusk the solemn old white mule wound down the rocky road past lower Turkey meeting house, past the house of Carson Hobbs, past the site of the new dam, now a mere red gash smitten in the breast of the mountain. In the wagon sat Mary, very erect, her sunbonnet pulled far down over her face. And behind her in the wagon bed was the grave box, piny, new, sinister.

Mary looked neither to right nor to left. She spoke no word. Slowly, with many creakings, she wound down Elbow, out of the sight of the narrow-souled community of Mulesback, down toward Mohawk, thirteen long rocky miles away.

Uri Hobbs, hidden in the tall corn behind the meeting house, related that undoubtedly Mary Marcus had gone crazy. He had heard her laugh as she drove by his father's church—a strange laugh that sounded young, a laugh which somehow seemed to issue from the ghoulish freight she convoyed!

At dawn on the next day Mary drove into a dark and isolated piece of timber seven miles above Mohawk, whence she had come. She unharnessed the mule and let him eat, and with many heavings and grunts she slid from the rear of the wagon a resinous slivery pine grave box. She opened the lid. Within lay an ax, with which she purposed shortly to demolish the gloomy box into unrecognizable scraps of kindling.

And under the ax lay a drab no-color calico dress, torn and stained; a pair of small shoes, broken at the toes; a blue sunbonnet with a slatted forepiece; and white, shimmering, fragrant jasmine flowers—a bridal flower which brought a shy crimsoning into the dried old face of Mary Marcus.

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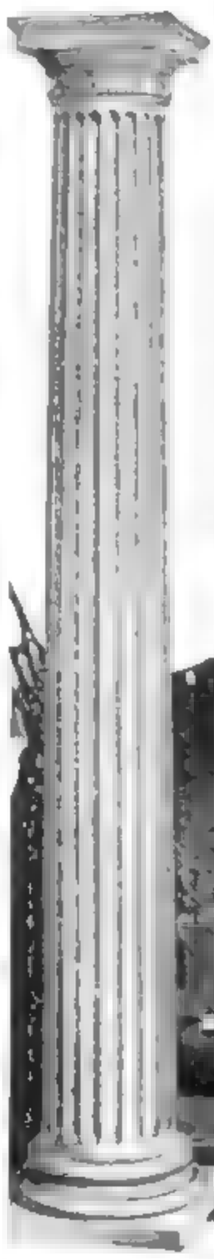

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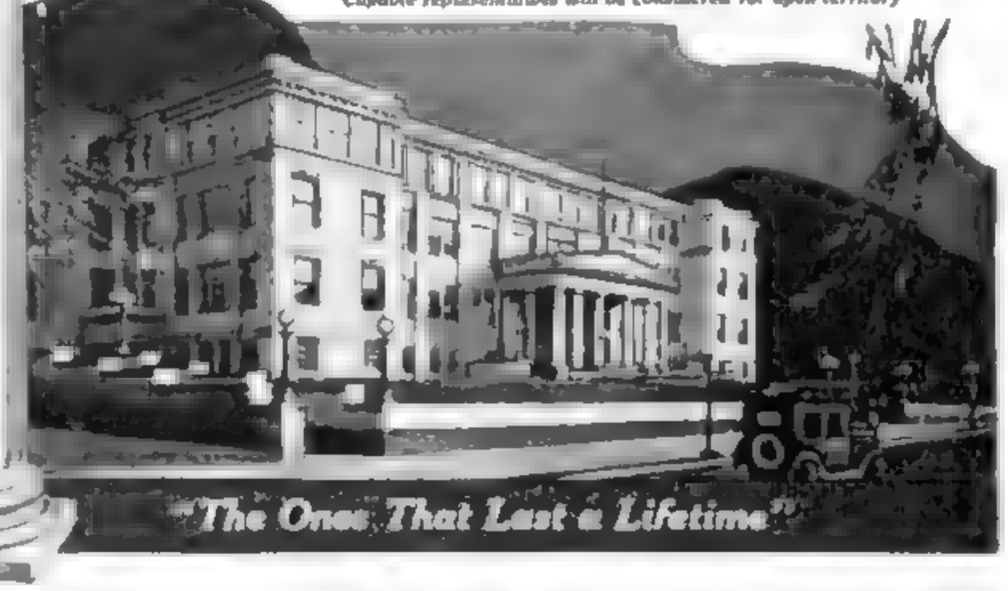

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On trips long or short you'll find the FITALL Adjustable Toilet Kit a wonderful convenience. It accommodates all the toilet articles which you use daily at home—including your razor and complete shaving outfit. Makes carrying your grip into crowded Pullman washrooms unnecessary.

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FITALLS are for men or women—in a variety of flexible leathers and attractive waterproofed fabrics at $1.50 up.

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YOU find Lion Hats on the heads of men who do things. Men who are leaders. The kind of men who demand the best. But whose time is too valuable to be wasted in endless shopping, picking and choosing.

Perhaps one reason why they like Lion Hats is because all they need to do is to go to a good hat shop, ask for the size they wear and look for the Lion Seal on the inner band.

You will be quickly pleased—and have the satisfaction of knowing that there is nothing better.

LANGENBERG HAT CO.
St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.
ESTABLISHED 1900

Manufacturers of Lion Hats, Caps and Gloves

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

David Gray (In the Trench)

(An Autobiography)

THE snapshot to the right is chiefly remarkable in that it was snapped when the subject was standing up instead of lying down. Neither boche nor Allies dug deep enough trenches. It is also noteworthy as the posterior view of a historic moment. The Battle of Xivry is in progress, the boche is shelling the too neighboring village of Rombucourt, and Capt. George Cooper is turning the crank on a direct hit on the church tower, one of the most remarkable war movies ever made.

I take this opportunity to recount the following experience: In 1918 I had a day's leave to get my teeth fixed and ran into George Randolph Chester weeping in the corner of a Paris restaurant. He said he had just been congratulated as the author of George Pattullo's doughboy stories. While I was consoling him a friend asked: "Is Pattullo the guy that wrote Get Rich Quick Wallingford?"

What's the use? They just read it in THE POST.

It may interest a million or so of returned heroes to know that the remainder of my life and literary activity is consecrated to a correspondence with the Government. I am trying to get one of those bum payable-in-francs pay checks that was sent after me as a souvenir, paid honestly in dollars. I shan't succeed, but at the end there will await me a headstone inscribed, "He Fought for Principal and Lost the Interest."

Oscar Graeve

(An Autobiography)

IT IS claimed that there are so few native New Yorkers that even the most gregarious of persons have never seen one, much less met one. I missed this mark of distinction by just a river's breadth. I have never forgiven my parents because the summer of my birth they took their customary jaunt from New York to the country, and the country then was simply across the East River from about One Hundred and Ninety-fifth Street, a place at that time—and it was not so very long ago—of sedate houses and placid lawns running down to the water's edge. Now, however, it is the center of a busy manufacturing suburb with lofty factories and monstrous chimneys, with brick and stone crowding fast one upon the other; and gone entirely are the green of trees and the blue of open spaces. At the end of the summer of course I was brought back to New York, and there, except for two years abroad and various small trips in our own country, I've stayed ever since. My father was a promoter—a vague profession which means little more to me now than it did in my childhood.

(Concluded on Page 58)

William H. Hamby

(An Autobiography)

ONE of my boyhood ambitions was to become a man of such great importance that I could walk round behind the counter at the country store and take a stick of candy from the glass jar without the storekeeper hurting my feelings. Another was to be a writer. It took long, painful experiments along both lines before I achieved my ends.

There may be such a thing as a born writer. Perhaps I was one, but I certainly was not a born seller. According to the unanimous judgment of the editors of America

(Continued on Page 58)

Carolyn Wells

(An Autobiography)

SINCE reading the autobiographies of Henry Adams and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, I have been conscious of a strong desire to write my own. Another pet ambition of mine is to appear in prose on the pages of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. And now, having been invited to kill these two birds with one stone, my cup of satisfaction is fuller than it was.

And yet, confronted with the longed-for opportunity, I can't think of a thing to say that would interest anybody. For I was born and brought up in New Jersey, and, except for our President, New Jersey never reared anybody very entertaining.

I'm not disparaging my native state. It really has beautiful trees—but my soul is urban, and condemned to live under said trees, I longed for city life as the hart panteth for the water brook. Every other ambition was swallowed up in the desire to become an integral part of the population of New York City. Then I heard a story of a man who was in jail for twenty years, when a bright thought struck him and he jumped out the window.

My bright thought was that by marrying I could live in New York! So I did and do.

I thought I'd give up my writing when I married; it seemed more proper so. But inexorable publishers insisted on my fulfilling unexpired contracts which called for certain masterpieces of fiction, so I am still at it. Moreover, my husband proved a most satisfactory collaborator, and the good work goes on.

To write of myself is not so easy as I anticipated, for I am suffused with that extreme guilty feeling of egotism—and yet I have the smug satisfaction of knowing that in autobiography egotism is inevitable, even admirable. The kindly editor asked me to dilate on my outdoor sports. But I never go out of doors if I can possibly help it. Since the war made it impossible for me to take my walks abroad I don't take them at all. I am happy only among interior decorations, and truly blissful only when playing bridge or reading detective stories. The last time I was really out of doors was in Egypt.

Now, I dare say, I ought to write about my literary work. But it isn't work; it is only play. I can't bring myself to take it seriously. I think I am of the ilk of Mr. Pope's "mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," and though I've been told what sort of reading easy writing makes, yet I incline to the attitude of Sentimental Tommy's Mr. Duthie, who said: "What's the need of being so particular? Surely, the art of writing consists in using the first word that comes and hurrying on." So I hurried on, until now I have over a hundred books to my discredit, and have

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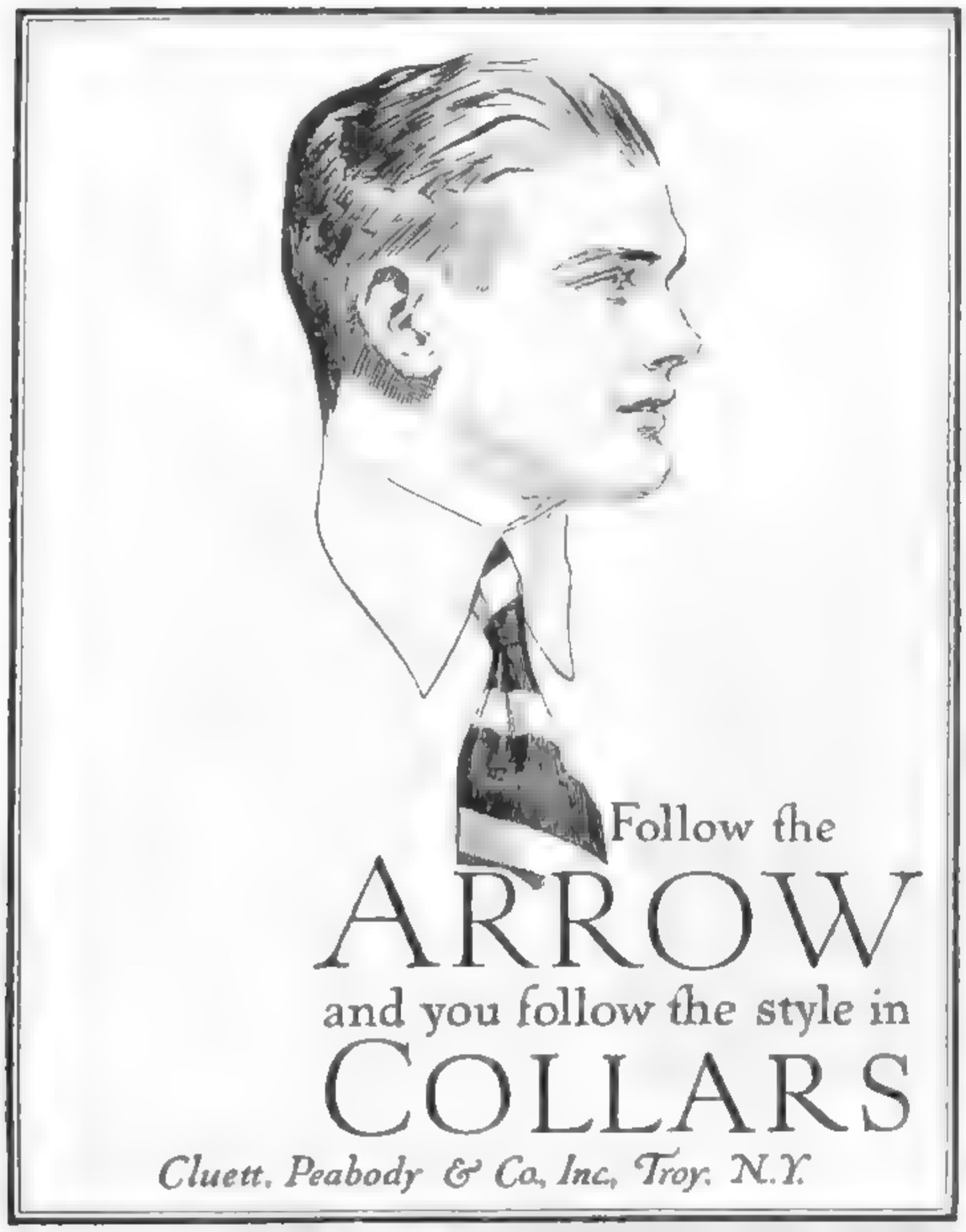

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On the Table, or Between Meals

Nothing can take the place of nuts to finish off a good meal. And what nuts can compare with Pennant Peanuts—the big, Virginia beauties, WHOLE roasted, free from skins and properly salted? They are nutritious, but not too rich, and you can eat as many as you want

Buy Pennant Peanuts in the GLASSINE bag with the red pennant on it or in 10-oz. glass jar, 50c; 6 oz glass jar, 35c; and 10-oz. tin box, 75c.

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NUT AND CHOCOLATE COMPANY
WILKES-BARRE, PA SUFFOLK, VA

Dealers: [illegible] and we will advise [illegible]

Oscar Graeve

(Concluded from Page 57)

But it was a profession that led to the most amazing fluctuations in the family's fortunes. There were periods of the utmost prosperity and periods of the shabbiest gentility. My mother meanwhile took up writing, and it was from the proceeds of one of her novels, sold to a popular periodical of the day, that she, my sister and I spent the two years abroad.

My mother died, however, while I was very young, and my father died while his affairs were in a most terrific slump. At sixteen I entered obscurely some small business. But always a passion for writing held me. For a time I dreamed of newspaper work, but eventually my desires led me into advertising.

I've never had any particular education, but I've learned from my enthusiasms, moving rapidly from one enthusiasm to another—painting, music, the romance of business, and above everything the work of certain modern English novelists.

Meanwhile, like so many aspiring authors whose autobiographies we read on this page, I've made a comfortable and engaging livelihood in advertising work, with a brief flight into editorial work. And I must confess that advertising is another of my enthusiasms. I cannot imagine a more desirable training for the writer who sincerely strives to interpret American life of to-day. It is not only that advertising compels you to express your thoughts briefly and in simple language, but it gives you an insight into such a variety of businesses and such a knowledge of the men who conduct these businesses—and it is in business surely that we find the most typical expression of the genius peculiarly American.

William H. Hamby

(Continued from Page 57)

I began my literary career just seven years too soon. I wrote that long before I got my first small slip of paper on which were figures instead of print.

My people came from the South—Georgia to be definite, but I was born in Missouri. I have enough English blood to make me a little bit stubborn; enough Scotch to tide me over financial panics; and a sufficient dash of Irish to keep me perennially believing that it won't rain on picnic day.

At sixteen I taught a country school in the Ozark Mountains. The community was not so thickly settled, but there were a good many in a hill. I enrolled one hundred and twenty-four during that term, of whom thirty were in the primer class, and four were married men. I had classes in psychology, algebra, pedagogy and astronomy—a majority of the school board were hard-shell Baptists and believed the earth was flat. My salary was thirty-three dollars and a third a month, and I did the janitor work. There was one mitigating circumstance, however; I got board and room for a dollar and a quarter a week, with a twenty per cent discount when I was absent over Sunday.

Some years later there was a sensational train robbery near that schoolhouse. I have often wondered whether the robber was one of my pupils grown up or one of my successors grown desperate.

My father was a vigorous, stern old mountain preacher, but fortunately was too zestfully human to practice all the diabolical rigors that he preached. And thank the Lord he had a sense of humor which enabled me to escape many a merited chastisement. My mother was the gentlest, sweetest spirit that ever puttered among flowers and dreamed of fairies and golden streets. But alas! there was little time for dreaming, as she worked her frail little body to its last ounce of strength in ministering to the needs of every graceless child or vagrant wanderer or sordid neighbor that appealed for help. From her I got the feeling that has always made it a torture for me to see anything that lives hurt or killed.

My relatives were seriously worried over my moral standards when I chose the law as a profession. This worry, however, was premature. Just as I was ready to be admitted to the bar some scurrilous politician offered to sell me a country newspaper for my promissory note.

I edited it during the summer and taught school that winter to pay up its debts. But during the summer I had written an editorial on the St. Louis Fair, which much to my astonishment won a fifty-dollar prize. I took this fifty the next spring and went to the Indian Territory to learn to be a cowboy. I did not learn nearly so much about it as they know in Los Angeles, but I did acquire a permanent distaste for horseback riding. And though I became fairly handy with a gun the smell of printer's ink had a stronger lure than that of gunpowder, so I returned to the game—rather hazard of the country newspaper, publishing successively two in Missouri and one in Colorado.

During these years I industriously attempted to write for other periodicals than my own; but the magazine editors sadly yet firmly continued to do their duty by their readers. Those were not prosperous days for country newspapers and often I worked fourteen or sixteen hours on the sheet, and then at night attempted literature. One paper which I published was in a railroad town, and on Saturday afternoons not infrequently the ghost would be limping so badly I would have to hustle out to try to collect enough to pay the printers. Luckily I had one subscriber who when drunk was always good for two years' subscription. As he was frequently drunk on Saturdays, when I left that town he was paid eighteen years in advance.

But slowly I began to make a little headway with my writing. There were two things that helped me over this arid desert of nonacceptances: I knew my stuff was not good, but that some day it would be; and I never harbored any self-pitying delusion about being a genius persecuted by mutt editors who ran magazines solely for the enrichment of their personal friends. Never for a minute have I held a grudge against editors. They have always treated me fairly, even kindly. After I did learn how to write acceptably I sold more than two million words of editorials, articles and fiction before I had ever seen a magazine editor.

That much for the hallucination that an unknown writer has no show. There certainly never was a writer more steeped in the unknown than I, and yet as soon as a story was worth reading there was some editor willing to buy it—though sometimes it has taken as high as twenty-two trips to find the right editor. Yes, it takes personal pull to succeed in literature; but the personal pull must be applied to the typewriter and not to the editor.

At seventeen I saw for the first time my name in print. Opie Read's Arkansas Traveler published a humorous account of that first term of school, and gave me a year's subscription and ten copies containing the article in payment. It was just seven years later that I got my first check—one dollar and a half, and in payment for an article on How to Write. My second financial encouragement came two years after that, and was also for one dollar and a half. This time the article was on How to Raise Chickens. I prayerfully trust no one has ever tried to use either the fountain pen or the chicken pen according to the advice in those articles

The acceptances came much faster after that, until one glad day not very much later I sold my country newspaper for twenty-three dollars and sixty-five cents more than it had cost and gave myself wholly to the profession of writing.

I have been happy ever since.

That was ten years ago, and I have been able to mark a distinct advance each year. Both editors and readers have been immensely kind to me. In the last seven years I have had the thrill of an acceptance from almost every editor in America. And yet by no means does every letter from an editor, even now, contain a check; nor every letter from a reader a compliment. I still get thick envelopes from editors; and recently an irate reader wrote threatening a libel suit if ever again I used his name in one of my stories. The name was Jake Jones.

It was about five years ago that I first got one of those thin, brief, but highly satisfactory letters from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

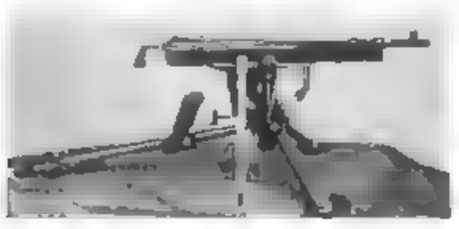
With me life and literature are so interwoven that I can scarcely separate them. I love life intensely, and love to write about it. All my work is done mornings in a downtown office on the seventh floor, overlooking San Diego Bay—the Harbor of the Sun. Everything is written out in long hand, much to the sorrow of my stenographer.

I am fond of the outdoors, particularly of boating and fishing. I love the woods

(Concluded on Page 61)

MARLIN-ROCKWELL INDUSTRIES

War Performance

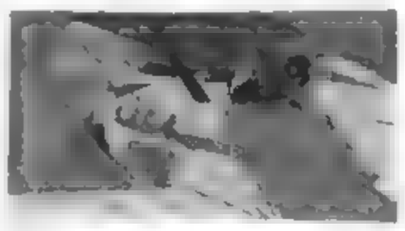


During the years 1916 and 1917 Marlin-Rockwell was the only American concern to have developed machine gun production to a volume basis. In 1916 the organization manufactured more machine guns than had been produced throughout the world since their introduction, some eighteen years before.

Quantity production of machine guns having been started by Marlin-Rockwell in 1916 on contracts with foreign governments, output during that year reaching in excess of 250 per day, there followed successively, upon America's entry into the war, the manufacture of Colt Machine Guns for the United States Army, Marlin Machine Guns for the Navy, Marlin Aircraft Machine Guns for the Aviation service, Marlin Tank Guns for the Tank Corps, and, finally, Browning Air-craft Machine Guns and Browning Machine Rifles, altogether well over 100,000 machine guns, complete with accessories and duplicate parts. By far the greater part of the American made machine guns that actually served on the fighting front were of Marlin-Rockwell design and manufacture; it was the privilege of Marlin-Rockwell to be ready to meet the most pressing needs of the Armies when the vital element was time.

Marlin-Rockwell was accorded the highest rating by the Government for machine gun manufacture, both as regards quality and volume of production.

Other fields in which Marlin-Rockwell served for the attainment of victory were in the production of radiators for the Liberty Airplane motors; various kinds of high grade steel for war work; aerial bombs and torpedoes, and ball and roller bearings for military automobiles, trucks, tractors and tanks.



Peace Activities

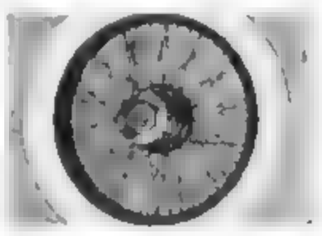
Careful plans having been made in advance, the task was immediately begun of turning the Marlin-Rockwell organization wholly into normal peace manufactures when war activities came to a close. The following lines of production were rapidly but systematically speeded up to a capacity basis and are being still further extended to meet the increasing demands of many of the most important and active of American industries:

SRB ANNULAR BALL BEARINGS

SINGLE ROW AND DOUBLE ROW

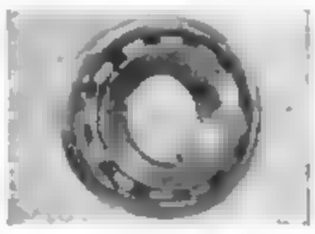
The Standard Roller Bearing Company, owned and operated by Marlin-Rockwell, with plants at Philadelphia and at Plainville, Conn., is by far the largest independent manufacturer of ball bearings. The manufacturers of those automobiles, trucks and tractors whose names are instantly thought of as leaders in their fields, look to this source for bearings requirements. The reputation for quality, built up over a period of 15 years, together with promptness and capacity of service, is on a par with the most exacting conditions in these and many other industries using ball bearings.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH WIRE WHEELS

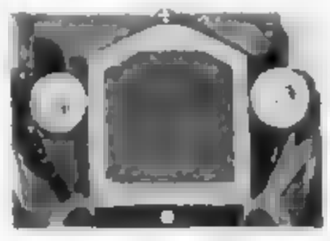


The exclusive manufacture in America of these highest grade of all automobile wheels is another Marlin-Rockwell enterprise, located at Philadelphia. Rudge-Whitworth is the standard wire wheel equipment of the higher grade American as well as foreign made cars. They are the only wheels ever used by the famous drivers on the automobile speedways and race tracks and hold all records of speed at all distances. Assure utmost safety and ease of riding, facilitate steering, save tires enormously, transform appearance, changeable in 11 seconds.

SRB TAPER ROLLER BEARINGS

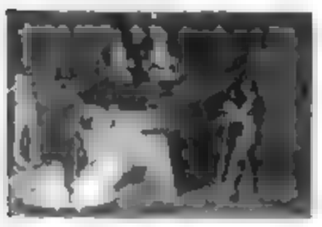


In addition to single and double row ball bearings, the Standard Roller Bearing Company is also a large manufacturer of bearings of the taper roller type. It is the only company equipped to make both ball and taper roller bearings, enabling its engineers to be wholly impartial in their findings as to the advantages of either type for any given character of service. The same standards of quality in materials and manufacture that apply to S. R. B. Ball Bearings are adhered to in S. R. B. Taper Roller Bearings, assuring for them a definite superiority.



ROCKWELL-MAYO MOTOR RADIATORS

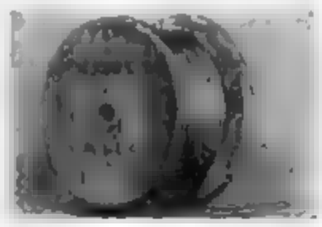
If anything were needed to substantiate the efficiency reputation of the Mayo Radiator, earned through years of service on the highest grades of motor vehicles, it was abundantly accomplished by the performance of the Mayo on Liberty airplane motors during the war. It was an unprecedented test, met with complete success. Tens of thousands of Mayo Radiators for automobiles, trucks and tractors are again in process of manufacture at New Haven under Marlin-Rockwell ownership and operation.



BRAEBURN STEEL

Marlin-Rockwell ownership and operation of the Braeburn Steel Company, Pittsburgh, is essentially linked with the manufacture of S. R. B. ball and roller bearings. The quality of these products depending upon the quality of the steel used, a great advantage is gained through this direct control of the steel supply, assuring a uniformity of analysis and structure that means everything to the reliability and ultimate service of the bearings. Braeburn is also a large producer for the regular market of high speed and various grades of tool steels, the reputation of which is of many years' establishment.

ROCKBESTOS INSULATED WIRE AND CABLES



Rockbestos Insulated Wire is a relatively new Marlin-Rockwell development. It is based on a process making possible a far superior and more uniform asbestos covered product. Rockbestos wire or cable is fireproof, waterproof, acid-proof and alkali-proof, and may be repeatedly heated red hot and cooled to zero temperature without in the least impairing the insulation.

The most important electrical industries have adopted it for use in generators, motors, transformers and electro-magnetic coils of every description. It gives positive assurance against burn-outs and eliminates fire hazard in *all* electrical installations.

Other Marlin-Rockwell products in course of development will be announced at future times.

MARLIN-ROCKWELL CORPORATION

EXECUTIVE OFFICES 347 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

SOME BOYS' CLOTHING HAS STYLE—
BUT "RIGHT-POSTURE" IS STYLE!

Father likes to talk of his boy as "my little man". Mother loves to think of her boy as one who towers above his fellows by his masterful bearing.

Boys of to-day are men in miniature, not just "kids" in short pants. Boys of to-day know Style as well as Father does.

Right-Posture
Boys' Clothes

promote the parents' pride in their boy, and the boy's pride in himself, because "Right-Posture" *is* Style. Long-lasting fabrics and stitched-to-stay needlework — style with sturdiness.

Every "Right-Posture" *Suit* has the "Right-Posture" *Label* sewn under the collar. There should be a Right-Posture Clothier in your town.

Tailored by THE SNELLENBURG CLOTHING COMPANY, Philadelphia and New York

(Concluded from Page 58)

and the mountains, and the desert fascinates me. Travel is forever interesting, and no day drags. But I like people most of all; and my liking is not confined to any one class. In fact, I do not like classes. They are nearly always artificial and hampering. My ideal social state is where there is no class crust which prevents a free circulation of human beings, up and down, according to their merit. I want every man to have a show—but not mine—one of his own. I have few hates, but chief of these few are cruelty and snobbishness.

I am not at all proud that it took me so many years of hard work to attain a measure of success in writing. I wish I might have become an author as easily as some of those dear egotists who have fluttered up to me with, "Oh, Mr. Hamby, I have decided to take up writing myself. I've just written an account of our all-night camping trip to Blackberry Hill—we almost lost our supper from the forest fire. It was so exciting! I have a good notion to let you read it. Where should one send that sort of an article? And how much should I ask for it? And do you think I had better copyright it first? They say editors are so apt to steal one's work!"

No, I'm not proud of the long apprenticeship, but I am proud that I did not quit because it was hard. For to me writing is the greatest of all arts most flexible, most powerful, most permanent. Yet I fear I am not a real artist, for I must confess I like to sell what I write for actual money. I have a genuine affinity for checks; and the bigger the check the more artistic the thrill

In the articles and stories I write—and the big novel I am going to write—I have only one purpose: to write simply and truthfully of something that interests me. I make it a rule never to write about anything I have not seen; and never want one of my characters to do in the story what he would not do under the same circumstances in real life.

If the reader enjoys what I write I am happily repaid for the effort of creation. And if I interpret to him a character or event in a way that makes him feel there is something fine in this common human clay, which can sin and drudge and suffer for its daily bread and yet even in its tiredness dream of the stars, sigh at the smell of clover and smile at the sunlight on green leaves, then have I written real literature. For, after all, literature is simply words so warm with life from the heart of the writer that they do not die when put into cold print.

Carolyn Wells

(Concluded from Page 57)

most kindly relations with thirty-one different publishing houses. My subjects comprise all sorts—from thrilling detective stories to gentle girls' books. From humorous verse to grave essays. I follow any primrose path that I strike in the fields of literature—except *vers libre*.

No, I do not care for the new poetry—but I have influential friends who do—so it isn't entirely wasted.

I read all the new books by the best authors, the worst writers and the mediums.

I have looked into spiritism lately, because when a new movement—or the recrudescence of an old one—interests me, I investigate it thoroughly, card catalogue it in my brain, and put it away.

And I have concluded that I agree with Hereward Carrington—there may be two per cent of truth in the matter of spirit manifestation, but there is positively ninety-eight per cent of fraud or self-deception. But, after all, we must admit that P. T. Barnum knew his public.

My life has been especially fortunate in the matter of friends. Stevenson said that in a lifetime one could not hope to meet more than twelve absolutely congenial spirits. I think that allowance far too liberal. I never met but one, and I married him. But friends, good, kindly, interesting, clever friends, have been as plenty as blackberries. As an alleged humorist, I have achieved friendships that might not have come to me otherwise.

Theodore Roosevelt became my friend, primarily because of my nonsense verse. In memory I see him now, walking up and down his veranda at Sagamore Hill, hands behind him, while I repeated ridiculous rimes until he memorized them, and begged for more.

Similarly, my comic muse gained for me the friendship of such men as Sir Owen Seaman, editor of London Punch, and Sir William S. Gilbert, of Pinafore fame.

The latter said to me most kindly that he saw no reason why I shouldn't write light opera librettos for American audiences as successfully as he had done for the English people. I still treasure the compliment, but the only light opera I ever wrote graced the boards of the New Amsterdam Theater for but one short month. So I don't think I shall try that again, for I am always willing to accept my limitations.

Not long since a magazine editor invited me to write a serial for him, which could afterward be brought out in book form and become a best seller.

It sounded attractive, and after inquiring carefully as to length of installments and such details I began it. I worked very hard over it and with pride I took him the first installment for consideration. His verdict was that it fell so far below his expectations and desires it was really useless for me to write more of it.

I was disappointed, but bore the blow cheerfully and went back to my beaten tracks—and to beating a few new ones. And so my literary output has come to be remarkable for quantity rather than quality.

Having mastered the psychology of detachment I can produce more copy in less time than any other writer in my class. I am more fond of achieving than striving. My ambitions must be realized—or dismissed as impossible. My theories must prove to be facts or be discarded as worthless. My efforts must be crowned with success or discontinued.

As for ideals, standards, aspirations—these are chameleon words, and take color from their speakers—often false tints.

One of our foreign ambassadors once told me that he went a thousand miles into the desert to get away from the word "uplift," and it was almost the first one to greet his ear when he arrived at his destination—and I cannot feel that I am quite alone in my inability to enjoy the conversation of a class of people in to-day's limelight who are, as Brander Matthews expresses it, "educated beyond their intelligence," yet I would not be considered as in any way intolerant of the world or its denizens—a broad, sweet tolerance is to my mind one of the greatest of the Christian graces.

But this is meant to be an autobiography—not autointrospection. And I am constantly haunted by a conviction that I ought to write of my "work." They all do.

Well, at present I am engaged in the compilation of a volume of humorous verse. It will be the largest collection ever brought together in one volume, and will be on India paper.

Doctor Coates once said: "If you want to be happy make a collection."

"What of?"

"Oh, anything; only make a collection."

I have collected all my life—from brass candlesticks to old mahogany furniture; from authors' signed letters to editors' signed checks; but the joy of collecting humorous verse outweighs them all. My only regret is that I have but one volume to fill, big though it is, and that I am forced to omit hundreds of wonderful finds.

The work is decidedly educational too. I've learned that the real reason I can't care very much for Walt Whitman is because he had no sense of humor.

Not that I would have wanted him to write humorous verse—though he did!—but I find that the most serious, exalted and sublime literature is the work of men whose sense of humor provides them with a mental balanced ration. A sense of humor necessarily endows one with a humor of sense—which sounds epigrammatic, even if I'm not quite sure of what I mean by it.

Perhaps George Eliot expressed it better when she said: "Hang on to your sense of humor. It'll carry you through when religion fails, and when money and friends are clean out of sight!" And taken by and large a sense of humor connotes happiness.

For happiness in this world is merely the ability to recognize it, and to it the humorless mind is often blind. Whereas the eyes of the soul filled with humor are blinded to many of life's unpleasantnesses.

My own attitude is that of Kipling's Tramp-Royal:

Speakin' in general, I 'ave tried 'em all,
The 'appy roads that take you o'er the world.
Speakin' in general, I 'ave found them good.

. . . . . .

So write, before I die, "'E liked it all!"

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The stores that sell Whitman's are selected on the basis of good service and reliability. We purposely restrict our distribution, but we aim to have one Whitman agent convenient to everybody. Whitman's are sold in every State, and in almost every town and village. *Every agent guarantees every package of Whitman's that he sells* and our guarantee of satisfaction also covers every sale. You're safe in saying, "A Sampler, Please."

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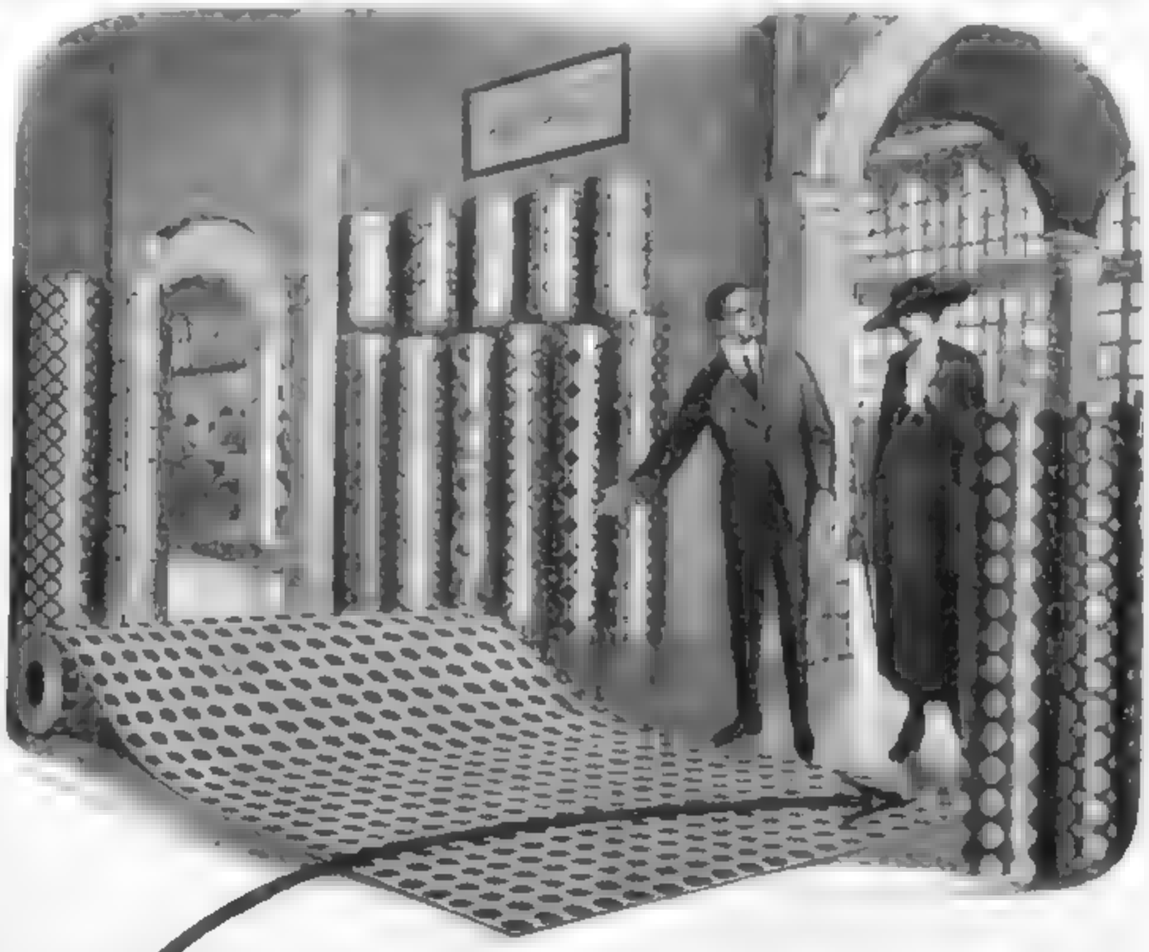

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If you are looking for Good Good-looking clothes then go to the dealer showing the NEW Production of Elk Brand Clothes made in the City of New York by

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707-709 Broadway, New York City

Write for the name of the Good dealer near you.

THE POETS' CORNER

'Possum Time

'POSSUM time in Mississippi, for the harvest moon is shining
And the tonic tang of autumn fills the cool clear night.
Now the sweet gum turns to crimson and the sassafras is yellow
And the little hills are amber in the light.

Oh, the sweet potato patches are a mine of hidden treasure,
For the golden yams have ripened where the brown earth cracks.
It is fall in Mississippi, and a mist is on the meadows
And the fragrant hay is gathered in the racks.

All the cotton fields are snowy in the loamy river bottoms
And the moonlight flickers silver on the tall ripe corn.
There is laughter in the cabins and the eager hounds are whining
As the pickaninnies blow the hunting horn.

'Possum grapes are wild and purple on the vines along the hedges
And the autumn air is heavy with a sharp sweet wine;
And the heavy-fruited branches of the huckleberry bushes
Lift a guerdon toward the climbing muscadine.

Slender hickories and hazels flaunt a carnival of color
And the dim persimmon thickets gleam with dull, rich gold.
It is fall in Mississippi and the moon is on the forests
And the frosty nights are glorious and cold.

Oh, I feel an ancient longing and my truant heart is faring
Through a width of tangled timber in a wild sweet dream.
There's a movement in the shadows and a rustle in the bushes
And a tiny track is leading toward a stream.

Now a group of happy hunters skirt the spicy thicket edges—
I can hear their velvet voices in the night's soft hush—
And a dismal horn is sounding through the reaches of the forest
As a frightened rabbit scurries through the brush.

I can see a lantern bobbing in and out among the bushes
And the hollow echoes quaver as the far dogs bark,
And I know the quarry scrambles toward the highest leafy branches
As the dusky figures move across the dark.

Now the dogs are wildly yelping. "Dat's de tree bark!" cries a negro,
And the eager hunters answer with a quick wild dash.
Soon the measured stroke of axes will be bandied through the valleys
And the silent woods will echo to a crash.

Gusts of gastronomic craving sweep the pickaninnies' fancy;
They have sensed the consummation of a keen fond wish—
Banks of candied sweet potatoes in a pool of golden gravy
With a 'possum in the center of the dish.

—Perrin Holmes Lowrey.

River Days

THE old days, the river days,
When all the channel through
The great boats went sailing down
Past marsh and dike and river town,
Past bluff and dim bayou,
And far hills gleaming blue;
When thick and black from pipe and stack
The smoke clouds belched and tore,
And cheering crowds ran up and down
Along the river shore.

Gray Eagle and War Eagle,
Jim Fisk and Robert Lee
And Natchez, queen of all the craft,
With love and beauty fore and aft
When all this goodly company
Went sailing down to sea;
With song and shout each roustabout
Swung in the pine and oak,
Till trailing down the silver sky
Streamed banners of the smoke.

The noisy days, the crowded days,
With cargo coming in;
And giant negroes rolling down
Great hogsheads of tobacco brown,
And cotton from the gin
And melons veined and thin
And keg and cask and silver flask
Of bourbon dark and warm;
And turbaned mammies looking on
With babies on each arm.

The long salon, the lighted room,
The soft-voiced men within;
The river knights with white, white hands
And easy ways—such light, light hands!
They played the game to win.
For pastime or for sin,
Whate'er the name—a royal game
They played so long ago,
And fortunes came or went as turned
The cards for weal or woe.

The old days, the river days
With nights serene and fair,
And dusky fingers lingering long
O'er haunting chord and plaintive song
And old plantation air;
And dark-eyed lovers there
Beneath the stars, while soft guitars
Entranced the Southern night
And all the banjos thrummed of love
While the viols sang delight.

The old boats, the river boats,
From Cairo down to sea,
They ran their royal race and bore
Young beauty to a Southern shore
With youth and gallantry
And dreams too fair to be;
And oft the old, old tale was told
In the moonlight's witchery,
When the old boats, the river boats
Went sailing down to sea!

The old days, the river days
Gone with the old years' grace!
The rotting wharves, the ancient forts,
The grass-grown dikes, the silent ports
Mark each an old-time place
Of landing. But no trace
Of all the hosts; no long-time ghosts
Sweep down the channel true,
And only sullen barges break
The river's changing blue.

—Mary Lanier Magruder.

Terminals

A RAILROAD station at the city's heart
Seems somehow like Romance come down to trade,
Offering her adventures ready-made
According to the prices on the chart.

The passengers arrive, and they depart
At scheduled hours; the proper fare is paid,
So many miles—so much. The course is laid
With cold and calm precision from the start

The magic of far journeyings is there
But lost in all the scuffle of the feet,
The clatter of the telegraph, the blare
Of train announcers' voices that repeat
Long lists of cities. Who could be endowed
With visions of Romance in such a crowd?

II

But at a wharf where cargo ships are tied,
Where stores of coffee, sugar, spices, tea,
Bring savor of the lands far oversea,
There is a spell of rolling waters wide.

Here swings a ship with rusty, battered side
That came from Spain. To-morrow she may be
Off for the Indies. That one casting free
Sails, and has sailed, wherever ships may ride.

There is no straight and settled track they take,
No moment fixed when they shall leave a strand;
They make whatever port is theirs to make
And sail whenever trade and tide command
They are the true tramps royal, and they bring
Romance to every wharf at which they swing

—Berton Braley

Resignation

AS THE Maytime roses go,
So you went when all was ended,
Sweeter dream life may not know
With its hopes and kisses blended.
Yet just as the earth will keep
Perfume where the roses sleep,
So my heart will hold you dear
Every year.

Though you went without farewell,
Careless if disdain could wound me,
Something sweeter than a spell
Your past grace had woven round me;
If your changed heart restless grew,
Should my heart then turn from you?
Rather should it not be proving
What is loving?

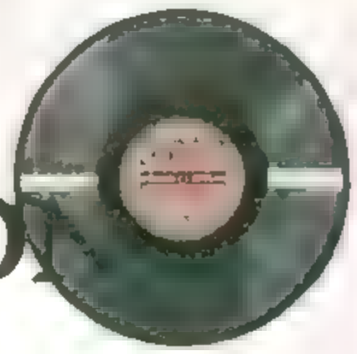
And my soul's not wrecked or stranded;
Memory with her smile divine
Comes not back all empty handed.
For we had our perfect day
In the wild joy of our May;
For this I keep such tryst and so
Let you go

The highest faith is that we keep
With our own soul's past disaster;
If another sow or reap,
Whose the harvest, who the master?
To the wanderer in the night
Watch fires in the dark are bright;
So I keep the beacon burning ——

. . . . . .

Love, may you not be returning?

—Mary Lanier Magruder.



The AEOLIAN VOCALION

The PHONOGRAPH *of* DISTINCTION

WHEN the Aeolian Company entered the field of phonograph manufacture, it brought a new influence into the industry.

Up to that time, the development of the phonograph had been largely along scientific and mechanical lines. And while the results accomplished were truly remarkable, it remained for the Aeolian Company to raise it to a position of still greater dignity and importance as a musical instrument.

The Aeolian Company, better than any other concern in the world, was in a position to add what was needed to elevate the phonograph. The musical knowledge, mechanical skill, and artistic experience acquired by this house in its development of other instruments, peculiarly fitted it to cope with the problems connected with the manufacture of the phonograph.

Serious musical instruments, such as pipe-organs, grand pianos, player-pianos, reproducing-pianos—all present different and difficult problems. In its solution of these the Aeolian Company has been pre-eminently successful. No other instrument of these types share the prestige or popularity—either here or in Europe—of the Aeolian Residence Organ, the Weber Piano, the Steinway Pianola, or the famous Duo-Art Pianola Piano.

The phonograph and record made by the Aeolian Company—the celebrated Aeolian-Vocalion and Vocalion Record—are typical achievements. Together they represent the highest point yet reached in the reproduction of musical tones.

Moreover, the Vocalion's exclusive feature—the Graduola—which permits personal and artistic control of tone, together with the new standard of beauty and good taste in case design and finish evident in the instrument, raise the Vocalion to a position of unchallenged distinction and leadership in its field.

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Do not confuse Carnation with "sweetened—condensed" milk, for Carnation contains no sugar and it is sterilized.

There are no limitations whatever on the use of Carnation Milk. Use it freely wherever you would use whole milk.

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Carnation Milk

From Contented Cows

THEY GRIND EXCEEDING SMALL

(Concluded from Page 49

the sun upon the snow was almost unbearable. I kept my eyes all but closed, but there was so much beauty abroad in the land that I could not bear to close them altogether. The snow clung to twigs and to fences and to wires, and a thousand flames glinted from every crystal when the sun struck down upon the drifts. The pine wood upon the eastern slope of Rayborn Hill was a checkerboard of rich color. Green and blue and black and white, indescribably brilliant. When we crossed the bridge at the foot of the hill we could hear the brook playing beneath the ice that sheathed it. On the white pages of the snow wild things had writ here and there the fine-traced tale of their morning's adventuring. We saw once where a fox had pinned a big snowshoe rabbit in a drift.

Hazen talked much of that child of his on the homeward way. I said little. From the top of the Rayborn Hill we sighted his house and he laid the whip along the mare and we went down that last long descent at a speed that left me breathless. I shut my eyes and huddled low in the robes for protection against the bitter wind, and I did not open them again till we turned into Hazen's barnyard, plowing through the unpacked snow.

When we stopped Hazen laughed.

"Ha!" he said. "Now, come in, man, and warm yourself and see the baby! A fine boy!"

He was ahead of me at the door; I went in upon his heels. We came into the kitchen together.

Hazen's kitchen was also living room and bedroom in the cold of winter. The arrangement saved firewood. There was a bed against the wall opposite the door. As we came in a woman got up stiffly from this bed and I saw that this woman was Hazen's wife. But there was a change in her. She was bleak as cold iron and she was somehow strong.

Hazen rasped at this woman impatiently: "Well, I'm home! Where is the boy?"

She looked at him and her lips moved soundlessly. She closed them, opened them again. This time she was able to speak.

"The boy?" she said to Hazen. "The boy is dead!"

The dim-lit kitchen was very quiet for a little time. I felt myself breathe deeply, almost with relief. The thing for which I had waited—it had come. And I looked at Hazen Kinch.

He had always been a little thin man. He was shrunken now and very white and very still. Only his face twitched. A muscle in one cheek jerked and jerked and jerked at his mouth. It was as though he controlled a desire to smile. That jerking, suppressed smile upon his white and tortured countenance was terrible. I could see the blood drain down from his forehead, down from his cheeks. He became white as death itself.

After a little he tried to speak. I do not know what he meant to say. But what he did was to repeat—as though he had not heard her words—the question which he had flung at her in the beginning. He said huskily: "Where is the boy?"

She looked toward the bed and Hazen looked that way; and then he went across to the bed with uncertain little steps. I followed him. I saw the little twisted body there. The woman had been keeping it warm with her own body. It must have been in her arms when we came in. The tumbled coverings, the crushed pillows spoke mutely of a ferocious intensity of grief.

Hazen looked down at the little body. He made no move to touch it, but I heard him whisper to himself: "Fine boy."

After a while he looked at the woman. She seemed to feel an accusation in his eyes. She said: "I did all I could."

He asked: "What was it?"

I had it in me—though I had reason enough to despise the little man—to pity Hazen Kinch.

"He coughed," said the woman. "I knew it was croup. You know I asked you to get the medicine—ipecac. You said no matter—no need—and you had gone."

She looked out of the window.

"I went for help—to Anne Marshey. Her babies had had it. Her husband was going to town and she said he would get the medicine for me. She did not tell him it was for me. He would not have done it for you. He did not know. So I gave her a dollar to give him—to bring it out to me.

"He came home in the snow last night. Baby was bad by that time, so I was watching for Doan. I stopped him in the road and I asked for the medicine. When he understood he told me. He had not brought it."

The woman was speaking dully, without emotion.

"It would have been in time, even then," she said. "But after a while, after that, baby died."

I understood in that moment the working of the mills. And when I looked at Hazen Kinch I saw that he, too, was beginning to understand. There is a just mercilessness in an aroused God. Hazen Kinch was driven to questions.

"Why—didn't Marshey fetch it?" he asked.

She said slowly: "They would not trust him—at the store."

His mouth twitched, he raised his hands.

"The money!" he cried. "The money! What did he do with that?"

"He said," the woman answered, "that he lost it—in your office; lost the money there."

After a little the old money-lender leaned far back like a man wrenched with agony. His body was contorted, his face was terrible. His dry mouth opened wide.

He screamed!

Halfway up the hill to my house I stopped to look back and all round. The vast hills in their snowy garments looked down upon the land, upon the house of Hazen Kinch. Still and silent and inscrutable.

I knew now that a just and brooding God dwelt among these hills.

Harry's Instructions

DR. CHARLES UPSON CLARK, head of the American Classical School in Rome, who has spent some time in this country lecturing on various topics connected with the war, has been making Rome laugh with a story, for whose accuracy he vouches, illustrative of American business methods.

It seems that Doctor Clark has a friend—who may be called Brooks—who is noted among his acquaintance not only for his correct dress and immaculate grooming but for a general fastidiousness in regard to everything that affects his person. The last time Brooks had occasion to travel in a sleeping car he spent a night of torment. He attributed his sufferings to an attack of prickly heat, to which he is sometimes subject; but when the light of morning came and he examined his bed he knew that he had been the victim of something far more disquieting than prickly heat. The precise form of insect life that he found between sheets is not usually called by name in polite society.

Brooks' indignation knew no bounds. Hurrying to his office the first business of the day was to dictate a letter to the company telling frankly and candidly, holding nothing back, and sparing no flowers of rhetoric or daggers of sarcasm, exactly what he thought of a concern that would permit such an outrage on a member of the traveling public.

In due course a reply came.

There were two pages of it and they were in single-spaced typewriting. The letter was not only conciliatory but apologetic almost to the point of being abject. It deplored, lamented, apologized, deprecated, regretted and so on to such an extent that Brooks marveled at the vocabulary of the writer. It continued in a tone of such abasement and self-accusation that Brooks' complaint seemed fulsome flattery by contrast. As Brooks read on he became more and more mollified, and as he reached the last line he was convinced that corporations do have souls after all and that he had been guilty of a barbarous cruelty in thrusting the iron of his pen so deeply into this one.

Brooks was wondering what amends he could make when he discovered that there was another sheet of paper in the envelope he had just opened. He drew it forth and at once saw that by some oversight his own letter had been sent back to him. Imagine his state of mind when he read the penciled notation scrawled across the upper left-hand corner:

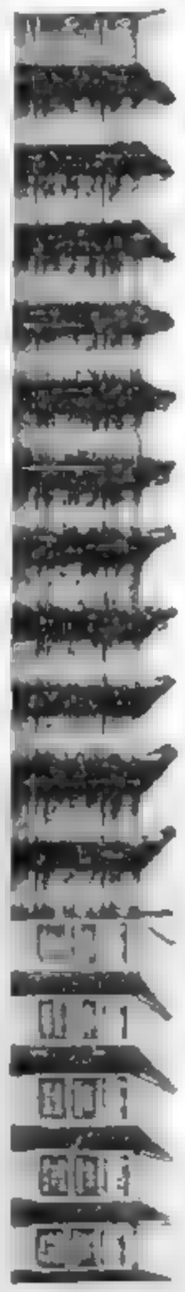
"Harry: Send this fresh guy our No. 2 Bug Letter."

"I live in Brick-dust Row. They call it that because there's red dust from the bricks crumbling over everything. There's no place to receive company. You can't have anybody come to your room. What else is there to do? A girl has got to meet the men, hasn't she?"

She was twenty, and her name was Florence; she trimmed hats in a millinery shop. She was a girl who laughed. And somehow she solved her problem. What she did may make you weep or make you rage with anger when you read the story told by

O. HENRY

Moves Faster Than The Movies



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Creamed Deviled Ham and Eggs

Eggs, hard boiled; 1 cup cream sauce; toast cut in rounds; 1 small can Underwood Deviled Ham (or Tongue)

Boil as many eggs as required. Remove yolks without breaking, spread toast with Deviled Ham, make a depression in the center of each and place hot egg yolk in it. Chop whites fine and mix with cream sauce. Arrange on platter around a pile of water cress, and serve passing the cream sauce.

The Good Home Taste!

TASTE it at the good home meals as well as the parties and picnics. Let the whole family taste and enjoy this tantalizing ham—or delicate tongue—cooked in flavor-retaining casseroles, chopped fine and mixed with mild spices. There's a free book of wondrous recipes, called

"GOOD TASTES FOR GOOD TIMES,"

full of good "eats"—sandwiches, salads, omelets, croquettes, etc. Send for it now. And, please, in writing, mention your grocer's address, and if you can, say whether he sells Underwood Deviled Ham and Underwood Deviled Tongue. If he does not sell them, send to us for economical can to try. Send 25c for Deviled Ham or 20c for Tongue

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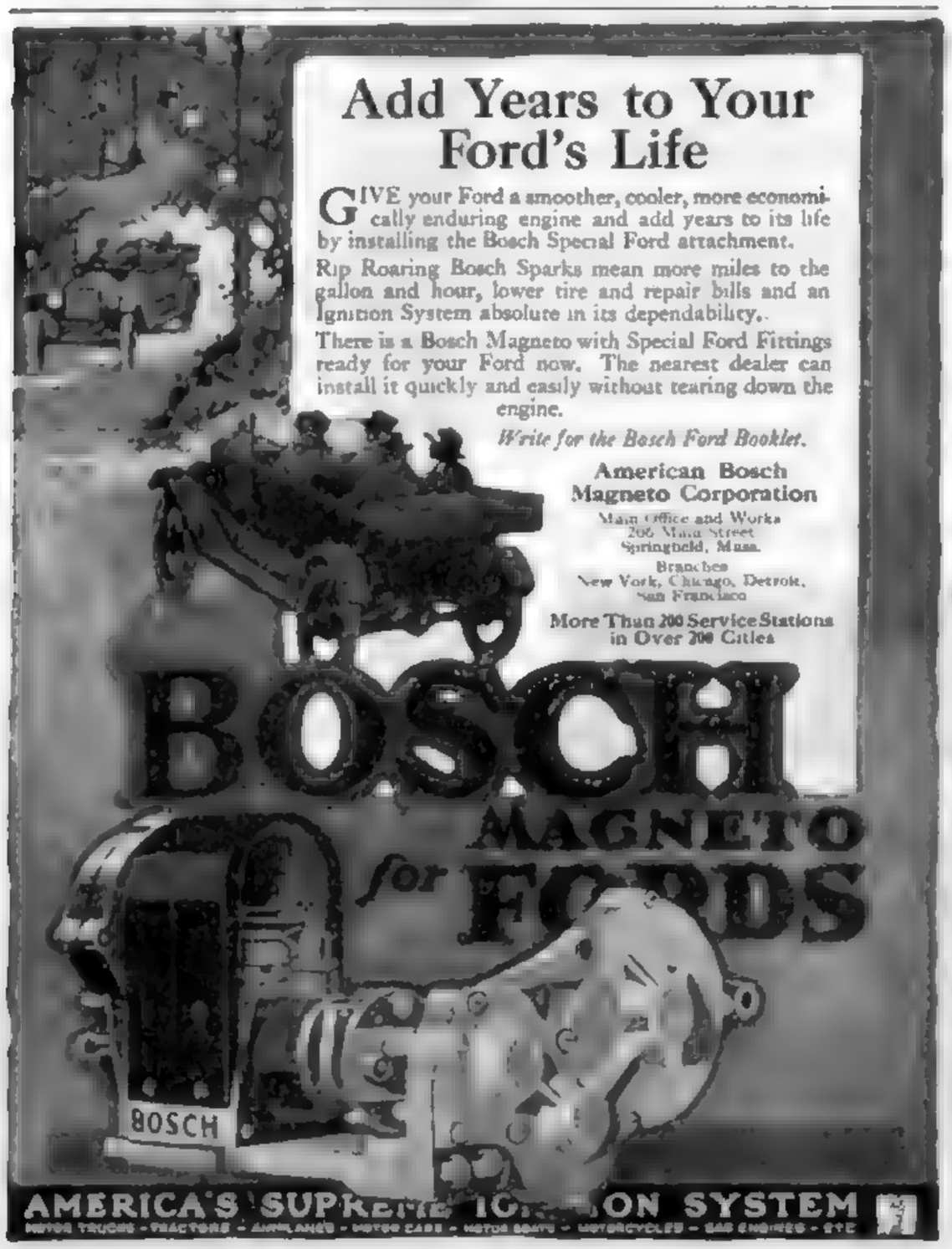
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TRIMMED WITH RED

Continued from Page 27

"He has been out of the Raw Deal over a year now," Emily was so rash as to cut in.

"Such a stigma unfortunately remains fixed to a man's character," Vera informed her with one of her most hateful smiles. "I think it rather—rather presuming for Professor Syle to be asking our influence ——"

"He's not asking your influence." Emily was sorry an instant later that she had permitted her temper to show even a little.

"Presuming on our good nature," Vera went right on. "Because we took him up and introduced him to—our sort of people is no reason why he should let his ambitions run away with him. I'm very sorry, my dear," she added, in a tone of atrocious kindness, "if he set his heart on the situation."

"He hasn't set his heart on it," Emily lied atrociously as she arose. "But I still think he is the man for the place."

"Aren't you allowing your enthusiasm to run away with you?"

What was the matter with the woman? Emily did not linger over the question, for she already guessed.

"I'm merely saying what a great many people think," said she.

"I don't know what sort of people you mean," replied Vera. "One cannot educate oneself up to a periodical of the high standing of the Young Progressive by joining oneself to the gutter brawls of the rabble."

How like what Walter himself had said!

"Oh, well," smiled Emily, preparing to take her departure, "it will do no harm to see Mr. Brontzburger."

"That will do no good, I'm afraid," cooed Vera in her most sympathetic tone. "I ran across Evelyn Brontzburger at Sherry's. Poor Kroll's place has already been filled."

"By whom?"

Emily had been about to shake hands, but she withdrew her hand and stepped back a pace.

"Fortescue Grogan," said Vera sweetly. "It is a splendid appointment. He has been managing editor, you know. A classmate of poor Kroll's."

"That's cozy," chimed Emily.

"I hope you're not disappointed," hissed the bare white teeth.

"I? It is nothing to me. And I am sure that Walter never really considered it."

"No?"

Emily, who had been shaking Vera's lifeless hand, continued to hold it.

"What do you mean by that?" she inquired at last.

Ignoring a direct reply, Vera smiled spitefully and said:

"My dear, I almost forgot to congratulate you."

"Thank you," said Emily.

"I hope you'll both be ever so happy."

"Thank you," said Emily again.

And she walked back to her hotel, thinking bitterly how the parlor radical, like any other poor poet, can be ruined forever at the whim of a great patron.

Almost the first sight to bring her out of her reverie was the figure of Professor Syle pacing the Chinese rug of the hotel parlor. It was as though he had been following that beat ever since Emily's disappearance on her mission. He turned as she came in and in his hand he was waving a crackling bit of yellow paper.

"Well?" was all he asked.

"Thumbs down," was Emily's verdict.

"The Ballymoores won't do anything?"

"Vera—she's heard of our engagement."

"Jezebel!"

"What's the use of calling names? I sat there half an hour hearing how the Raw Deal had served you according to its name. Vera has gone round to Brontzburger and got the job for Fortescue Grogan."

"Can anything equal a jealous woman?" asked Walter, and again fell to pacing the rug.

"Not only that," announced Emily, determined to have the worst over: "Mrs. Ballymoore is closing the Red Tea Room. I know it's Vera's doings. We can expect no more favors from that quarter. We'll have to think quick if we don't want to find ourselves flat."

Walter stopped in front of her and thrust the yellow paper in her hand. It was a ten-word telegram:

"Can you come Chicago week's engagement four lectures immediate answer.

"LOTTA BIRMINGHAM."

"Of course you'll take it," decided Emily.

"I wasn't going to "

"Be sensible." Her patience was wearing thin. "We've got to grab what we can before this thing plays out. Why do you hesitate?"

"Have you forgotten we're going to be married to-morrow?"

"No, dear. But we can go right down to the city hall, get a license, find a preacher and have it settled before you go."

"I think we'd better wait."

His hesitation seemed perfectly natural at the moment; it was only later that she considered how he had said it.

"Until you come back?" she asked. "That will be putting it off for only a week."

"Yes, until I come back. Now, Emily, let's find a telegraph office. How I hate this parlor clowning and vaudeville! Whatever got me into such a mess?"

XIX

EMILY RAY had got used to the thought of marrying Professor Syle. On the crest of good fortune it had seemed the normal sensible thing to do; but now that the wave threatened to break and swamp them—or to duck them under for a long hard struggle—the thought of joining forces with him and fighting back to success held a positive charm for her. For whatever the other Ray women had become Emily at least inherited the Ray sporting blood; and now that Vera Ballymoore's jealous vengeance had threatened her Walter with professional ruin Emily was closer to him in mind and spirit than she had been before in their peculiar partnership.

During the week of waiting she got one brief letter from her fiancé. Chicago society apparently had heard nothing of Walter's break with the all-powerful Ballymoores, for they were treating him royally. He had given one lecture—subscribed and paid for in advance—and was planning the second and third. He would return Thursday and they would be married the same day. The tone of his writing was dull and melancholy. He hated these pretentious people. He was tired of taking money under false pretenses. This was the burden of his song. It was quite apparent that the loss to him of the Young Progressive and incidentals had cut deep and bitterly.

It was Wednesday morning and Emily was packing her belongings for a voyage into a new life. Comrade Elsa, who was folding Emily's wardrobe and indulging in melancholy predictions concerning an imminent return to Pomander Place and the emancipated she now heartily loathed, gave forth scraps of her philosophy.

"If I'd swallowed my fool pride and married that undertaker," she sighed, "I'd probably be a grandmother by now. Not that I want to be a grandmother. You can't live your own life and be a grandmother too."

"How much do you know about being a grandmother?" asked Emily, who was on her knees, her nose in a steamer trunk full of small possessions.

"As much as you do, more probably, because I'm nearer the age and have lectured for years on motherhood."

Elsa stood shaking out a skirt as she hummed a tuneless tune.

"That undertaker," she said at last, "was wild about me. He used to look at me just the way Walter does at you, only more melancholy. His profession made him that way."

"It seems strange you didn't take him," remarked Emily, her mind only half on what she said.

"I'm not the sort that ever gets married," she mourned. "The trouble with me is I'm a oncer."

"A what?"

"A oncer. The sort of girl who doesn't know how to keep more than one man at a time on the string. It takes two beaux at least to get a girl married right—one to tease and the other to take. When I had a fight with George there wasn't anything left for me but the blue sky—and he knew it."

"Am I a oncer?" asked Emily, looking plaintively up from her search.

"Don't make me laugh. I've seen your system all along."

"System?"

(Continued on Page 68)

Happiness—The Harmony of Life

Happiness is the desired of all mankind—the one goal toward which all peoples strive. It is the music of our days—the harmony of life. Yet how few realize that Happiness depends, largely, upon physical well-being. Without radiant health real Happiness is not possible.

And your health depends mainly upon the condition of your teeth. You can't feel thoroughly well—you can't be strong and vigorous if you are having trouble with your teeth.

Prominent physicians warn us that a great many diseases have their origin in neglected teeth. If your teeth are in bad condition, so are you, though you may not yet feel any definite discomfort.

In caring for your teeth, you must first make sure that they are in sound condition. Regular visits to your dentist will give you the foundation of a healthy mouth. And then, the use of a *pure, safe* dentifrice at least twice-a-day will complete the sensible, thorough care of your teeth.

S. S. White's, first made at the request of the dental profession in 1862, is absolutely pure. It contains no dangerous drugs to menace the tender tissues of your mouth.

S. S. White's does the only thing a *safe* dentifrice can do or should be expected to do—keeps the teeth thoroughly clean. Get a tube today. Remember it is "S. S. WHITE'S"—"the Dentifrice made for Dentists."

Sold wherever dentifrices are sold. Costs no more than ordinary dentifrices

THE S. S. WHITE DENTAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Makers of Dental Supplies and Appliances Since 1844

S. S. WHITE

Which Kind of A Pipe-Smoker Are You?

There's the man who doesn't care what kind of tobacco he smokes in his pipe just so it holds fire and makes rings.

And there's the man, minded to have all there is to smoking, who will fill his pipe only with tobacco of real quality and flavor.

Come to think of it, most pipe-smokers belong in one or the other of these classes.

One takes what is to be had easily, cheaply; the other knows what he wants, and gets it.

The man who insists upon having quality and flavor in his pipe-tobacco has to pay somewhat more for it nowadays than before the War. That's true of Edgeworth and of good tobacco in all forms.

The pipe-smoker determined to have a real smoke knows why he has to pay more for it. He knows that the Internal Revenue Law has increased the tax from 8 to 18 cents per pound; that leaf tobacco has advanced until it costs between two and three times what it did when Edgeworth could be sold at a profit for ten cents per package; that tin and other necessary packing materials have virtually doubled in cost; and that much higher wages are being paid to labor all along the route from plant to mouth.

He recognizes that he's living in these times, not before-the-War times. He's paying the price of living in enlarged, world-wide conditions, not in conditions prevailing before the good old United States began supplying the whole world with about everything.

He realizes that other things are costing him a lot more than his smoking, and he needs the comfort of a good smoke now and then to hold to his stride.

A good smoke smooths away a lot of small worries and fits a man to tackle things as they are.

Provided it's the tobacco that absolutely suits his taste.

Every man knows what a good smoke is. The old pipe, a brimming bowl of the right tobacco, a few minutes of perfect comfort.

If you haven't yet found just the right tobacco, we wish you would try Edgeworth. Edgeworth may or may not be just the right tobacco for you, but you can learn at our expense.

Merely write upon a postcard your name and address, then that of the dealer usually filling your smoking needs, and we will willingly send you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then cut into very thin slices. One moist, waferish slice rubbed between the hands makes an average pipe load.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed reaches you ready to pour right from can to pipe. It packs well and burns evenly, freely.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes, suited to the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed come in small, pocket-size packages, in attractive tin humidors and glass jars, and in economical in-between quantities for smokers desiring more than a small package, yet not quite the humidor size.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Continued from Page 66

"Anybody with half an eye could see you were in love with Walter Syle. Who could help it? I yearned for him myself; but what am I to him? I suppose you know how to play dozens of 'em at a time. Anyhow it worked with Walter."

"What worked?"

"Innocence! Don't you suppose I saw that fat boy fairly haunting the sidewalk? It was the talk of Pomander Place. The Italian scrub woman knew it and Walter knew it—he got himself that room at No. 8 just to look after you. Sly boots! You knew he'd never do for you. He wasn't of the mental caliber to suit you, but you worked it very well. Whenever Walter got a little offish you would open a letter from the other fellow, and back would come Walter a-running."

"You've been listening to some very silly gossip," said Emily, still rummaging in the steamer trunk. "I suppose it's Mr. Browning you're talking about."

"I don't know his name. He was the young man in the mule business."

"I haven't seen him or heard from him for nearly a year."

Elsa, with whom relations had been almost idyllic up to now, took the rebuke in silence and went on folding skirts.

Down in the trunk Emily found a great deal of trash and this she either tore up or piled for condemnation, according to its texture. There were a great many letters in a forthright, stubby hand, mostly addressed to the boarding house where she had stayed before Aunt Carmen's appearance in her life. One of these she dared to open and to read its first sentence.

"I don't get all this prejudice against the mule, any way you take him. He isn't an Arabian barb, but he's an American citizen and as such he has a fine brain at the roots of his ears. . . ."

She kept this letter and tore the rest up. She came across the gun-metal cigarette case with an iron cross on it, a battlefield trophy for which Oliver had bartered during his inglorious stay over there. Then there was a ring, a heavy thing of lapis lazuli carved in intaglio with the Browning crest; the foolish boy had pretended to leave it with her for safe-keeping.

In shaking out an old notebook a small unmounted photograph fell out and scurried like a withered leaf halfway across the rug; it was picked up by a draft from an open window and Emily went after it to snatch it from its hiding place behind a radiator.

She picked it up and stared it in the face. A plump and merry soldier boy stood laughing in the foreground while over his shoulder stared the long solemn face of an army mule. The mule was crowned with field daisies and the triumphant expression of the roly-poly soldier indicated that he had just performed the coronation. A youthful picture and a merry one withal. Emily wondered if she were going to cry and make a mess of things. She remembered a fresh morning in early spring and an atrocious red motor car at a proud Long Island gate. Oliver had just fished the snapshot out of his pocket and presented it in that shamefaced way of his.

Emily turned the photograph over and found the address rubber-stamped on the reverse side. "Green & Plevort, Mules."

"Mules!" she repeated to herself.

"What's that?" asked Comrade Elsa as she came in with an armful of shoes.

"Elsa," said Emily weakly, "here are some things belonging to the—the other man."

"The fat one?"

Emily nodded.

"I was wondering what to do with them."

"Burn 'em up!" Elsa's old mouth closed like a steel trap.

"I—I think I'd better send them back."

"Be weak if you want to," suggested Elsa, and whisked out of the room.

Green & Plevort, Mules. Oliver had been yoked with this stubborn-sounding team, but that had been nearly a year ago. She knew it would be better to let the past be past; no use opening an old sore at this late date. It would be foolish, more than foolish, to unbolt the tomb, releasing that plump and merry ghost. Womanlike she was wild to do that very thing.

She merely wanted an address where she could send those useless trophies; thus she argued as she got the telephone book and found the number of Green & Plevort.

"Hello!" It was a rough mulish voice that came to her over the wire as soon as the telephones were in connection.

"I am looking for the address of Mr. Oliver Browning. I knew he used to be with you ——"

"Just a minute."

Emily's heart sank, she knew not why.

"This is Mr. Browning," came Oliver's voice a moment later.

"Oh, I didn't know you were in town. I ——" She had intended to be terse and businesslike.

"Emily!" said Oliver, and nothing more.

A pause.

"Oliver I found some things—some things of yours in my trunk. I wanted you to have them—that is, I don't think I ought to keep them. So I called you up."

"Funny," said Oliver. "I've been back only about fifteen minutes."

"Yes. I just wanted your address so that I could send them back."

"That sounds bad. Emily, you aren't going to get married or anything, are you?"

A pause during which she steadied herself against the curious revolving tendencies of the room.

"Are you there Emily?"

"Yes."

"Well, are you?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"To-morrow afternoon."

The pause now came from the other end of the wire. Two or three inarticulate sounds indicated that Oliver was clearing his throat.

"Who's the lucky man?" he asked finally.

"Professor Syle."

"What? You mean that uplift lizard with the ——"

"Oliver!"

"I'm sorry, Emily; I really didn't mean that. There must be something fine about him or he wouldn't want to marry you."

"I like that!"

"Aw, you know what I mean. What was it you were going to send me?"

"Several things. Shall I mail them in care of Green & Plevort, Mules?"

"You shall not. I'm coming round for the stuff myself."

"You mustn't. I'm stopping at the Hotel Joan of Arc. There's no need of your coming all this way ——"

Emily was floundering.

"I'll be right over."

"Very well. I shall leave the package with my secretary," she announced with a decision which, she thought, made amends for her previous weakness. Before she hung up the receiver she thought she heard him clear his throat again. She hoped he wasn't catching cold. Possibly he was laughing.

She dropped the trophies hastily into a Manila envelope, sealed it and scribbled "Mr. Oliver Browning" across its jaundiced face.

"I won't be back for lunch," she told Elsa as she put on her hat, preparatory to fleeing the scene of danger.

"Well, what's this?" asked Elsa sourly, staring at the envelope which Emily had just thrust into her hand.

"He'll call for it and you can send it down to him," said she, all out of breath. "If he asks for me tell him I won't be back."

"Back from where?" cried Elsa, as she stood in the doorway and watched the precipitate flight of the young woman whom, despite her lovable qualities, she always regarded as a hopeless eccentric.

Emily took a cup of bouillon in her little office at the Red Tea Room, whither she had repaired with the double purpose of avoiding Oliver Browning and of turning her duties over to Miss Weerd, her assistant. As she sipped the nourishment she took stock both of the Red Tea Room and of herself. It was a pretty poor way of making a living, she concluded in the temporary depression of her spirit . . . not so bad, when she considered that she was selling her talents to a class of people who clamor to be cheated . . . no worse surely than charging three hundred dollars for the fashionable label on a ninety-dollar gown or running a crystal-gazing parlor for the purpose of vending Wall Street information.

At any rate she was well rid of Mrs. Ballymoore and her kind. Her partnership with Walter in the promotion of drawing-room revolution had netted them a few thousands which she had invested conservatively. This would help them a little to make a new start in the world. She had her plans for Walter. Somewhere there was a college faculty that would receive his chastened spirit. But would he, after a taste of quick money in a subsidized Utopia, be willing to preach sound economics at an instructor's salary? She knew what a blow Vera Ballymoore's spite work had been to him. He had set his heart on the Young Progressive—"More than anything else in all the world," as he had confessed. Personally Emily was glad that he was to be forevermore a stranger to that publication, which bore to real journalism the same relation the Red Tea Room bore to an honest restaurant. The Young Progressive, perfumed with intellectual snobbery, faintly pro-German, faintly anti-Ally, faintly neutral, faintly everything; the Young Progressive which never uttered anything so vigorous as treason but had managed all during the war to sneer at patriotism as a medieval superstition akin to witch burning!

She would manage Walter as soon as they were married, decided Emily over her lonely cup of bouillon. Could she manage him? She was sure of it. It would have been different with Oliver. Oliver had always been a mule.

A knock on the door announced an interruption to her reverie. It proved to be Mr. Owley, dressed in a suit of sporting plaid, but managing to look the perfect butler still.

"What part are you playing to-day?" she cried, truly glad to see her old friend after months of silence.

"Mr. Plunkett of the Plunkett Villa Sites. I 'ave just lunched at Sherry's with some select friends from Esterberry. Quoting from the Latin poet Longus, miss, I might say 'Their sports were of a childish, pastoral character.'"

"Did you spend all your time talking Latin poetry?"

"No, miss—real estate."

"Owley, you rogue! You're behaving like the owner of Esterberry."

"Quite right, miss. I am."

"In your part as Mr. Plunkett of the Plunkett Villa Sites?"

"No, miss, as Halfred Owley of Plainview. I am now majority owner of the town, you might say, 'aving taken over Peake's Addition as far West as the schoolhouse. We 'ave decided to divide it into 'undred-foot lots and erect 'ouses to the taste of our clients on the Owley 'Ome Plan."

"My word! What is Aunt Carmen saying to all this?"

"'*She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice*
Remains in danger of 'er former tooth.'

Which are the very words of Lord Macbeth, miss."

"Former tooth is good," agreed Emily. "I suppose she's mad as hops."

"As a matter of fact, miss, I 'ave quit 'er service."

"Poor Aunt Carmen!" cried Emily, in spite of herself. She had leaned so upon good Owley.

"It was not so much 'er choleric disposition; temper, miss, is becoming to one of Mrs. Vallant's 'igh station. But it was the royalist movement that did for me."

"Royalist movement?"

"To restore the King of Portugal Mrs. Finnessey—you'll no doubt remember the lady with the ideas—she started of it."

"I see."

Truly Emily saw everything. Apparently the fad for parlor Bolshevism was already on the wane.

"I should think you, of all people in the world, would sympathize with that," suggested Owley's confidante.

"Royalism is all very well in its place, miss, but on Long Island it seems a bit sacrilegious, if I might say so."

"Nothing's sacrilegious on Long Island," Emily responded, her mind somewhat wandering. She was thinking of how Oliver Browning must have looked and of what he must have said when that precious package was sent down to him by the unloved Elsa.

"So I have come to you, miss, on a matter of business."

"As a man of property?"

"Quite right. We're building a neat little Swiss chalet at the corner of the Owley 'Ome Sites, and the directors were suggesting a capable manager to go in the automobile, show the property and explain the 'Ome Plan. I was wondering if you could recommend some young lady of business ability and good family ——"

"Owley, are you offering me a job?"

(*Continued on Page 71*)

FUDGE

Cream fudge topped with French Dragees

ALMOND CLUSTERS

Almonds almonds in Liggett's Chocolate

MAPLE WALNUT CREAM

Mayette walnut, rich cream, Vermont maple sugar

CATAWBA

Mayette walnut in apricot jelly

CREAM WALNUT

Mayette walnut in vanilla cream.

STRAWBERRY CREAM

Crushed strawberries in rich cream fondant

BRAZIL CREAM

Brazil nut in cream fondant

EXTRA PINEAPPLE

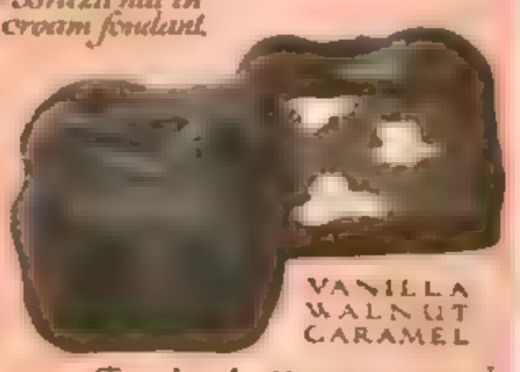
Hawaiian pineapple in cream fondant

ALMOND CARAMEL

Almonte almonds in real cream caramel

FILBERT CLUSTERS

Turkish filberts in liggetts chocolate



VANILLA WALNUT CARAMEL

French walnut in cream caramel

BUTTER SCOTCH

Fresh dairy butter, sugar, vanilla

RUSTICANA

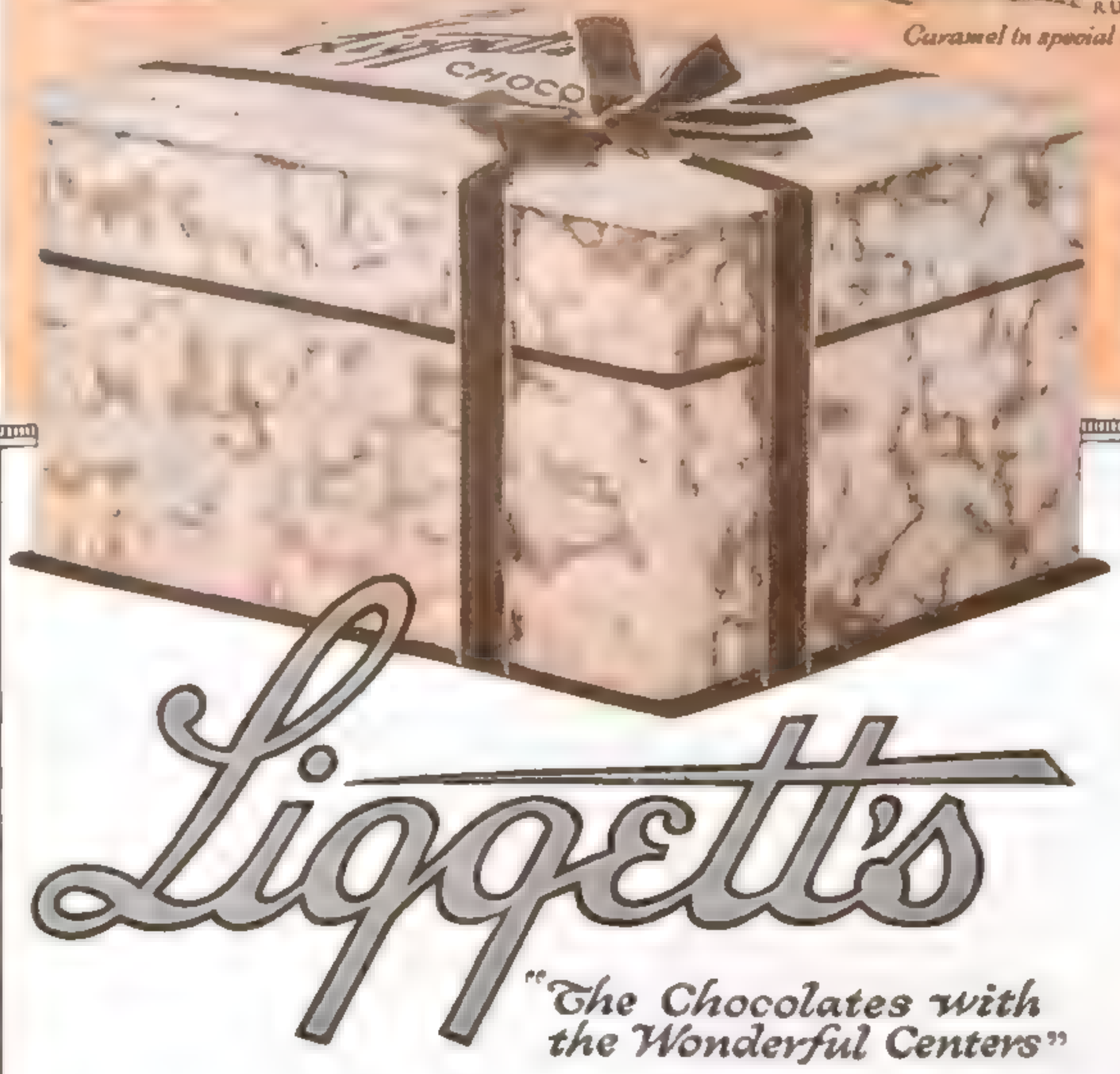
Caramel in special chocolate.

SOUR ORANGE

Cream fondant, true orange fruit

NOUGATINE

Honey, egg, fruits and nuts



Liggett's

"The Chocolates with the Wonderful Centers"

"Bring Me The Chocolates With The Wonderful Centers"

TAKE "her" a box and watch what happens. You'll find that in the whole box there is *not one* chocolate that she and you and everyone else do not *love*.

This picture, good as it looks, merely *suggests* how delicious Liggett's are. For we have found out just what centers people are *fondest* of, and have put them *all* into this box. *85c to $1.50 per lb. box.*

By special arrangement, Liggett's Chocolates are featured by and sold only at

The 8000 Rexall Stores

throughout the United States and Canada

GLOBE TIRES
GUARANTEED 6000 MILES

Economy through Quality

HAND-MADE Globe Tires—Cord or Fabric—cost you a little more at the dealer's, but a great deal less on the road. Mileage is built into Globe Tires slowly and carefully by hand. They cost about 10% more to make than ordinary tires, but they give you about 50% more mileage. When you divide the price you pay by the mileage you get, you will find that hand-made Globe Tires are always the most economical tires you can buy.

Globe Tubes in Globe Tires make the ideal combination.

To responsible dealers only: If Globe Tires are not represented in your city or town, write us promptly for our exclusive proposition.

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(Continued from Page 68)

"I wouldn't presume, miss ——"

"Well, you may presume! What's the salary?"

"Two 'undred dollars a month with commissions."

It all came over her in a delicious flash. She could honorably establish herself in the world by accepting a position as business manager for her aunt's butler.

"I'm going to be married, you know," she demurred, after a struggle with mirth.

"So I 'ave 'eard, miss," acknowledged Mr. Plunkett of the Villa Sites. "And that might interfere."

"I'll have to see my—Professor Syle. We'll be starting in a small way and I shouldn't wonder if that might be just the thing for me."

"You might drop a card to Mr. Plunkett of the Plunkett Villa Sites, Esterberry," Owley suggested at departure.

"I shall, just as soon as I decide. And thank you Owley, ever so much."

"Thank you, miss."

The substantial landowner backed out of the door, bowing as he backed.

Emily finished her work at three, and after taking a somewhat cynical farewell of the Red Tea Room she signaled an uptown bus and found herself a seat aloft. It was less than a dozen blocks to the side-street where lay her discreet feminist hotel; but she felt that a ride under the bright sunshine would calm her mind for the thousand details of honeymoon preparation.

She was, as her grandmother used to say, "all stirred up with a wooden spoon." Scraps of the strange mixture that had been her life seemed loosened and floating aimlessly through her mind. The passionate, pedantic, inconclusive patter of the comrades of Pomander Place, the learned quotations of Owley, the Plunkett Villa sites, a fat boy in khaki grinning as he crowned a mule with field daisies. She prided herself on her strength of mind in refusing to see Oliver at her hotel.

It would all be over to-morrow. She was very glad of it, because something would be settled in her unsettled life. Four days ago Walter had written that he would be home on Thursday. To-morrow would be Thursday. She must get a train schedule and meet him at the station.

Had her thoughts summoned him out of thin air, just as Hindu mystics are supposed to whisk material bodies over vast distances merely by willing it so? It was the proud Ballymoore town car with the nickeled hood and straw-colored body that first attracted her attention; there was none other like it in town. It was drawing up to the curb as the bus passed, and peering down from her superior vantage Emily could look bird-fashion upon the opening of its glassy door.

She gasped and all but fell over the rail. Professor Walter Syle, nicely arrayed for afternoon, was stepping out; and after him, leaning gracefully upon his hand, came Miss Vera Ballymoore!

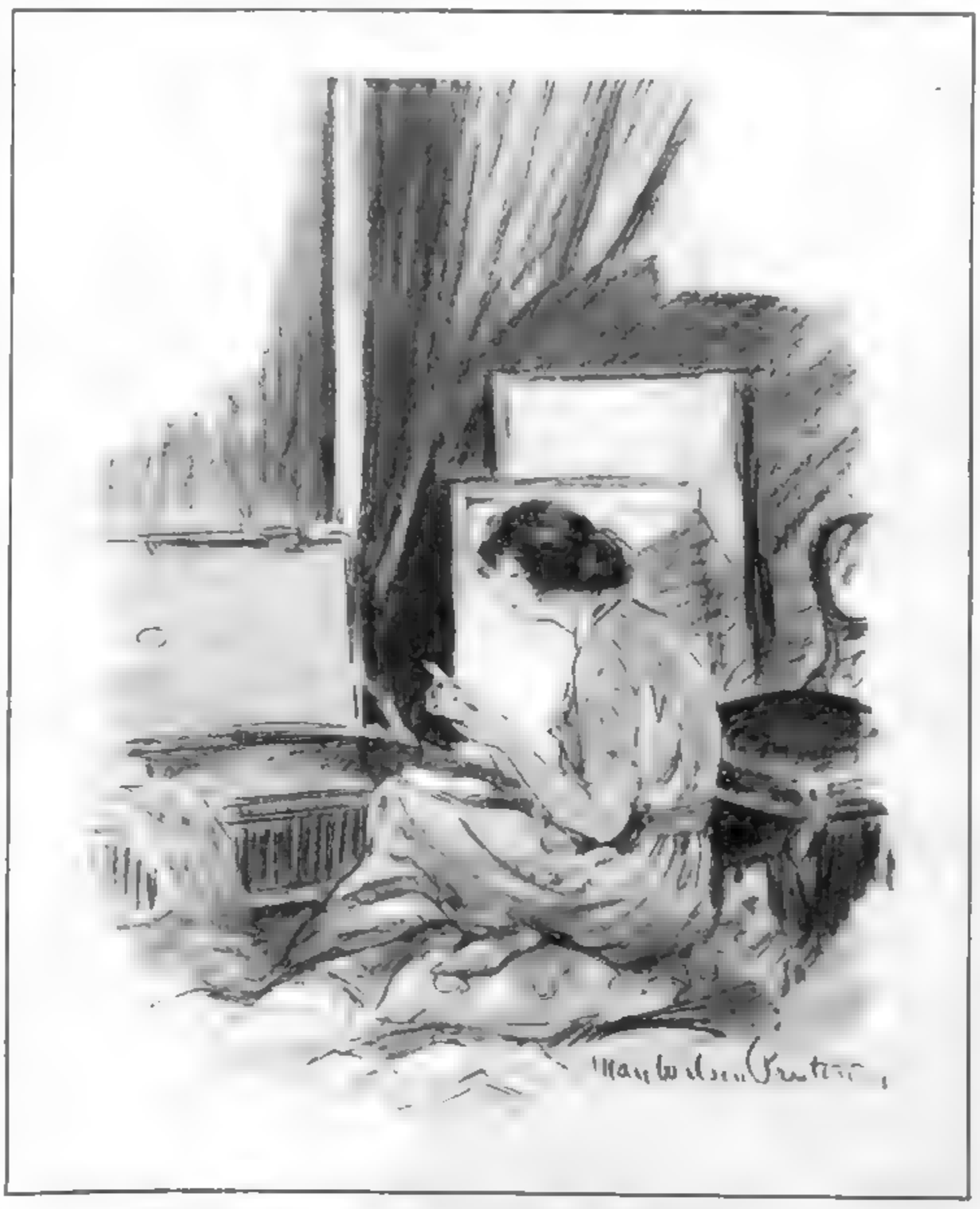
Emily could have screamed his name or have leaped bodily to the roof of the Ballymoore car. Instead she clung to the rail, craning her neck round and round as the bus advanced, gazing and gazing at the miraculous apparition of those two figures walking intimately across the pavement and disappearing under the arched doorway of a fashionable art shop.

xx

EMILY'S walking trance took her as far as the lobby of the Hotel Joan of Arc in whose cooling depths she paused. Had the new era, which the disciples of the Pilsen School so industriously predicted, come to pass? Was the world indeed upside down? Out of the mist of confusion Emily heard a discreet voice calling her by name. She turned superstitiously and found that it was merely the ladylike clerk at the desk.

"There's a gentleman waiting for you in the reception room, Miss Ray."

"What gentleman?" she asked dazedly.



One of the Letters She Dared to Open and to Read Its First Sentence

The clerk brought a card from the proper letter box and it seemed perfectly natural for Emily to read:

MR. OLIVER BROWNING

Representing Green & Plevort. Mules.

She found Mr. Browning pacing the same strip of Chinese rug that Walter Syle had paced so feverishly a week ago. Her first impression of the nervous pacer was of a thinner Oliver, an Oliver to whom thinness was becoming. The change gave him a romantic look, yet she missed the adipose layer of joyousness which had slipped away.

"Did you get your package?" was her first question, as soon as he had turned and given her his reproachful gaze.

"I didn't come for that rot," was his first amiable address. Then, running his hand through his limp hair: "Look here, Emily, what have you got to get married for?"

"So that people won't have the right to come round every year or two and scold me about things that aren't any of their business."

"Oh."

Oliver paused and blew his nose.

"What's the matter, Oliver? Have you got a cold?"

"Oh, search me!" he grumbled. "What does this Syle want to marry you for?"

"What do several people want to marry me for?"

Again he blew his nose.

"You're so sort of scrawny, Oliver. It breaks my heart. What have you been eating?"

"Crow." It was like a voice out of the tomb.

"Haven't you been happy?" she asked, and was instantly sorry that she had allowed herself to approach the sentimental level she had been struggling to avoid.

"Emily!" Suddenly Oliver dropped his hat and his walking stick and his envelope of mementoes and took one desperate step toward her. He had turned white.

"It's been a hell of a life!" His voice came thickly after the manner of a shy man unused to revealing his state of soul. "I've been traveling all the way from Boston to Bolivia, but I don't think there's been a day I haven't wanted to pack up and come to you and grovel."

"Oliver!" That was all she could say, because she was struggling with her tears.

"You know, Emily, that I'm not naturally stubborn or unreasonable——"

"Tell that to the mules!" she found herself gibing in her usual tone.

"Please don't rub it in—now. Maybe we saw things in a different way. I don't know. But how could I stand round and look pleasant while you left a good, normal, decent home and went to join those wild women from Borneo?"

"Do you call Aunt Carmen's home a good, normal, decent one?"

There was danger of their old dispute blazing anew.

"It was until—until you misled your poor aunt; got her to war-dancing with your tribe down in Pomander Place."

"Oliver," said she, neglecting his obviously unfair charges for a new thought, "what was your idea in moving to Pomander Place?"

"Well," he floundered, "it was just as convenient as anywhere to the mules."

"Meaning me?"

"Maybe you've guessed it."

"Why did you come into the party and act like a Bolshevik and get yourself into that mess out on Long Island?"

"Somebody had to look out for the patient," he acknowledged. "I had a fool notion that you'd get over it. I thought that dynamiter's picnic at your Aunt Carmen's would cure you."

"And you came round after a while and found me worse than ever."

"When I heard those Sons of Rest standing there barber-shopping 'Vodka, vodka uber Alles' I confess I passed out."

"I'm glad you told me these things," she said faintly, giving him her hand. And yet she had not the courage to confess that her own lack of faith, her suspicion that he had been a frivoling fortune hunter, had all but spoiled him in her eyes.

(Continued on Page 73)

3 Rooms where single sockets need the

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Continued from Page 71

"I'm sailing for France next week," he said thickly, holding to her hand.

"What for?"

"Mules," he explained gloomily.

"Oh, Oliver!"

And she found herself crying tears, real tears, buckets of them.

"I hope you're going to be awfully happy," she heard him mumbling in the insane embarrassment of the moment.

"I'm going to be —— Oh, Oliver!"

And again she wept.

"Look here," he demanded sternly, as soon as the gust had passed, "what's the idea? What do you have to marry him for anyhow?"

"I—I've promised him, and he relies on me so. It isn't as if he was going along all right, Oliver. But he's had a fearful setback in his profession and it would kill him if I left him in the lurch."

"Huh! Are loveless marriages part of the soviet program?"

"We're not following the soviet program, Oliver. We're ——"

Whatever their program was to be it was interrupted by one of the Joan of Arc's discreet page girls who entered with a card on a silver tray.

"Aunt Carmen!" said Emily, and turning to the bearer of peculiar tidings: "Where is she?"

"Waiting in the lobby, Miss Ray."

"Send her in."

Their meeting was not different from that of the majority of relatives who have quarreled and thought it over. They kissed affectionately and passed pleasant remarks on one another's personal appearance. Aunt Carmen extended to Oliver the neutral handshake of society. He moved toward the door.

"Don't go, Oliver," Emily besought. The promptness with which he lingered indicated that he had no positive idea of going.

As soon as they were well seated and had exchanged the commonplaces necessary to an armistice Aunt Carmen made her first valuable announcement.

"I've come to town looking for Owley," she said, "and I thought possibly you might have heard of him."

"He came to see me at the Tea Room this afternoon," explained Emily.

"Oh, he goes to that place too, does he?" It was as though the place referred to were a rendezvous at least for drug addicts.

"Not regularly—in fact, he called to offer me a position."

"Offer you a position!" Aunt Carmen bridled. "With what, pray?"

"The Plunkett Villa Sites at Esterberry."

"Of course you didn't accept it."

"On the contrary. It looked like a splendid place and I've decided to take it."

"Emily!" Aunt Carmen's old mouth gathered to a seam. "Have you investigated the Plunkett Villa Sites?"

"What's the matter with them?" was Emily's very natural question.

"Only one thing—there aren't any Plunkett Villa Sites."

"Do you mean to say the old scamp has been lying?"

"Poor Owley!" sighed Aunt Carmen. "You mustn't judge him harshly. It has never seriously interrupted his work before and the doctor says that with a little rest he'll become quite normal again."

"Do you mean to tell me that poor Owley's insane?"

"Only an obsession. I suppose we all have our delusions." This was a wonderfully charitable remark for Aunt Carmen. "But I wouldn't lose him for worlds. He's been my right arm. If he left me I should have to move into New York and take an apartment. Possibly I shall do so anyway; everything will be very uncertain until the revolution is over."

"Aunt Carmen, you're not revoluting again!" her niece implored.

"The royalist revolution in Portugal," her aunt explained, thus exonerating Owley from insanity in one direction at least. "Mrs. Finnessey is its secret agent in this country. It is really very amusing. You must read some of our literature. I am sure it will have a wholesome effect on the dangerous radicalism which is now sweeping the country with ——"

The shadow of radicalism darkened the door. It was dressed handsomely for the afternoon, wore a gardenia in its buttonhole, and after it had removed its formal hat it revealed itself as Professor Walter Syle, voice of the struggling masses.

"How do you do, Mrs. Shallope?" he asked in his most amiable manner, giving her his hand.

"How do you do?" conceded Mrs. Shallope, and dropped the hand.

"Walter," said Emily, showing no surprise at an appearance which did not surprise her; "you've met Mr. Browning."

"Ah, Mr. ——" Walter smiled as he advanced the welcoming hand.

"Browning's my name," said Oliver rather savagely.

"Oh, so it is." The eminent lecturer turned to Emily, his face beaming: "I surprised you, you see."

"Yes, indeed," agreed his fiancée, not revealing that the surprise was now an hour old. "When did you get in?"

"I came right over from the station."

He made no explanation as to his elegant traveling costume. There was an awkward moment. Walter and Oliver were still standing; Syle was evidently waiting for his unsuccessful rival to go.

"I just dropped in for a moment—everything at odds and ends," Syle hastened to explain by way of breaking the constraint. "I hope you won't think me fearfully rude, Mrs. Shallope, but I must talk over a few plans with Miss Ray. You'll excuse me a moment, won't you?"

"As long as you like," Mrs. Shallope made the hearty concession. "Oliver, my dear"—it was the first time she had ever spoken really cordially to the boy—"come over here and sit by me."

On a velvet lounge at the opposite end of the long room the engaged couple settled down to talk over Professor Syle's few plans.

"It looks as though my program—our program—might be subject to a revision," he began at once, never looking at the girl of his choice. "These lectures you have planned for me are splendid within their limitations—don't take me, please, as speaking in a carping or critical spirit ——"

"Why don't you become an art critic, Walter?" she asked. He jumped.

"What do you mean?"

"The last I saw of Vera Ballymoore she was interested in picture collections."

"When was that?" he asked, fixing his eyes wildly on her.

"On Fifth Avenue at three-ten this afternoon."

"My God, Emily ——"

"Your God, Walter, is something I shall never be able to comprehend. When did you really get back to New York?"

"Sunday night," he replied, with a directness alien to his nature.

"I see. So Vera called you."

"Hear me out, Emily!" Professor Syle's calm had given way to tempest. "That Chicago tour was a nightmare. My heart wasn't in my work, and after my second lecture they canceled the rest of my engagement. I think Mrs. Ballymoore's fine hand was in it somewhere. Society out there began blowing a perfect blizzard. So I came home and saw Vera Ballymoore. Was I wrong?"

"On the contrary, Walter, I didn't know you had so much common sense."

"The situation is this, Emily! I'm really desperately in love with you, but Vera is quite foolish about me. If I marry you she will ruin me financially and professionally."

"Why incur her wrath?" asked Emily with a gentle smile.

"I'm glad you can look at it in a sensible way. It all seems to hinge on the Young Progressive. Fortescue Grogan, it seems, is only a tentative appointment. Mrs. Ballymoore has the situation between her two hands. It only depends on what I say ——"

"Have you said it?" Emily looked at him through narrowed eyes.

"To be frank, Emily, I have. Vera almost died of joy. But of course ——"

"You can't marry both of us, can you? Or has the soviet made polygamy good form?"

"You see I'm in a hard position, Emily. I've got to choose between love and my career."

"If you don't choose your career, Walter, you're a bigger fool than I think you are."

"I can never, never be happy without you!" he protested passionately, but not so passionately as he used to.

"Naturally!" Emily smiled. "But please consider yourself released."

He rose. Emily was hurt a little by the joy light that suffused his countenance.

"You won't hate me, will you?" he asked, blushing a deep strawberry.

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"Quite to the contrary," answered the jilted one out of the fulness of her heart. "I never came so near loving you as I do at this moment."

When they returned to the presence of Aunt Carmen they found that sprightly lady lecturing Oliver on his duties toward the world.

"If you'd taken her in hand and not permitted her to associate with that rag-bag set of vulgarians you might have saved me all this worry and trouble. I'm glad you've come round to reason. I always held you responsible for her running away with that pack of radicals."

"Oh, Aunt Carmen!"

Emily fairly threw herself into the dowager's skinny arms and ere the haughty person could protest her niece was raving:

"Please don't go back to Long Island tonight. Please don't go round searching for Owley. I'm giving a dinner and you've got to cut out everything and be there."

"A dinner, Emmy? Why didn't you let me know before?"

"I just found it out," smiled Emily, again fighting with her tears.

"Well, what's the occasion?"

"I'm announcing my engagement."

"My child!" Mrs. Shallope's wild black eyes traveled curiously between the two rivals. "To whom, please?"

"To Oliver," announced Emily, and on the impulse she gave him such a kiss as Professor Syle did not know was to be given.

"You'll pardon my rushing away like this," said the distinguished one, shaking hands all round.

"He's got to run," explained his ex-manager. "He's dining with Mrs. Ballymoore."

It was toward the end of the week that Emily went to Rosamonde Vallant's apartment in order to bear the good tidings in person. The merry castinet tempo of a cocktail shaker caught her ear almost before she had been admitted into the Flemish hall.

"Well, well, little Emmy!" roared Merlin Vallant, striding forth with an open hand. "Congratulations—a fine lad. And you're just in time to join me in his health."

"He's had two already," announced his pampered wife.

"Can't you hear me shaking up another?" he asked with gruff enthusiasm. "No place in the world like an apartment ——"

"Let's see your ring," whispered Rosamonde when Merlin had withdrawn to fortify his shaker.

Emily held her third finger against the waning light, revealing a two-carat stone of conservative cut and setting.

"See mine!" crowed Rosamonde triumphantly.

It was a splendid boreal display of eleven carats, cut flat and square like an enchanted sheet of window glass over whose icy surface an electric witch light glanced and sparkled.

Which jewel was to bring the greater happiness is a question to be decided in the court of that child-god whose name will always remind us of two world impulses, love and cupidity.

(THE END)

THE WORM TURNETH

(Continued from Page 21)

"Pick and shovel!" he called, and Miranda lowered to him those necessary tools.

For two hours thereafter her lean back rose and fell as she wound and unwound the windlass, hauling up the buckets of broken rock, which her husband filled to the full measure of the woman's strength. Each time, as the crude wooden box was swung above the surface, a plank was kicked under to support the bucket till she could detach it, drag it off and dump it.

"Send me down the canteen!" Nate commanded, and she sent him down the canteen.

"Drills and powder now," he specified when the last of the loose rock from yesterday's blast was removed from the bottom of the shaft; and obediently Martha deposited the drills, a coil of fuse and a small can of powder, enough for one shot, in the bucket and lowered it.

If there was a crafty smile about the pinched corners of that toil-puckered mouth as the bucket was raised and swung to one side for the last time it was the only sign Miranda gave that her strategy was now about to develop. Presently the sound of a sledge ringing on the head of a drill reached her ears and she knew that Nate was busily single-jacking a hole into the solid rock from which to explode the next loosening charge of explosive.

"Keep him from worrying, amusing hisself thataway," she remarked dryly; and her duty at the shaft being ended for the time being she sought relief from wind and desert sun within that shelter which custom called a house.

While water for tea was heating, Miranda removed enveloping apparel, discovered and inspected sundry bruises upon various portions of her anatomy that began to show traces of discoloration, and applied to them ointments or liniments according as their nature seemed to require. But the expression of her face as she noted these signs of punishment in one of liberty's battles was not rueful; it was not an expression of regret. Rather she contemplated them grimly, proudly.

"Nate Prendegast!" she remarked. "Nate Prendegast!"

Redressing herself she put her tea to steep and fried herself thick slices of bacon, sipping the former loudly, gratefully, and eating the latter voraciously on great slabs of bread, munching heartily, gustatorially, with audible crunchings and satisfied smackings, as heavy toilers are prone to eat. And while she ate she glanced occasionally unperturbedly at the little tin clock. It was a quarter past twelve, and then half past twelve.

It was Nate's habit to be hauled up at twelve o'clock and loll upon the bed while his wife cooked him an enormous meal and waited on him while he ate, after which she also might eat. Now, her hearty ration consumed with an air of having vastly enjoyed every morsel of it, Miranda eased her bruises painfully back in the crude old rocking-chair, elevated her coarse miner's boots manlike to the table top, and reclined at ease, studying composedly the colored plates from old fashion journals with which her feminine taste had decked the walls.

"I'd like awfully well now one of them new Georgettes with the Rooshian boots and the chicken pockets," she mooned, unaware or not caring that she gaped at a model five years old and compounded the incongruous most absurdly. "And that hat over there, the one with the yellow feather! Speakin' of headgear, though, a ottermobile veil comes as near to what I want as most anything. Ain't they got the dash to 'em though?"

In the midst of these rapt soliloquies it seemed that a faint sound broke in upon her ears like the far-off barking of a hoarse and exhausted hound—or like someone calling, maybe.

"Huh!" whispered Miranda gloatingly. "Huh!" A sweet and blissful smile broke out upon the work-seamed features. She paused and listened with all the air of a passionate lover of music to the transporting cadences of some exquisite harmony.

"Ain't that heaven now?" she murmured. "Just ain't it?"

Eventually the ghostly sounds died away. Miranda appeared to wait for them to commence, and when they did not she rose and strolled out toward the shaft, halting at intervals to note with amused interest the tale of flagging spirits told by the sound of a one-handed sledge's desultory and discouraged tappings on a drill head. As she approached, these tappings ceased and an organ worn out with much employ lifted itself in a wail of angry discontent.

"Was you a-callin', Nate?" inquired smooth solicitous tones from above.

"Was I a-callin'?" sneered a hoarse voice that was just now further choked by fresh accessions of vein-bursting rage. "Oh, no! I wasn't a-calling. I was just singing to amuse myself. What the hell time is it?"

"One o'clock, Nate." The tones were still of dulcet sweetness.

"One o'clock! Whereth eheluv you been, woman?" The note of exasperation and rebuke was stern and full of boding.

"Just havin' my lunch and sort of studyin' round," was answered blandly.

There were sounds of stuttering apoplectic wrath in regions far below.

(Continued on Page 77)

HERE is a scientific principle many a motorist overlooks. No matter how fast or how slow you want to go, you cannot go right unless your car has reserve power—rightly applied. Until a man has driven the Packard Twin Six he will never know exactly what that means.

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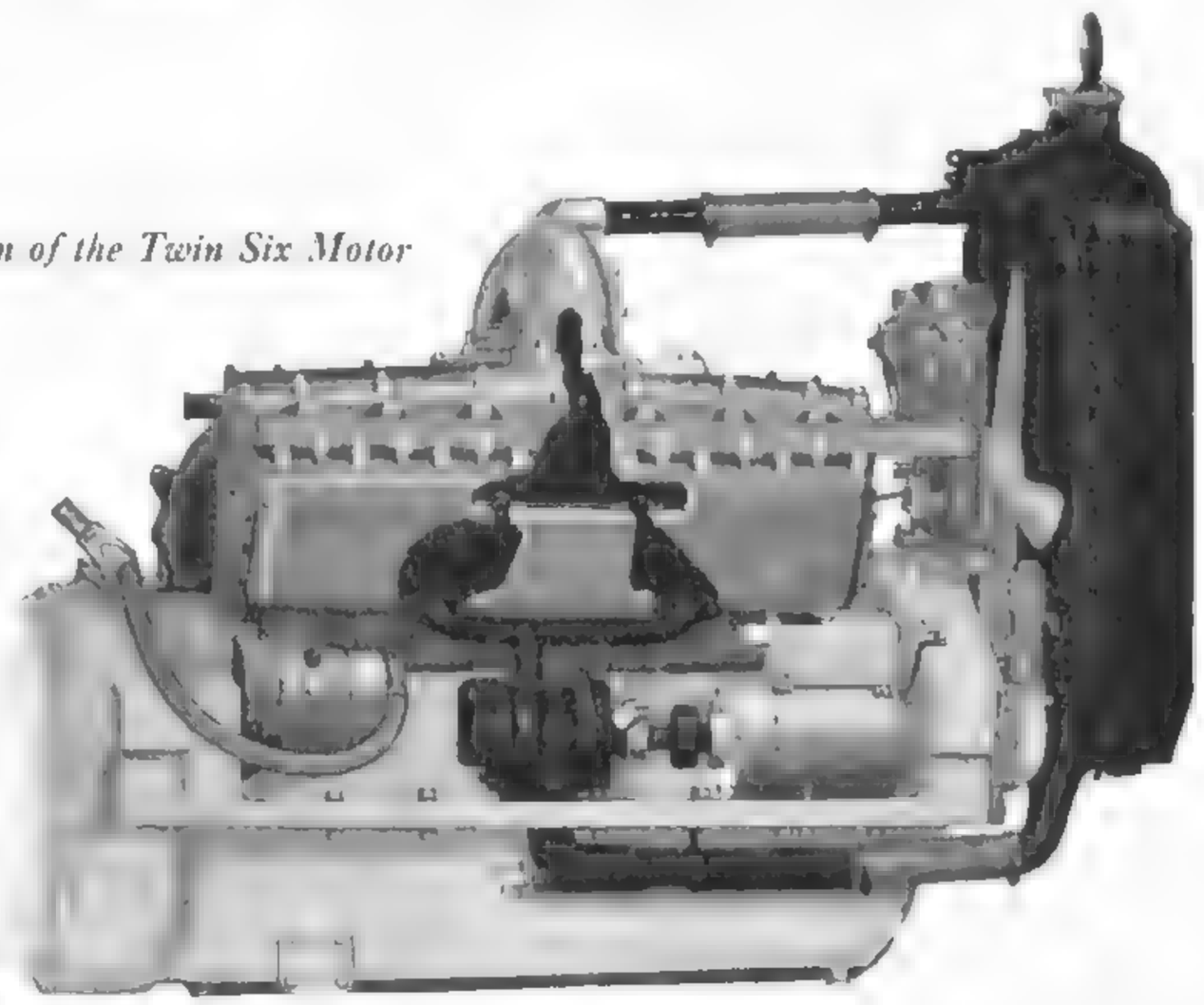

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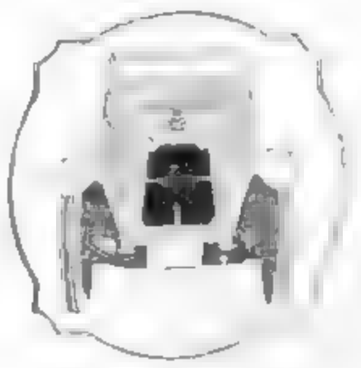

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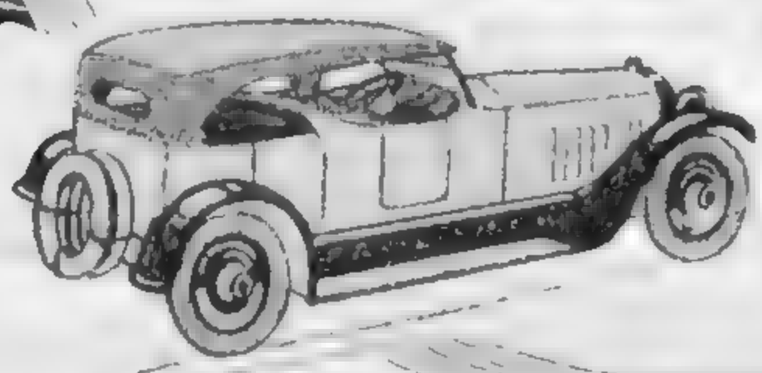

(Continued from Page 74)

"Having your lunch? Studyin' round?" And the tones of outraged anger merged into a scornful snarl. "What about me havin' lunch?"

"You having lunch?" inquired a cool surprised voice. "Why, ain't you heard, Nate?" And there was a simulation of fine concern in the strain of the inquiry.

"Heard what?"

"Why, you ain't a-going to get no lunch. Nor no dinner nor supper nor breakfast nor afternoon tea nor anything."

There was a moment of staggered silence.

"Say! Haul me up!" came the order.

"I ain't a-going to haul you up, Nate," came the steady answer. "You're a-going to stay down there till the Peace Conference is over."

Again there was stupefied silence while a human brain wrestled with an unassimilable idea.

"Peace Conference!" exploded the voice of a man whose mind is almost a blank in the presence of that which is beyond comprehension.

"Between you and me, Nate," answered a gently obliging and meekly reproachful voice, "you've beefed at me, Nate, and you punched the table at me and you reflected on my sect. No man, Nate Prendegast, can reflect on my sect and get away with it. You been abusing me and I stood it; but when you reflect on my sect I kick; and now I been thinking. You been puttin' on my sect every time you been puttin' on me, and I'm a-going to teach you that women ain't wasters, is what I am. You stay down there till I get you taught, is what you do."

Abruptly and in a note of dignified sternness the indictment ended. The gaunt woman turned her back on the hole in the solid rock, which had once more become vocal with objurgations and protest of every kind, and made her way purposefully back to the house. There she made a toilet. That is, she donned a cleaner—if not a clean—khaki skirt. She replaced the socks upon her feet with stockings, put on a nearly new pair of woman's hobnailed walking boots and drew over her bony shoulders and flat chest a garment that classified as a shirt waist and was therefore also distinctly woman's gear. But the feminine touch had already been guaranteed by threading into the garment just beneath this shirt waist some weavings of pink string that might once have been a ribbon and again might have been binding tape from the inner wrappings of a side of bacon; but it was color and it gave a hopeful effect, so that Miranda, looking down, could bestow a proud glance upon her bosom.

Last of all she produced a hat—a round, black, bird's-nesty-looking straw, somewhat misshapen by being battered about in a dunnage bag for mayhap a decade or more, but none the less a lady's hat; and for ornament, besides some rusty-looking black ribbons, there was a cluster of wax cherries. They were still red, there was still some gloss upon their surface and they hung down coquettishly over one of Mrs. Prendegast's temples. When she was the belle of McCarty's Roadside Restaurant that bunch of cherries quivering bravely on that particular hat had been the lure that first baited the admiration of Nathan Prendegast.

Now one single quiver of them would have incited him to laughter and to uncomplimentary remark.

But, not being clairvoyant, Nate did not see the hat; and for the same reason did not perceive that, as a final rite in this ceremony of insurgency that was just now taking place, his lawful wife, with determination upon her features and the light of a lofty purpose in her eye, dipped a hand into an old tomato can that reposed beneath the floor where a board was loose. To have known this would have caused Nate a mightier pang of apprehension and of anguish than any which at this moment tortured him; and the number of these was already a thousand, and their form as of grinning, exulting devils.

Thus garbed in her very best, Mrs. Prendegast, sound of wind and seasoned of limb, strolled seven miles into Tonopah. The day was hot, the road was dusty, but she was inured to heat and dust. Making the start at two o'clock, she made the upper main street by a quarter to four, paused, wiped the dust from her nearly new shoes, adjusted the hat by her dim image in a Chinese washhouse window, took to the sidewalk and sauntered onward in a fine luxury of leisure, looking in at shop displays and halting longest before the array of stunning hats, the bright scarfs and the sprinkling of brilliant rhinestone pins in the window of The Novelty Shop, Mrs. Maud Harris, Prop.

"'Scuse me, Mis' Young," she inquired of a passer-by, "but ain't that there the new color they're callin' hero boy?"

"Why, I think it is, Mrs. Prendegast. How do you do?" Mrs. Young thrust out a cordial hand. This might have seemed like condescension, since Mrs. Young was by way of being a society leader, her position fixed by the fact that her husband cashiered a bank. But then Mrs. Prendegast's position was fixed, too, as a faithful member of that far-flung skirmish line of prospectors and miners upon whose constant goings to and fro amid the mountains and whose industrious delvings in the ungrateful rock the prosperity of the little town depended.

"Purty well, thank you," responded Mrs Prendegast with equal cordiality. "How're you, Mis' Young? All these new shades is pretty, ain't they? But this hero boy would be 'specially becoming to my complexion, don't you think?"

Mrs. Young, fair to the eye, softly nurtured and becomingly garbed, looked into the weathered features of Mrs. Prendegast with an inward start of ludicrous surprise. It had never occurred to her that Mrs. Prendegast had a complexion at all or anything more upon her face than a mere sunburned integument which attained its highest compliment when one called it skin. The discovery that this plodding, drab, hard-worn creature cherished still the eternal feminine deep in the springing fountains of her heart touched Mrs. Young after a moment with a sense of the fine, and her own woman's nature responded loyally.

"Why, I should think it would, really." And her voice was full of the ring of an admirable sincerity and the gaze of her eyes never broke even when she set it upon that eccentric inverted quart basket of black straw with the absurd red cherries quivering grotesquely upon it. "We are organizing a Johnson-for-President club at Mrs. Harris' this afternoon," she went on sociably. "Wouldn't you come in, Mrs. Prendegast, and join us?"

Mrs. Prendegast started and her brows took on that elevation which denotes extreme surprise.

"Has he got along like that—a black man?" The baleful gleam of a race prejudice appeared in the miner lady's indignant eyes. "Nope! Not for me." And she shook her head emphatically.

The corners of Mrs. Young's mouth quivered, but her glance was still unbroken.

"Oh, dear, no; not that Johnson!" she explained.

"Besides," challenged Mrs. Prendegast in the tones of a practical pessimism, "what's the idea of women organizin'? What good could they do?"

"Why,"—and the tactful Mrs. Young had some difficulty in concealing her surprise and dismay at this revelation of appalling ignorance—"women vote now, you know—for President and everything!"

Once more the eyebrows of Mrs. Prendegast were elevated, this time until they almost touched the cherries

"La! Do they?" she demanded. "Nate told me that once, but I just thought he was deviling. Do they?" A retrospective, a reconstructive light appeared in Mrs. Prendegast's eyes.

"La!"

She took a long breath and straightened her bent shoulders as far as they would straighten. It was obvious that a new sense of the dignity of womanhood dawned on her, and with it came a conception of still higher standards to be raised at the Rat Tail mine.

"Don't know but I will come in," she confessed. "I'm sort of pining for society this afternoon and I got a few minutes. Besides, this hat here ——"

"Do," said Mrs. Young, and opening the screen door, she ushered Mrs. Prendegast into the thriving shop and escorted her to a sewing room in the rear, where, amid counters piled high with pasteboard boxes or bolts of cloth or heaps of hat skeletons and with dress forms standing about, the garments and the garnitures of the élite of the town were slowly taking shape under the deft hands of local crafts ladies and the watchful supervision of Mrs. Harris herself. Here, too, the élite themselves were now gathering, for the proprietress herself had seized

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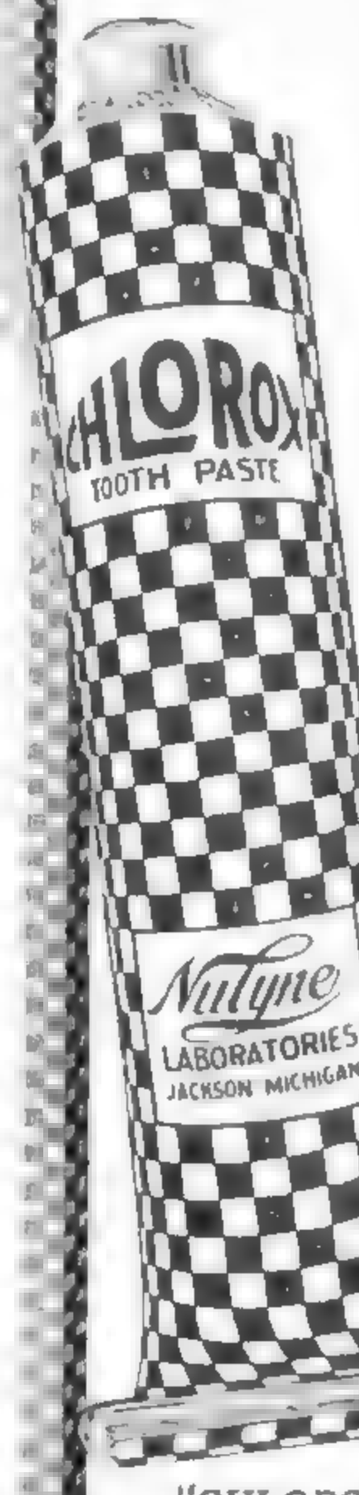

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an opportunity. An abundance of easy-chairs at one end and others thoughtfully scattered about, tables on which tea could be served when they were not covered with patterns, these and the central location had made the back room a most convenient gathering place for the women of the town when any subject whatever was in the stages of preliminary discussion. The things that happened here marked the significant change which the advent of woman into public life had wrought. Time was when the politics of Tonopah was done exlusively in the back rooms of saloons. Now it was done quite largely in the back rooms of millinery and dressmaker shops.

Open-mouthed, Mrs. Prendegast sat listening for a long time, realizing that she had been missing a great deal; that while she had tramped docilely to and fro upon the desert many things had been happening in the life of woman which had not happened in hers; and as she hearkened she was resolving that time lost should be made up.

It was the proposal of ward leader Mrs. Richardson that the indorsement of any candidate for President by the women of Tonopah should be qualified by the provision that he accept a woman as his running mate that definitely started things.

"Does it comport with the dignity of woman's sex for one of them to consent to occupy the innocuous position of vice president?" queried Miss Bledsoe, and the debate was on—about the precedence of the sexes—a debate in which every phase of woman's relation to every phase of every problem of the states in general appeared to be touched upon. Miranda Prendegast listened dumbly to bewildering gusts of words about the dignity of the potential mother, the perquisites of wifehood, the limitation of the rights of the unmarried and so on and on until at length the approach of five o'clock rendered it necessary for certain silver-tongued orators of the back room to cease orating and put in appearance at their respective homes for domestic duty of one sort or another and brought the meeting to an end—but not before the main question had been put and carried unanimously.

Thereafter Miranda, loitering in the shop on the way to the street, stopped enthralled before a latest creation of the milliner's art, a creation as foreign to the scenic ensemble presented by Mrs. Nathan Prendegast herself as a rainbow is foreign to the black puff of exploding shrapnel, but a thing at sight of which the woman clasped her hands unconsciously and gazed with adoration in her eye. To be more explicit, this object was a hat—a pale-blue chiffon affair with the airy lightness of a butterfly's wing, as delicate as an orchid and as serviceable for desert headgear as a wreath of mist.

"How much, Mis' Harris?" she demanded eagerly.

"Forty dollars," smiled the proprietress without hope.

"Forty dollars!" echoed Mrs. Prendegast with a long-drawn sigh of rapture, and her eyes concentrated upon the object of their admiration.

Forty dollars was a sum which Nathan would have deemed entirely sufficient to clothe his wife for two years; but Miranda must have thrust her hand deep into that old tomato can, and the speeches in the back room had stiffened the backbone of her purpose.

"I'll take it!" she cackled delightedly. And, first fondly trying it on before the mirror and going into further ecstasies while faces smiled and winked and grew sympathetic behind her, she paid for it and took it away in a beautiful round white box.

But not yet were the lungs of Miranda filled full with the choice breath of freedom. There were other joys that might be partaken of; and leaving Mrs. Harris she moved down the block to thrust her thin legs over a stool at the Red Star Drug Store and absorb with slow epicurean sippings a chocolate ice-cream soda. Being long and innately dry and having a long dry evening stroll before her, she ordered another and sipped that also. Then she purchased some candies, elaborately conceived boxes of the choicest and most colorful assortments. All of four dollars Miranda spent for sweets, and great as was the luxury of the confections, greater still was the luxury of expending money without the overlooking covetous eye of her husband. Next she paused before the palette-hued array of magazines spread upon the news stand.

"I got to read up," she announced to the soda clerk, and selected rather carefully half a dozen different issues, the standard of her choice being whether she liked the general color tone of the outside or whether the heads that adorned them or the manner in which those heads wore their hair appealed to her sense of beauty.

"Sophie would have wore her hair thataway," she decided musingly over one, forgetting that Sophie would have been but eleven years old now, and for a moment a sweet and tender memory softened the toil-hardened features of Mrs. Prendegast.

Having made thereafter certain other investments of the community funds and being slowed up in her homeward march by her bundles and her reveries, it was almost dark when Miranda made her way up the little gulch to the site of the Rat Tail mine. Dropping her purchases in the doorway of the cabin she moved on straight to where the windlass stuck up like a grim gray gallows in the dusk.

"Nate!" she called out short and sharp. "Women can vote!"

A hoarse bellow accompanied by the hasty scrapings of hobnails on rock rose from the dark shaft.

"Women can vote, I say! I voted this afternoon!"

"You'll vote in heaven next if you don't let down that bucket!" roared Nate.

"Onregenerate yet," commented Miranda dryly.

"You let down that bucket!" her husband threatened.

"Ain't a-going tuh!" replied his wife, and unresponsive to his further bellowings walked back to the cabin, where she put some steak to frying. After a hearty meal and a dessert of assorted chocolates, both of which she much enjoyed, Miranda cleared the table and sat down to read up on the themes of the day. But the reading habit, once lost or never acquired, is not readily developed. In consequence, Miranda looked first and long at the moving-picture queens and then let her eyes browse over the illustrations for the stories, reading the legends beneath each. At length one of these ensnared her into the beginning of a story. She read at first laboriously and then absorbedly, with an eager smile, with frowns of apprehension, at least once with welling tears, and finally concluding with a hysterical laugh.

"And so she got him, after all," exulted Miranda. "La! I never knew that life was anything like this." And she went to sleep with magazines upon the pillow beside her and the lamp close at hand.

"If I wake up in the night, instead of counting sheep I'll take another spell of readin'," she explained to herself.

About noon the next day a canteen of water came down to Nate on the end of a string, and a few seconds later a loaf of bread was unceremoniously dropped in upon his head.

"'Randy! 'Randy!" he pleaded. The lion in him had stopped roaring. The lamb that is in every man had begun to bleat.

"Getting meller," noted Miranda, and strode off unrelenting to the house again.

"Stories? These is the finest stories I ever read. I wonder now could I be the hero in a story?"

Miranda went and looked at herself in the glass, studied her plain features and her straight stringy hair.

"They say Mis' Harris' girl gives a perpetual wave for twenty dollars and it lasts six months," she reflected. "All the girls in these stories have wavy hair, whether bought or born I dunno, and what ain't born's got to be bought's the way I figure. Adventure never did come to me in them yesteryears when I was young and pretty," she sighed. "Just Nate Prendegast come to me then. Maybe it will come when I'm—mature, as you might say."

It was toward the middle of the afternoon of the third twenty-four hours of Nate's incarceration that another of Miranda's reveries was interrupted by the sharp scrambling of a horse's feet in the rocky gulch.

"Constable Jack Rivers, I make out," decided Miranda, standing in her cabin door and shading her eyes with her hand.

"Nate about?" inquired Constable Jack when he had concluded the necessary salutations, which embraced a motion toward the flap of his old black hat.

"Ain't seen him for a coupla days," declared Miranda with entire truthfulness, and remarked about the weather.

"Off on a little trip, hey?" suggested Jack, noticing shrewdly that the miner's wife was not volunteering much information on the subject of his inquiry.

"As you might say—yes," responded Miranda, thereby making the noncommittal character of her replies the more apparent, but the courtesy of the desert grants large concessions to reticence, whether due to a natural reserve or enforced by circumstances and the instinct of self-preservation. The constable merely shifted his weight upon the horse and stared about him in a long, slow, scrutinizing survey that certainly took in and noted carefully every detail about the cabin and the gallows frame at the shaft above, and then inquired casually: "When you lookin' for Nate home, Mis' Prendegast?"

Mrs. Prendegast, with dissimulation in her method and rank deception in her intent, squinted an eye at the sun, now hanging halfway down the western sky, then turned and looked out across the desert in the general direction of Goldfield and seemed to make a careful estimate of the probabilities.

"If Nate's getting along the way I think he is," she replied, choosing her words carefully, "why, he ought to be showing up here round about seven to-night. Say you come back at eight, Mr. Rivers. He'll be rested and fed up by that time that is, if you want to see him partickler to-night."

"Partickler to-night," admitted Jack, and turned his horse.

"I wasn't a-going to give it away on Nate, what I been doing to him," soliloquized Miranda, and turned again to her reading.

"It might-a been him, all right," reported the constable to the sheriff with his posse waiting in the automobile at the bottom of the gulch.

"At that I never thought Nate was a murderer," grumbled Sheriff Abe Morgan, carrying his rifle in the hollow of his arm.

"What do you call it—drillin' Charlie right behind the ear thataway?" inquired Constable Jack.

"Bad blood was between 'em, I reckon," admitted the sheriff.

"Sure!" argued Constable Rivers. "Nate always did claim the top of that mountain was his'n, and Charlie never would lay off prospectin' it. Besides, a left-hand man did the shooting. The powder marks and position of the body show that. On top of that now comes Nate's woman along and busts any alibi he might try to dig up by saying he's been away for two days—just long enough to get the dirty job done, lead everybody off the trail and then come innocently back and ——"

The sheriff straightened up in his car with an air of having been finally convinced.

"She's looking for him from over Goldfield way," explained Constable Jack.

The sheriff climbed out of the car and motioned to his posse to follow him.

"Everybody spread out," he commanded, "and we'll be sure to pick him up. He's liable to break back in here over either one of the short trails."

At along toward sundown that evening Miranda went out and rattled the windlass.

"Nate!" she called tenderly, and that sore-bodied, despondent person, noticing the softening tone, took instant heart, and having learned something of experience in these sixty hours past responded as nearly as possible in keeping.

"That you, 'Randy?" he demanded plaintively.

"Yes, Nate," was answered in pacific tones, "and I come to tell you you been punished enough for what you done to my sect. But you got to 'pologize and you got to promise that you won't do so no more; and then you got to admit that this is woman's age and that you and me is not partners in name only. I'm equal with you. I got my right to come and go just like you, and you don't order me round no more—understand? And I got my right to spend our money for things I want just like you got a right to spend it for things you want. Get that?"

"I just as well be at the bottom of a mine and done with it," groaned Nate through gritted teeth.

"That's where you are, Nate," reminded Miranda tartly, and disappointed but unrelenting she started toward the house again. But before her arrival there two men appeared, mounting from the shadows of the gulch. One was Sheriff Abe Morgan, riding Jack's horse while the constable trudged beside, claiming the assistance of a hold upon the stirrup leather.

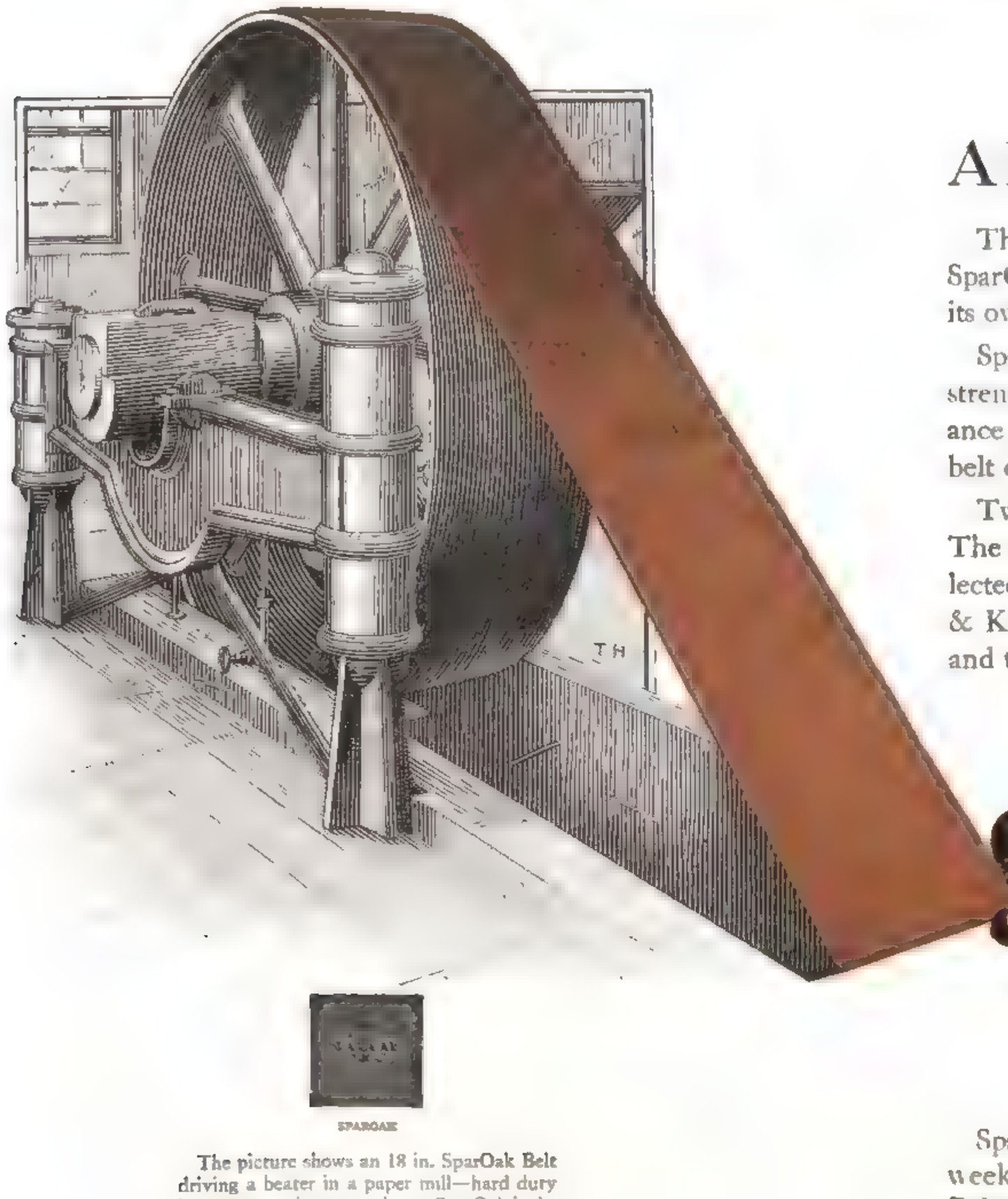
"Sheriff Morgan! Landy! What you doin' up here?" inquired Mrs. Prendegast in some consternation, a vague fear getting up in her mind that news of the confinement of Nate had somehow got abroad and the law was descending upon her for practicing duress upon a husband.

"Howdy, Mrs. Prendegast?" replied the sheriff "Has Nate come home yet?"

"Looky here!" demanded the lady, apprehensive now in another direction. "What are constables and sheriffs getting so almighty anxious

(Concluded on Page 80)

"You Can Put on Ma, Nate Prendegast, But You Can't Insult My Sect!" She Declared Firmly



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(Concluded from Page 78)

about my husband for? You want him for something?"

And all the ingrained loyalty in the heart of Miranda flared forth as she faced the sheriff and the constables like a lioness prepared to battle for her cubs.

"He ain't done it, whatever it is. What you want him for? Say!"

"For the murder of Shortneck Charlie," announced the sheriff bluntly.

"Shortneck?" Mrs. Prendegast emitted a long heavily aspirated gasp. "Is that old devil murdered?"

"Drilled behind the ear!"

"What a blessin'!" conceded Mrs. Prendegast fervently. The two officers of the law exchanged significant glances.

"He sure did make Nate a heap of trouble, didn't he?" suggested the constable artfully.

"I can't remember in ten years," reflected Miranda with conviction, "that Nate ever filed on a likely prospect that this old short-necked cuss didn't show up with one of them pesterin' overlappin' claims of his. Shortneck was a regular hedevil. Nate's bought him off twice and kicked him off twice—and this time he was sure drove to desperation."

"You're talking pretty free, Mrs. Prendegast," reproved the sheriff, "when they are saying your husband killed old Charlie. The circumstances are strong, I'll tell you that."

"Circumstances?" inquired Miranda excitedly. "When was old Charlie killed?"

"He was last seen alive day before yesterday morning. He was found dead today about noon."

Miranda laughed triumphantly.

"Nate's got an alibi that's unbustable," she retorted.

"You said you hadn't seen him in two days," reminded the constable accusingly.

Again Miranda chuckled.

"That was just because I didn't bother to look down the new shaft, Mr. Rivers," she explained. "Fact of the matter is, gentlemen—it's a thing people don't like to advertise, naturally—but Nate has been holed up in the new shaft for the better part of three days, takin' a little taste of medicine that I prescribed for him, account of the way he's been goin' about certain things between us for a right smart spell now. Done it neat enough by just pulling the bucket up and not letting it down again."

"You expect me to believe that?" frowned the sheriff.

Miranda hesitated. She had here a complication of duties confronting her. Her husband must be protected against a murder charge, even though the tableau of domestic conflict were unmasked before an alien and unfeeling eye. That was one consideration. But there was another—the substance at issue between herself and Nate. Her disciplinary measures must pursue their necessary course, nor must she be robbed of the fruits of victory estimated to be depending now toward her side.

"I don't expect you to believe nothing but your own eyes and ears, sheriff," conceded Miranda. "But as recognizing what is due a woman and a voter who has been drove to desperate measures, I ask you all not to interfere but to camouflage yourselves here behind the dump and await the perceedings, no matter how long they take."

While Miranda was making this speech she was by means of a beckoning hand leading the sheriff—who had dismounted from the horse and flung the bridle over the animal's head—and the constable up toward the gallows frame. The sun had set and in the clear lingering afterglow was an admirable light for the staging of this dramatic demonstration of the alibi of Nathan Prendegast of and as concerns the murder of one Shortneck Charlie.

"How long you been there now, Nate, do you figure?" inquired Miranda, who had taken up her station at the shaft entrance.

The roar of the man broke out below.

"I been here three days, blast you, and you know it!"

Miranda turned upon the sheriff with the air of having won her case already, whereupon the sheriff and the constable turned upon each other.

"Sounds like a frame," whispered one.

"Pretty cute at that," remarked the other. "The woman thought of it. Old Nate wouldn't."

"I'll get out of here, darn me," a voice bawled up the shaft, "if I have to blow myself out!"

Imperiously Miranda enjoined silence upon her audience with a gesture and motioned them further back, while to the man down the shaft she called sweetly:

"That's a good idea, Nate. That's about the only way you'll get out without speaking them mystic words of 'pology."

"All right, darn me, I will!" screamed the voice of one who in a perfect frenzy of rage accepts a challenge to the impossible.

Miranda noted with satisfaction that her audience of two had ceased to confer with each other or to question by their glance, but sat down upon the dump in attitudes of waiting, as if some note of verisimilitude in this strange rehearsal had struck them into respectful silence. Nate meanwhile was busy below as the sound of much scrambling and rattling of tools indicated, the fulminations of his rage rising concurrently in geyserlike jets of objurgation that—it must be confessed—were highly entertaining to a sheriff and a constable. It was a fact, too, that the sullen miner was loading the hole with powder, a hole which in sheer relief from boredom he had driven deeper than usual, and then he was measuring off fuse and now he was tamping in the load.

"Hole's ready to shoot!" he screeched upward at length.

"Touch her off!" replied the voice of Miranda coolly, the voice in which a person of determination and self-control bravely calls the bluff of a braggart and a boaster. And that coolness in the voice, on top of all the surprising indignity and monstrous mistreatment which Nate had suffered in these three days, was the final element required to make his fury insane. There was an interval of trenchant silence below and then the snap of a match.

"I done it! I done it!" one Nathan Prendegast shrieked. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" He had loosed the wild, echoing, derisive laughter of the villain in the melodrama when he has successfully defied the hero.

"What do you know about that?" muttered Constable Jack Rivers.

"I don't know anything about it at all," murmured Sheriff Abe Morgan. "I never heard of such goings on in Esmeralda County."

"'Bout time for us to interfere," suggested Jack.

"Interfere? With that she-vengeance? Not me!" and Sheriff Abe shrugged a conservative shoulder. "Besides, I'm a bachelor man myself and my sympathy is naturally with the ladies—especially since they vote. Nate must-a had something perfectly awful coming to him."

"He's getting it," whispered Constable Jack, awed by the adamantine firmness of woman as portrayed in yonder unrelenting figure.

"I lighted it, I say!" megaphoned the sullen spirit of the depths with a sudden accession of ghostly gravity as if someone down there might have tardily realized the possible consequences of such recklessness.

Miranda bent her head over the shaft and peered down into the gloom. A tiny spark glowed there.

"You can't fool me," she remarked incredulously, "just lighting the end of a piece of fuse."

This was the art of Tantalus raised to the nth power. Nate was stunned. He had lighted it and she would not believe him.

"Smell it!" he commanded.

Miranda leaned over and sampled the atmosphere experimentally with her nostrils. After a considerable time she identified the rising odor.

"I smell fuse a-burning," she conceded. "You can burn up all the fuse you got down there if you want to, but it's cheaper to 'pologize."

"'Pologize! Myra, great God! You don't understand! I'll be blown plumb up to heaven if you don't let down that bucket.

"When you 'pologize, Nate, and promise me 'at you won't do so no more; won't hector nor fuss me, but'll treat me nice and considerate like you used to when we was courting, and give me some money to buy what I want with it—hats and silk stockings and knick-knacks—why, then I'll let you out."

For a time there were only inarticulate groanings below. Nate was trying to think. His situation was growing critical, but his was a stubborn nature. Surrender was not easy.

"But don't you get me, 'Randy?" he inquired, trying to induce a sweet reasonableness into his frayed and semihysterical tones. "The fuse is lighted and burning halfway down to the powder now."

"You ain't fool enough," remarked Miranda dryly.

"I am!" persisted Nate. "I'm desperate, 'Randy! I'm fool enough for anything to get me out of this hole! I'm crazy, I admit, and that's why I done it! Myra, for God's sake let down the bucket!"

"'Pologize and you'll see the bucket soon enough!"

"'Randy! 'Randy! Don't you believe me?" he wheedled plaintively.

"No, no! 'Course I don't believe you. Think I'm a fool?"

"She—she won't believe me!" gulped Nate despairingly to himself. To her he urged, attempting sweet reasonableness again: "That fuse can't be a foot long by now."

"Better take the tampin's out and spit on it, Nate, onless you're gettin' ready to 'pologize."

Such hardened cyniciam was crushing. It plunged the iron of sickening fear deep into Nate's heart and this manifested itself in his voice.

"Woman! Oh, woman!" he panted, panic-stricken, and this note of genuine fear did not fail to communicate itself to Miranda. It made her marvel, but firmness did not depart. What was he afraid of, she wondered; but she commanded sternly:

"'Pologize!"

"'Randy!" pleaded Nate. "Randy!" And the note of physical terror accentuated itself to the point where not even she could resist. Sheriff and constable looked at each other; and then, looking at the woman, they saw the implacable resolution upon her features begin to soften, and she looked to see that the bucket was properly attached to the rope. Miranda was beginning to realize that Nate might have been crazy enough, insane enough, to have put in a shot and lighted it; but she was unwilling to surrender, yet unable to speak again lest he detect signs of weakness and yielding in her voice.

"My-randy! My-randy!" he sobbed. Nate had not called her Miranda in five years before that she could recall; but it was the abject terror in the tones that melted her.

"'Randy, for God's sake! The bucket!"

She was leaning upon the crank weakly, knowing that her woman's heart had surrendered, when with the roar of a thunderclap beneath her feet and the whish of rushing air a black cloud shot out of the shaft, accompanied by a volcanic burst of flying rocks that made the old gallows frame shake and mutter. With an exclamation of remorse and alarm, Miranda swayed, staggered, and finally sank under the shower of stone shrapnel that came raining down upon her. For a few seconds she lay quite still beside the windlass, entirely oblivious of the concerns of life, and then slowly her mind reëstablished relationships with the present existence, connecting with one area of ideas after another until with a start she recalled just what had happened.

"Nate! Oh, Nate!" she screamed. "Are you dead?"

A groan, dismal and painful echoed from below, shooting pangs of remorse through the bosom of the conscience-stricken Miranda, but also giving her thrills of delight. Nate was not dead! Frantically the sheriff and the constable were swinging the bucket into place and lowering it in the shaft to the bottom.

"Nate! Oh, Nate!" Miranda cried. "You got strength to get into it?"

A sound like the dropping of a bag of rocks into a wooden horse trough, accompanied by a heavy groan, was the only answer from below.

"Haul up keerful, for the Father's sake!" commanded the tearful Miranda, and when the bucket cleared the surface she pushed the sustaining plank beneath it.

"Nate!" she called. "Nate!" And impatient of assistance she tipped the bucket over, rolled her husband out upon the rocky surface and began to wipe away the blood that oozed from a cut on the top of the head down into a dirty face with four days' growth of beard upon it.

"Darlin'! Are you alive?" she inquired solicitously, and lifted that distracted stubborn head into her lap.

The cracked and hairy lips framed themselves for utterance, but at first gave forth no sound. Then the chest heaved slowly and painfully, and this time the effort at speech was successful.

"'Pologize!" the lips labored forth. "'Randy, I 'pologize." And the utterance was followed by a long grateful sigh as if joy had come in with the consciousness that the long struggle between two wills was at an end.

"'Pologize!" exclaimed Miranda as if trying to recall something long past. "You don't need to do no such thing!"

"Do, too, need to 'pologize!" declared Nate through clenched teeth. "I been doing an awful lot of thinking while I was coming up in the bucket—an awful lot. I must-a been fierce, 'Randy, to make you hard-hearted to me like you been to-night. I must-a been wrong, turrible wrong! I'm goin' to treat you white from this on, Mirandy, see if I don't. Come here, Mirandy." Prendegast's good arm went up and gathered his wife's lean neck into the hollow of it.

"Kiss me, 'Randy!" he panted, and drawing her down to him pressed his lips to hers.

The constable and the sheriff, who had stepped back with instinctive delicacy to a place and an angle which kept Nathan Prendegast still unaware of their presence, saw a change come over the face of Miranda who was crooning over the head in her lap as if it had been a baby. Wrinkles smoothed out, withered beauties returned. She looked ten years younger and two heavens happier. A delicate rose color appeared upon her cheeks, a color that was almost like the blush which comes to a sixteen-year-old girl at the first warm words of impetuous love.

The two officials removed themselves still farther into the background, but still gazed solicitously at the form of the wounded miner.

"Want 'Randy to go into the house, Nate, and warm you a can of beans and fry you some thick slices of bacon?" said a crooning voice.

"I sure would love it, hu—honey! H'ist me up and let's see can I walk.

"I can," Nate announced with satisfaction after a moment. "It was that deep shot that saved me; and then I oozed my old carcass into a corner and ain't hurt except by what come back down on me."

"He's not hurt, I don't believe!" exclaimed Constable Jack excitedly. "Ain't that a meracle?"

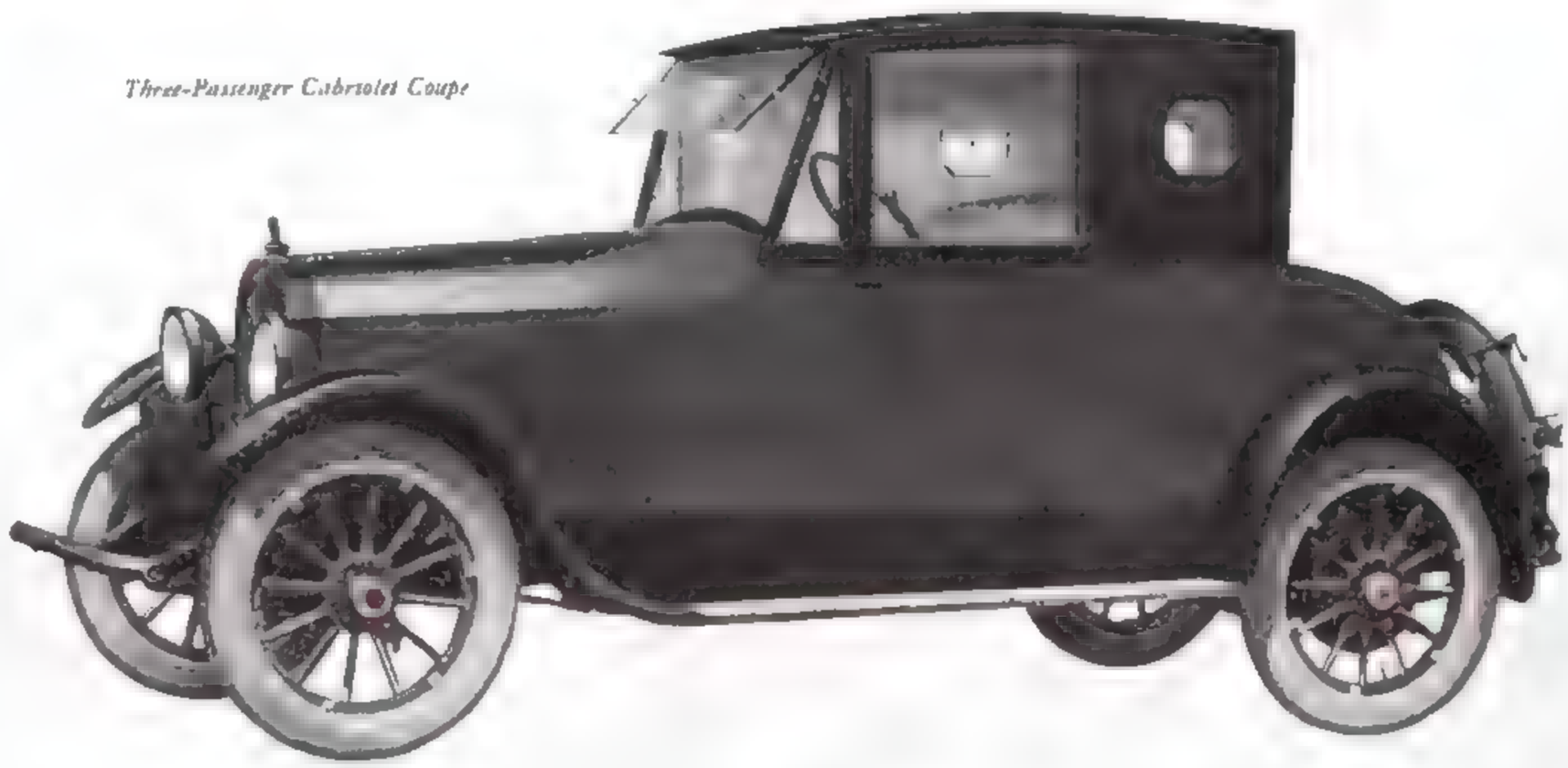
"He's not, for a fact," agreed the sheriff; "and his alibi's perfectly good, so far as I'm concerned. Let's beat it before he sees us. Four people would be an awful crowd round here for the next half hour."

While Miranda was still pawing over Nate and getting him ready to undertake the walk to the cabin the sheriff and the constable recovered their horse and made an unnoticed exit from the scene.

After tender lavings from loving hands Nate, fairly presentable except for the stubble of beard, sat up to the table. When he had finished the beans and the bacon Miranda gave him a wonderful dessert of assorted chocolates and bonbons, which he ate with passionate relish while his wife piled the magazines round him and then donned the new creation she had bought at Mrs. Harris' novelty shop and posed before him with childish—nay, with truly feminine vanity.

Nate did not ask what money had purchased these things. He knew.

"Hain't that lovely now?" he declared with an expression of pained ecstasy forced upon his battered face as he viewed the gauze confection upon Miranda's head. "Hain't it!"



Three-Passenger Cabriolet Coupe

THE LIGHTER SIX
Type B-48. 118-inch Wheelbase
Five-Passenger Touring
Two-Passenger Roadster
Three-Passenger Cabriolet-Coupé
(Sun gle beat)
Five-Passenger Sedan

THE LARGER SIX
Type A-48. 125-inch Wheelbase
Seven-Passenger Touring
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To the many men who from past experience have learned not to expect a great deal from a light car, the "Lighter Six" Westcott is a revelation. It has speed. It has power. It has character and looks and comfort. It goes at the road like a thoroughbred. It climbs the hills—pulls through sand and mud—and maneuvers in traffic—with an ease that is no less than astonishing. At least it has astonished everyone but the long-time Westcott owner, who, of course, has learned what to *expect* of Westcott. Whether your needs in passenger space and your ideas as to price lead you to select a "Lighter Six" or a "Larger Six," you'll find that Westcott really is the car with a longer life and the car with less trouble and more actual performance during every year of that long life.

THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U. S. A.

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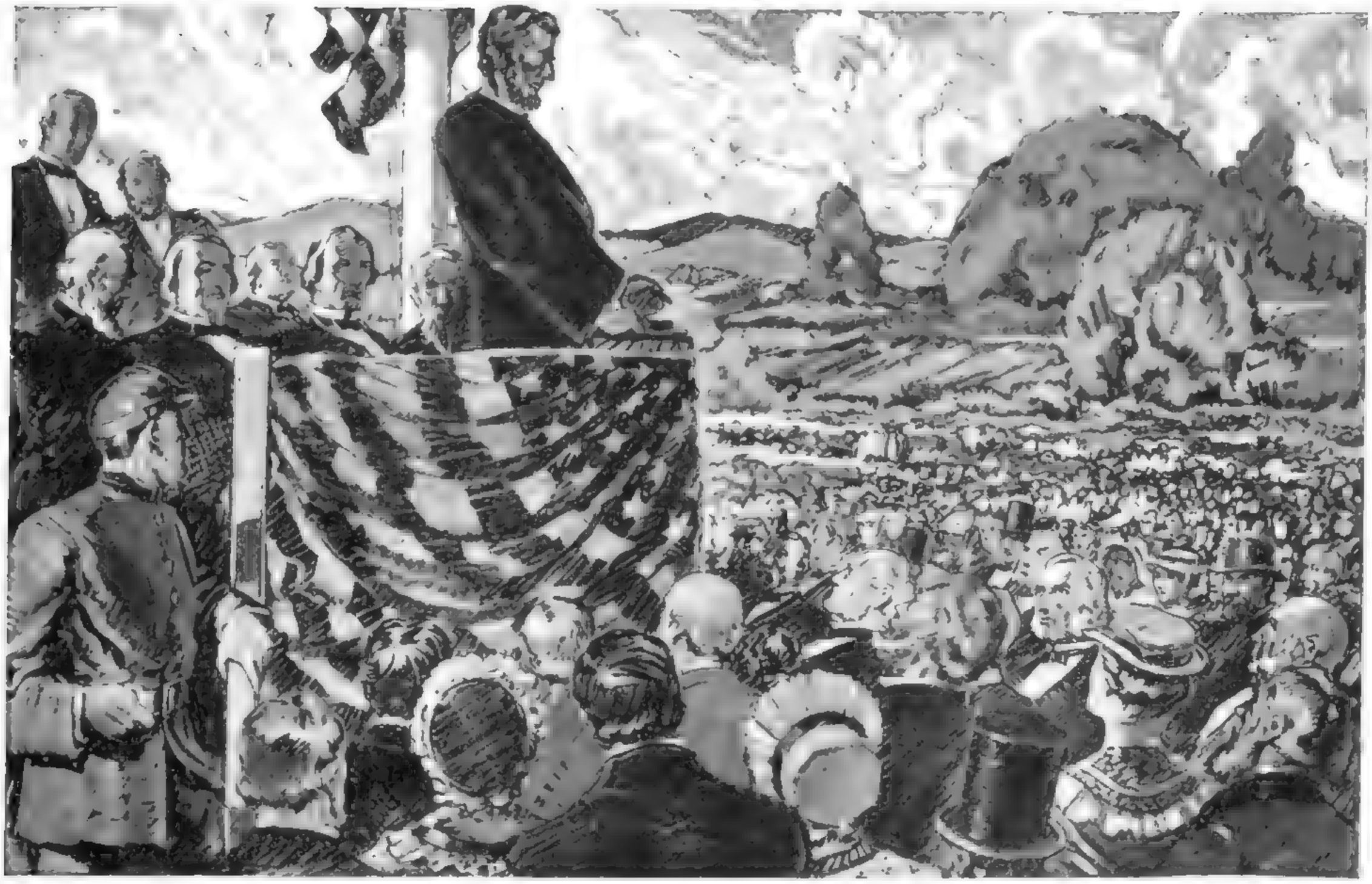

Never can be forgotten those brief sentences

WITH which President Lincoln dedicated the great field of Gettysburg to the nation. In that simple but immortal address can be read the spirit of a people united, indivisible forevermore. In the years which have intervened this spirit of union has been made stronger by vast industries of peace which have lightened labor and spread comfort and prosperity throughout the land. Foremost in the development of concrete, the Lehigh Portland Cement Company, serving the nation with wide-spread mills from coast to coast, looks forward to coming years with the hope of ever increasing service to the nation.

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Mason City, Iowa
Richmond, Va.

LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

The National Cement

LEHIGH CEMENT

HUNKINS

(Continued from Page 25)

Spearle had no opposition.

Under our law nominating petitions for candidates desiring to contest the primaries must be in the office of the Board of Elections by five o'clock on the afternoon of the fourth Tuesday before the date of the primary. Usually there was some jockeying for position on the ballot, but this time Spearle had the advantage, and we thought that Hunkins would not file his petitions until Tuesday.

On the Saturday afternoon previous to that Tuesday Steve Fox and Dowd sent for me to come to our headquarters.

"It's cinched," said Dowd. "Hunkins put in his petitions to-day, and Perkins is the man for mayor."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Steve found it out. He has a friend in the Elections Board. It isn't supposed to be known until Tuesday."

"Will you print it?" I asked Steve.

"You bet I will! There's no seal on the story so far as I am concerned. And I saw the Perkins petition."

"But he isn't required to file until Tuesday afternoon at five o'clock. Perhaps there is a catch in it."

"Not a catch," asserted Steve. "Anyhow, I'm going to print it, and I'll get a talk with Perkins to-night."

"Don't be in too much of a hurry about that," I cautioned. "If you go to Perkins early he may get in touch with Hunkins or something and spoil it."

"How can he spoil it?" asked Steve. "It's all set, I tell you! And, besides, I shan't go to Perkins until late, just before closing time. I'll hold open page for it, and slam it through. Then if Hunkins doesn't like it he can do the other thing. Besides, that will give us a chance to make a play on Monday, and get a good lot of publicity for our petition when it does go in."

"I wonder why Hunkins filed so early?" I asked Dowd. "I can't understand it."

"Neither can I," said Dowd. "It looks as if he were playing into our hands a little, but he isn't: probably he is considering us with the contempt he thinks we deserve. Anyhow it's a sporting chance, and we'll take it."

Steve went to see Perkins at eleven o'clock that night, rousing that prospective candidate from his bed to ask him about his candidacy. Dowd and I waited at the offices until the paper had gone to press, which was at midnight, as the Sunday edition closed earlier than the week-day did. Steve came in grinning.

"Well," he said, "Perkins was glad to see me. He never overlooks a chance to grab a little free space when he can get it. He talked his head off. He's going to be a model mayor and run things on strictly business principles. He spilled a dozen of the usual candidatorial bromides like doing justice though the heavens fall, and so on. However, he will take no hasty steps, and will be guided in all he does, if elected, by the prudent counsel of our leading citizens. He does not feel that a city election should be other than local, and has no comment to make on current national topics, though he has always been a reliable party man. He deplores recent events in the city administration and promises to make a clean sweep of all offenders. It's a talk that sounds well and means nothing in particular. You'd think that he has been running for office all his life.

"He seems to think he's doing a favor to Hunkins instead of the other way round, and he's all jazzed up over the prospect. He says he has been deterred from talking by Mr. Hunkins, who feels that a short, sharp campaign will be best, and is already right over in the mayor's office. He says he will have no difficulty in defeating Spearle, especially since the disclosures about the defalcation in the city treasury, and the connivance therein of city officials, not to mention other evidences of misgovernment by the incumbents of the city offices; and he is highly elated. Apparently Hunkins has said nothing to him about you, for he did not mention your name and I gave him a chance by asking him if he expected any opposition from his own party. He doesn't expect any. Hunkins is to see to that and Hunkins apparently doesn't consider you as opposition; or thinks you were bluffing. I'll bet Perkins is sitting up right now to get a News and read what I say of him."

"What do you say?" I asked.

"Nothing but what I have told you. I have smeared the story all over the first page, with a picture of Perkins and his interview displayed, nailing Hunkins to it, and all that. There is no editorial comment. It's a straight news story, and, believe me, it will start something too!"

"It will," said Dowd; "and the first thing it will start will be an announcement by us, on Monday morning, that Capt. George Talbot will be an independent candidate in the primary, against Perkins, which will be coupled with an interview with Captain Talbot stating his reasons for taking this step and outlining his platform. That interview, if I mistake not, Mr. Fox, is ready at the present moment."

"It is," grinned Steve; "and it's a whale! I know, for I wrote it myself."

The many thousand Sunday subscribers of the News held their various breakfast-table caucuses on Steve's story about Perkins and his candidacy for mayor and went their various ways. There was positively no life at all at the club, where I dropped in at noon to seek comment, save what flickers in Peter McWhirter, who was the sole occupant of the smoking room, huddled in his big chair. Peter hasn't read a newspaper in years, and I drew a blank there. So I drove out to the Country Club after luncheon. The first person I met was Jacob T. Hull, the president of the Third National Bank.

"Good afternoon, George," he greeted me. "I am glad to see you looking so well. Excellent news in the paper this morning. I note our fellow director, Mr. Perkins, is to be the candidate for mayor. A most admirable choice. Mr. Perkins combines in himself high ideals and great business acumen. The Third National must use every effort to assist him—so far as we may legitimately, of course. I trust you approve?"

"Do you think Mr. Perkins a good man to be mayor of this city?" I asked him.

"Oh, how can you ask? None better, positively none better—a most exemplary choice by the organization. Mr. Hunkins is a public-spirited leader."

"That's what you said about Pendergrast a while ago."

"Why, George, surely you misinterpreted my remark. I merely meant in reference to our affairs—the bank's, you know; and with Mr. Perkins as mayor we may be sure of the friendship of Mr. Hunkins also. It's business, you know."

Hull sickened me.

"Excuse me," I said. "I want to see Mr. Mayfield for a moment."

Mayfield had seen the announcement.

"Now then," he asked, "what's next?"

"I am coming out in the morning, denouncing the nomination of Perkins and offering myself as a candidate," I said. "Everything is arranged."

"You are not laying all your cards on the table at once, are you?"

"No, sir; my statements are most general as to facts but rather pointed as to application."

"That's all right. I shall have something to say on Tuesday morning myself. Perhaps the afternoon papers on Monday would be better."

"I think so," I told him. "We can get that publicity while the thing is fresh, and follow it with a broadside on Tuesday."

"Correct," he said. "Now I am going to practice a few putts and think out what I want to say."

The usual crowd of golfers, nineteenth-hole men, sitters, and tired business men seeking Sunday solace was in the big lounge of the club.

"Why, there's the boy politician," shouted Fred Daskin as I came in. "What's all this in the paper this morning about old Perkins' being a candidate for mayor? We surely expected that you would run. Or are you content to be merely an alderman? Fie on you, Georgie, we thought better things of you than that! I had it all planned to go on the soap box for you and make cart-tail orations all over the city. 'Fellow citizens, I come to request your suffrages for that sterling young statesman ——' and that sort of thing. What's the matter? Won't the charming Hunkins let you play in the big game?"

"Doesn't seem so, does it?" I replied, holding my temper; and walked away.

I talked with a number of the men at the club that Sunday. Opinion was divided. I found that men like Mr. Hull thought Perkins a good choice, while the younger business and professional men were dubious. They had heard hints of shady dealings on his part. Mr. Mayfield was quite open in his denunciation when he came back from his putting, and several others coincided with his views. The general opinion among the dissenters was that it didn't seem right, but after going that far nobody even suggested a fight.

"It's politics," they said. "Can't expect anything else from these bosses. Suppose we'll have to stand for it."

"Is it necessary to stand for it?" I asked.

"Well, what in thunder are we going to do? You can't expect us to neglect business for politics, can you?"

"But," I protested, "this time it seems to me politics is your business."

"Oh, let George do it!" said Furbish, who is our biggest contractor.

"Meaning me?" I asked.

"Good heavens, no!" Furbish exclaimed, as if astonished at the suggestion. "The George of the newspaper comic strips, you know."

XXVI

THE first two pages of the News on Monday morning were mainly devoted to myself; my picture, my statement, my history, my motives, my genealogy, my war record, my exposure of Miller and Pendergrast, some of my speeches to the soldiers, my plan of campaign, my ideas on city government—Steve certainly made a splash. And the city rose to it with a whoop. Not so much was publicly known about Talbot, but a good deal about Perkins and Hunkins, and by noon they were talking about me everywhere.

Steve put the salient points of my statement in a heavily bordered box on the first page:

"I believe that this city deserves and may secure a better government than it has had and has now.

"I am opposed to the selection of candidates by bosses and machines, whose interests are political and not municipal.

"I am not in favor of partisan city government, with its evils of perquisites and patronage, but demand a clean efficient nonpartisan government.

"The city's business is the business of every person resident in it, and not the business of the politicians, and must not be continued in the control of the politicians.

"The condition to which our affairs have come is plainly evidenced by the city-treasury scandal, which was political in all its bearings.

"The selection of Ezar T. Perkins as a candidate is a sure indication that Boss Hunkins intends to control the city as Boss Pendergrast has controlled it with Mayor Spearle, if Perkins is elected.

"I declare that Ezra T. Perkins is unfitted to be mayor because of his associations and dealings in the past with the gangs that have looted the city.

"I assert that Ezra T. Perkins had knowledge of the taking of city money for Pendergrast's private enterprise, and in all probability shared in the proceeds.

"I assert that Ezra T. Perkins, in the past fifteen years, through connivance—or worse, it may be—with city officials has used the city machinery to further his private enterprises and increase his personal wealth.

"I assert that he has been all things to all bosses, using whatever party was in power corruptly to advance his own schemes and to the loss of the city.

"I assert that Ezra T. Perkins is unfit to be mayor of this city for these reasons and others that will be made known, and offer myself as a candidate for mayor at the coming primary election to defeat him, pledging myself in advance, if chosen and elected, to conduct the affairs of this city honestly, economically and in a nonpartisan, efficient and businesslike manner, and to have no dealings with party bosses whatsoever.

"If the voters of this city choose Ezra T. Perkins at the coming primary, on the one side, or Mayor Spearle, on the other, there will be no relief, for the election of either means continued control by a corrupt boss.

"As a soldier I ask for the support of my comrades in the Army and of all who saw service in the war."

The editorial in the News was noncommittal. It said it was a cheering sign of the times that young men were taking an interest in politics; called the charges against Perkins astounding and gravely demanded their proof or withdrawal.

The afternoon papers had extras on the streets at ten o'clock, playing up my charges and printing a wild clamor of denial from Perkins, who denounced me as an unmitigated liar and threatened my arrest for criminal libel. There was no statement from Hunkins in the early editions. Editorially the Dispatch removed my pelt and hung it on a fence. It flayed me alive. The Times was calm, judicial, and asked for my proofs. The Socialist Journal rejoiced in the rumpus, said I represented identically the same class that Perkins represented, and moralized over the entire affair as showing that there must be a socialistic government immediately. It closed by calling attention to the fact that Eric Gustafson would be a candidate in the primary, as a socialist, and that his selection would mean a proper government. The headline on the Journal's article was A Plague on Both Your Houses.

Dowd had prepared our petition, quietly securing the required minimum of three hundred names, as designated by our charter, and had it ready for filing. At eight o'clock Monday morning he sent out twenty men, experienced in that work, with blank petitions, instructed to secure as many additional signatures as possible. They were told to go to stores, banks, factories and public meeting places, and to turn in their lists at six o'clock that night in order that there might be proper verification before five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon.

The sensation of the noon editions of the afternoon papers was the statement by Andrew T. Mayfield, which they printed in big black type, inasmuch as Mr. Mayfield wasted no language in preambles, but came straight to the point, like the great business man he is. That statement read:

"I am in complete sympathy with the objects of Capt. George Talbot in his statement of this morning wherein he announces his candidacy for mayor for the express purpose of defeating Ezra T. Perkins, who is to be the candidate of Boss Hunkins in the coming primary. As a citizen and taxpayer of this city I consider a complete overthrow of the boss system imperative for our well-being, good government and prosperity. Our city government should be nonpartisan and not political. Mismanagement, waste, graft—all are concomitants of such city government as ours is, and has been, as our citizens have been made painfully aware many times. I hold that the candidacy of Capt. George Talbot, who is a young man of ability, principle, excellent repute, integrity and high ideals, offers to the people of this city an opportunity to rid themselves of this evil of boss and organization control of their municipal affairs, and I have consented to act as chairman of Captain Talbot's campaign committee. As such I call on all citizens who hold honest government in higher esteem than party politics to join with me in furthering his choice in the primary and in bringing about his election."

That afternoon Mr. Mayfield came down to the Power Building offices, into which we moved in the morning, hung up his hat and coat and said: "Well, I've left my manager in charge, and here I am, enlisted for the duration. Where shall I sit?"

He took a desk in an inside room and in ten minutes was hard at work on his campaign committee lists. Presently Steve Fox came in, in high spirits.

"Oh, boy!" he said. "But that depth charge we dropped on Brother Perkins at noon in the shape of Mr. Mayfield's announcement that he will head your campaign committee created great havoc. The old man ran up to Martin Street to Hunkins so fast you couldn't see him for the dust. Hunkins evidently stiffened him up, for he's making another yell in the five-o'clock editions, defying Mayfield, defying you, defying everybody who doesn't consider him the paragon of paragons, and shouting that he will have you in jail by noon to-morrow, and Mayfield, too, if he gets gay."

"That might not be a bad idea," said Dowd.

"What?" I asked. "Putting me in jail? I can't see it."

"Probably not, but I can. You won't have to stay there, you know. Hunkins may control the judges to some extent, but

(Continued on Page 85)

Ball Bearings

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With increased loads you naturally expect increased power losses, but Ball Bearings in your rear axle assembly enable you to negotiate steep grades with power that closely approximates the maximum of your motor.

A function of the Ball Bearing is always to conserve power by overcoming friction,—a function that refines any mechanism and adds to its efficiency and life.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

BRISTOL, CONN.

(Continued from Page 83)

not enough to make any of them refuse you bail; and then you can come out and be a martyr as well as a crusader."

"Yes, but ——"

"No buts about it. If the little red ball stops at jail in this whirl it's jail for yours—briefly."

"All right," I said. "I'm game. And to make it good we'll come back at Perkins in the morning; but I'll bet it won't happen."

"It might," said Dowd. "You never can tell, and you'll be wise to get yourself a nice shiny martyr's halo. You may need it."

Steve telephoned for the Globe political man, Arthur Brinker; and I gave them an interview in which I reiterated what I said about Perkins in my announcement. I wanted to go further but Dowd and Mayfield would not allow it.

Dad was waiting for me when I got home at midnight. The light of battle was in his eyes.

"What's the news?" he asked.

"Everything is going fine. We're under way already. Fifteen or twenty men and women we want have already consented to serve on the campaign committee, and a few contributions have been sent in; and it is only the first day. Perkins is howling his head off about arresting me for criminal libel, but that doesn't worry us any. Mr. Mayfield is on the job. Have you heard anything?"

"Perkins came to see me this afternoon," said dad.

"He did? What did he want?"

"He expressed astonishment, grief, horror, indignation and shocked surprise that I would allow a son of mine to engage in such a diabolical conspiracy against an old friend, a respected and honored citizen, and a pillar of society and the church. He begged me to order you to get out and promised he would go no farther with his plans to stick you in jail if I did, and all would be forgiven as a boyish prank."

"What did you say?"

"I said: 'Perkins, you have a wrong conception of my relations with my son. There isn't any question of my allowing him to do this. He is a man, thirty years old, and his own master; not a little kid, as you consider him. Furthermore, when it comes to that, if he is such a weakling that I can allow him or not allow him to take this sort of a step I have no respect and no further use for him. It's his own enterprise.'

"Perkins blinked at that, and asked me: 'But surely you do not approve of this, John Talbot, my friend of many years?' I told him: 'Perkins, if you'll excuse me, I'm not your friend—an acquaintance, I admit, but no friend, and I do approve of it. I'm behind my son to the last ditch and the last dollar.'

"He was astonished and grieved and shocked at that, too, and said he expected better things of me. Also he said he would have no mercy on either of us and disgrace us both, to say nothing of making you look like the conceited young ass he says you are in the primary by beating you ten to one. I told him you would lick the socks off him, and that closed the conversation."

"I hope I will," I said, "but it's no fool of a job, for Hunkins has a strong organization."

"All the more reason for you to do it," said dad. "Let me know when I can help."

As I started for my room the telephone rang. It was Steve Fox.

"Say, George," he said, "Hunkins has unbelted. He's given out the first long interview in his history; and it isn't so very long at that."

"What does he say?"

"Ever hear of that pleasing Mongolian custom of skinning a culprit about a square foot at a time? Well, that is approximately what he does to you. I thought I'd tell you. Got to hustle now to get it in the paper."

"What?" I shouted. "Are you going to print it?"

"Sure I'm going to print it."

"But you and the News are friendly to me."

"Just so; and I also am a reporter, and the News is a newspaper. Don't lose your perspective, George. Good night!"

XXVII

THE following morning my curiosity as to what Hunkins had said was entirely satisfied. What he had said was on the first page of the News, with a two-column headline over it:

VEAL OR VICTORY? ASK HUNKINS!

There was more to the headline, but that was enough for me and I read the interview, standing in my pyjamas, with a temperature ranging from boiling to the point of complete evaporation.

"It has been the hope of the organization of which I am a part," he said, "that the coming primary might be contested without personalities, decently, and with due respect to the issues and policies involved. That hope has been dissipated by the impudent, unwarranted and absurd injection of himself into the contest by Capt. George Talbot, now a political beneficiary and officeholder by grace of the organization which he so violently and untruthfully assails.

"It so happened that the organization some months ago selected this young man to fill a vacancy in the Board of Aldermen caused by the death of Alderman Porter, elected him, and gave him that minor distinction. Also, in the course of events, he was allowed to make certain revelations on the floor of the aldermanic chamber, which revelations disclosed a fraud and scandal in the present city administration, and made him a figure in the newspapers for a few days. Neither of these episodes was of Captain Talbot's initiative, nor came from any merit, high civic virtue, investigations, knowledge or strength on his part. He was merely the adaptable instrument of the organization—the messenger boy, so to speak.

"A long practice has taught me that in no pursuit of man is ingratitude to be encountered so frequently as in politics, but Captain Talbot's assumption at this time transcends any of my former experiences of that phase of human nature. Also, it has been my lot in my connection with the politics of this city to watch the development and decay of conceit, swell-headedness, egoism, in various empty or soon-emptied seekers for office, but until this time I have not observed such delusions of grandeur based on so insubstantial a foundation.

"I ask the voters to consider this candidacy before laughing it into the oblivion to which they will laugh it. This young man sets himself up as a fit person to be mayor of this great city, and inquiry into his real qualifications will show that he is a capable dancing man and has somewhat of an army experience. That is all. Moreover, in setting himself forth he asperses the character of one of our greatest and most progressive business men, Mr. Ezra T. Perkins, and seeks to elevate himself to office by calumny of a man wise and experienced in municipal affairs, honored and respected by his fellow citizens, and sterling in character and reputation.

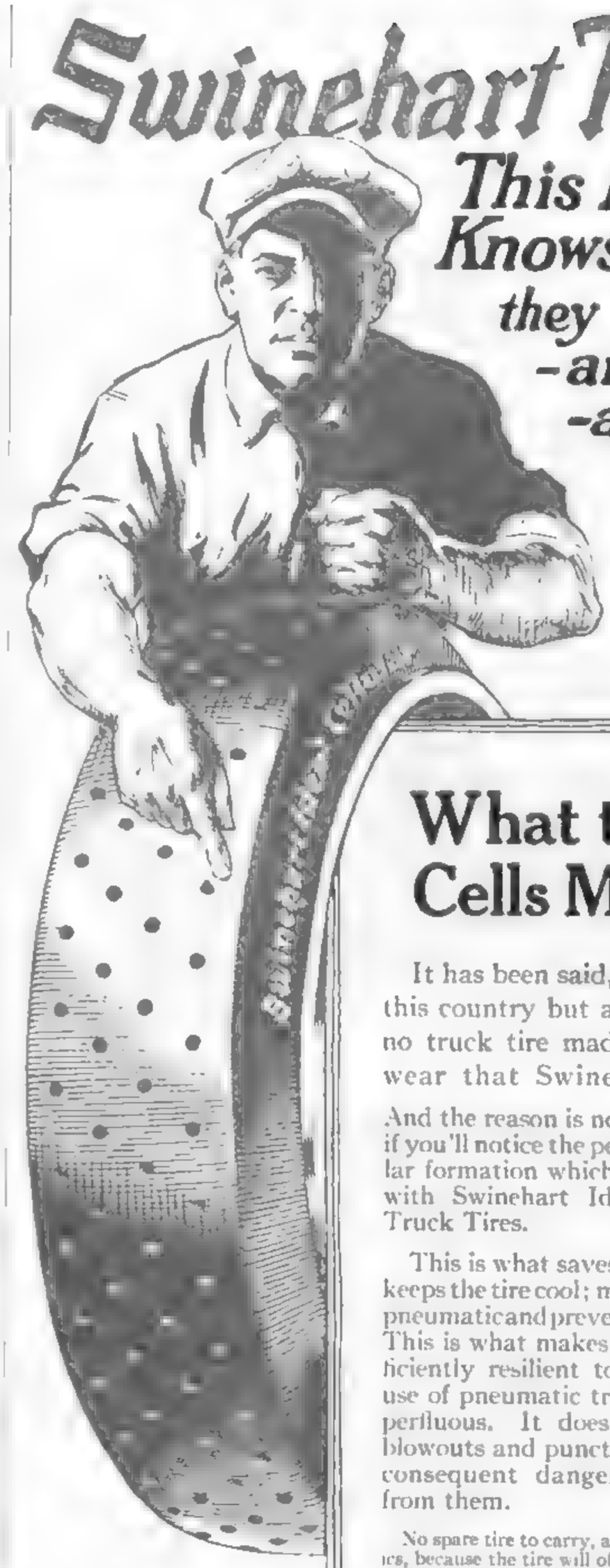
"I regret that the little public prominence to which I perhaps was a party, has so swollen this young man in his own esteem that he has taken this foolish step. In time, it may be, he might develop into a useful, average, plodding alderman—no more. His assumption of capabilities that fit him to govern this city is more than absurd. It is pitiable. It is a public exhibition of a vealy vanity that not only must be mournful to his friends but is calculated to make all others of the judicious grieve.

"I trust, for his own sake and for the sake of his honored and respected family name, this young man will reconsider his action, withdraw his nominating petition, and merge himself again into the social activities to which he has for the greater part of his life devoted himself so assiduously, where he shines, no doubt, but which are no part of the education that fits for the important office of mayor. His friends should advise him thus. His inordinate self-esteem and empty vanity should not be allowed to make him a laughingstock of the voters of this city. It will be real charity for them to dissuade him.

"Otherwise I have no hesitation in saying that the voters of this city will not be deceived by the self-exalted protestations of this coxcomb in politics, either in believing his slanders of the regular candidate of our organization, Mr. Ezra T. Perkins, or in according to his overweening vanity and conceit any recognition save that of derisive laughter. They will not exchange political victory for political veal. Nor have I the least fear that the brave men who went to war from this city will be deluded into support of him merely because he wore a uniform. They will demand a greater certificate of merit than his frantic claim of comradeship with them.

"In conclusion, if Captain Talbot continues in the race he need have no expectation that our organization will take legal action against him for his slanders of our candidate until after he has been eliminated

Swinehart Tires



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It has been said, not only in this country but abroad, that no truck tire made gives the wear that Swinehart does.

And the reason is not far to seek if you'll notice the peculiar Cellular formation which is exclusive with Swinehart Ideal Cellular Truck Tires.

This is what saves the rubber; keeps the tire cool; makes it semi-pneumatic and prevents skidding. This is what makes the tire sufficiently resilient to render the use of pneumatic truck tires superfluous. It does away with blowouts and punctures and the consequent dangers resulting from them.

No spare tire to carry, as with pneumatics, because the tire will often outwear the truck. And remember, this cellular construction is a patented feature—it will be found only in Swinehart Truck Tires.

These are reasons why Swinehart truck tires *wear and wear*—and *wear. The tire without a single Government rejection—not one.*

Swinehart Pneumatic Tires

Swinehart Pneumatic Tires are made in both Cord and Fabric—both give more guaranteed miles for your money than you would ever expect or even have a right to expect. Let your next tires be Swinehart—or see that your new truck or car is equipped with them.

Dealers to serve you, everywhere

Swinehart Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

DEALERS:

There may be an opening for a dealer in your territory. Better inquire today.

MALLORY

Why get along with just one Hat?

That's a riddle to ask a man.

He'll have three suits, at least two pairs of shoes, half a dozen ties—but only one hat.

He knows it's poor economy to wear the same clothes every day. They'll look badly and soon wear out.

Yet some men make one lone hat do for every day (and Sunday, too) from September 15th until it's time for a straw.

* * *

Have at least two good hats this Fall. Change them just as you change your suits—and notice how much better they look, how much longer they last.

Buy a soft hat to go with each of your suits—nothing is so well-groomed. And you certainly shouldn't be without a smart new derby—new model.

Give thought to your hat. Remember, while *you* may not see it often (because it's out of sight when it's on your head) it is really the most conspicuous article of your dress.

Take the trouble to buy a *good* one. Mallory Dealers are showing new Fall Styles that have the famous Mallory Guarantee of Quality behind them. Try on a few before you buy elsewhere. There are no better made.

Mallory Hats are sold everywhere, at $5, $6, and up.
Mallory Mello-Ease (extreme light weight), $7 and $8.
Mallory Velours at $12 and up.

THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY, INC.
234 Fifth Avenue, New York Factory at Danbury, Conn.

Look for the Mallory Trade-Mark in Your New Fall Hat

Mallory Hats

"Cravenette" Finish gives added protection against weather and is found only on Mallory Hats.

from politics for all time at the primary. His palpable and amateurish attempt to make a martyr of himself will fail. After the primary, steps will be taken leading to his adequate punishment, both as a lesson to him and as a warning to others who may be tempted to translate a passing publicity of newspaper mention into terms of a real, worthy and deserved position. If he unwisely continues in the race our organization will pay no further attention to him except to utilize him as a sure incentive for laughter when in need of diversion—except to consider him as the sad joke that he is."

I had little appetite for breakfast. My experience in politics had not been sufficient until that time to enable me to take attacks like that with equanimity. My first impulse was to rush over to Martin Street and punch Hunkins in the jaw. I've learned since that always the first impulse of those unaccustomed to the amenities of political publicity and warfare is to retaliate by physical violence. I soon dismissed that idea from my mind. Really, after I had calmed down and thought a little, I couldn't blame Hunkins much. He must defend himself and his candidate; but I did resolve to go to the last gasp, to the last pulse beat to win. Hunkins stirred that up in me, if it needed stirring.

Dowd was at headquarters when I arrived.

"Great stuff by Hunkins this morning, isn't it?" he asked.

"Depends on how you look at it," I replied.

"Well, how do you look at it?"

"As a well-phrased, bitter, stinging personal attack."

"Is that all? Man alive, it's great stuff for us, I tell you. Don't you get the point of it from our view?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Why, look here!" exclaimed Dowd, waving the paper in front of my face. "Look at this headline! Look at almost every line in it. Youth—youth—youth! Dammit it, man, can't you see that he has overplayed his hand? He's trying to make youth an absurdity, a bar to office—he's crying down youth. He's made the mistake that most middle-aged men do, especially successful middle-aged men, of holding any age but their own in contempt, of deriding youth for lack of experience and of laughing at age for ineffectiveness. He's stuck up there so long with his Horace and his other musty truck of bygone ages that he's forgotten he ever was young himself. He's solidified the young men of this city for us, and the young women. And we'll get our share of the middle-aged too. Oh, Bill Hunkins—you sure slipped a cog there!"

I began to catch the spirit of him. After all, the gist of Hunkins' attack was my youth, for his plaints about political ingratitude amounted to little.

"Shall I make any reply?" I asked.

"Not yet," said Dowd. "Let it stand. Let it sink into them, and then when you get in front of young men go to it. That's the place to score with it—before the soldiers and the young men. Do you suppose the young men of this city or any other city think that the only persons fit for office are ancient pappy-guys like Perkins and such? Not by a darned sight! We'll plaster that on Brother Hunkins before this fight is over, and make him wish he'd never said it."

Things began to hum at headquarters. Mr. Mayfield brought in stenographers, typewriters, clerks and various other helpers. He made Miss Crawford treasurer, and in a few days had written and sent out an appeal for funds that brought in a good many contributions in sums from a hundred dollars down. His committee soon filled. It was interesting to see how the people responded. They seemed to welcome a chance—that is, certain sorts of people did—to take a whack at the bosses. There was not so great a response from the business men as we expected, but neither Mayfield nor Dowd was disturbed by that.

"We'll stir them up presently," they said.

Steve Fox took a leave of absence and opened his press headquarters. He left a friendly substitute in his place on the News, and there were few days when Steve didn't have a good showing in the press. When there wasn't any news Steve made some.

Dowd busied himself principally over the arrangements for the soldiers' mass meeting to ratify my candidacy. I spoke at a number of ward meetings of soldiers and others, and was well received. The newspapers printed brief reports of these speeches, the News and Times being fair but no more. The Globe and Dispatch adopted a policy of ridicule, and the News and Times took an occasional humorous fling at me also. They were organization papers in a way and strained a point to be even tolerant of me. The Journal howled with glee over the fight between the old aristocrat and the young aristocrat. But Steve held a good grip on the news columns of all the papers, and we were content.

It was apparent that Perkins had abandoned his intention of arresting me for criminal libel, probably at the insistence of Hunkins, whose ideas about that were set forth in his interview, and Steve mourned because he couldn't print a picture of me telling of my ideals and exploiting my ideas through a barred jail door. The Hunkins organization enlarged their permanent headquarters in the Allenby Building, and went methodically at the work of getting most votes for Perkins in the primary. Hunkins was in direct charge. He organized a campaign advisory committee also, and secured a good many important men to serve on it. His press bureau referred to me as the two-step candidate, and so on.

It was Dowd's intention to have his soldiers' mass meeting on the Tuesday following the filing of the petitions. He hired the biggest hall in the city, engaged two bands, and had his workers in all the wards rounding up the soldiers and getting pledges to come. He placarded the city with great posters announcing the meeting, and told me to prepare to keynote the whole campaign. I wrote a speech, and Steve edited, enlarged, condensed and otherwise improved it until it was a rather forceful effort. Then I learned it. I did not include any of our proof against Perkins in it, but repeated my general allegations. We held the proof in reserve.

Meantime, every striker in the city, every grafter, every advertising agent, every owner of a program, every association that intended to give a dance, every charitable organization visited me and asked for money in return for support. I was waylaid and besieged by them at my house and at the office, in the streets and everywhere I appeared. One night three men came to the house, after telephonic preliminaries that were most mysterious. They claimed to be Pendergrast ward leaders, and I recognized one of them as a man named McCarthy, who had been pointed out to me in the City Hall as one of the most active Pendergrast workers.

He was spokesman and said: "We're done with Pendergrast, but we can't afford to break openly with his crowd. What we do must be under cover. If you will advance us a few hundred dollars apiece we can use the money to great advantage in our wards to help you."

"Do you mean you will buy votes with it?" I asked.

"Oh, no," protested McCarthy virtuously. "Nothing like that. Even if we wanted to do that the law is too strict nowadays. What we mean is to spend the money round here and there influencing sentiment for you and showing that you are a good fellow. Just making a fine kindly feeling for you, and passing out a little, now and then, to fellows who run clubs and to lodges and so on—advertising money, you know."

I made it very clear there must be no vote buying or anything of that sort, and had a long talk with them. They had detailed plans and numerous places of expenditure. It seemed to me a good stroke of practical politics, and I felt quite proud of myself as a politician when I wrote them checks on my own bank account for five hundred dollars each.

They said they would much prefer cash, but in the circumstances would take the checks, as the transaction must be entirely between us, and they could not come to headquarters for currency. They relied on me to protect them. I said I would.

However, that did not mean I would not tell Dowd, and next morning at nine o'clock, which was the hour Mr. Mayfield set for our first consultation of the day, I gave Dowd the story of it, setting it forth, much pleased with myself, as an excellent political maneuver, likely to bring results, in my opinion.

"Who are they?" asked Dowd.

"McCarthy, Lamson and Olsen."

Dowd grabbed for his watch. "There's still time," he said.

"Time for what?"

(Continued on Page 89)

Collegian clothes

Smart Styles for Every Man of 17 to 70

The Lambert

Two Different Styles in One Suit

WEAR it as shown, or—slip off the all-around belt and, there! you have a dapper waist-seam model. You get two distinct styles; you pay for only one.

Now do you wonder that snappy dressers everywhere are making a fad of this Lambert? Buy it for business and dress-up occasions, in pastel over-plaids, heather mixtures, novel fancies, your favorite solid color.

A good clothier in nearly every town can show you this, and other jaunty Collegians that you might like even better. Suits and overcoats, novelties *and plain models*, for wear among worth-while people.

You ought to have Collegian clothes. You can afford them and they keep you looking your best.

$30 to $60
depending on texture, weight, lining, fabric, and similar factors.

Tailored in Milwaukee since 1849 by

David Adler & Sons Co.

Wadsworth Cases

FOR FINE WATCHES

Time-keeping service depends upon the case as well as the movement

MAKERS of watch movements must think in units smaller than one-thousandth of an inch.

Delicate, fine-spun springs of steel, atom-like pivots and screws and jewels, tiny wheels and tinier gears—all must be brought together and adjusted with such accuracy that not a single second of time shall go unrecorded.

A mechanism of such delicacy and precision must be encased with exacting care. Just as a variation of one-thousandth of an inch in the movement may impair its time-keeping qualities, so an ill-fitting case may affect the accuracy of even the costliest movement.

Time-keeping service depends upon the movement—and upon the case. And that is why your judgment should dictate a good standard movement—and a Wadsworth case.

Wadsworth cases are built to *fit*—by men who have made the building of watch cases a lifetime profession.

To Wadsworth designers, also, is due much of the credit for the development of style and artistic beauty in watch cases. For 30 years Wadsworth has been making cases for the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers. Many of the most beautiful, most popular, designs with which you are acquainted are Wadsworth creations.

Select any standard movement that your jeweler recommends and have him "dress" it in a Wadsworth case. The name Wadsworth is all the guarantee you need not only of correct design but of the best possible in material, workmanship and scientific accuracy in the fit of the case.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO

Factories: Dayton, Ky

(Continued from Page 86)

"For you to chase over to the bank and stop those checks. Never fall for a touch like that again or I'll put a bodyguard with you."

"What's the matter?" I asked, alarmed at Dowd's abruptness.

"Why, I know those men! They are no more against Pendergrast than you are for him. They are pulling an old trick on you, getting money from you to use either for themselves or to get Spearle votes. It's old stuff. They wouldn't dare to come in here with it."

It was a chastened candidate and politician who hustled over to the bank and stopped the checks.

XXVIII

WHEN I returned from the bank Dowd gave me a little lecture on the ways of politicians and politics as demonstrated in elections like this, and in larger fields, too, he said.

"Don't take it amiss, George," he began, "if we insist that you shall be nothing but the candidate in this campaign. Leave the politics and the handling of the politicians to us. You have led a nonpolitical life, and have never been up against raw men except when you were in the Army, and that is different. There isn't as much guile in you as there might be, as witnesses this check transaction.

"A candidate like you is meat for these old-timers unless he is watched and tended constantly. The Hunkins outfit and the Pendergrast outfit know every angle of the game, and have played them all. Pendergrast's crowd run more to the strong-arm stuff than Hunkins does, and they both are shrewd, crafty and not any too scrupulous. Personally I prefer to fight Hunkins, because he plays squarer than Pendergrast, but he is out to win. You must not forget that. Still, he's an engaging sort of a cuss, with a sense of queer ironical humor. Did you ever hear how he beat old Eliphalet R. Branscombe for mayor about ten years ago?"

"No," I said; "but I remember Branscombe vaguely."

"Branscombe was a picturesque old chap, who had a pot of money, and aside from the personal scenery he affected was a public-spirited, charitable man, but vain and anxious for public mention. Those traits made it easy for Pendergrast's crowd to cajole him into taking the nomination for mayor. They did so with the hope not so much of electing him as of getting liberal campaign contributions from him. Hunkins thought Branscombe a joke at first, but it developed that the old man had a good deal of strength and was likely to be elected. Wherefore Hunkins set about to beat him, and he did beat him by a dodge.

"Branscombe had a big white mustache, an imposing and carefully conserved imperial and long white hair. His hat always was a black, wide-brimmed slouch he had especially made, carefully adjusted at a rather saucy tilt, and sweepingly removed when he made a salutation. He wore flowing ties, low-cut vests, fine white frilly shirts and a long frock coat, and carried a gold-headed cane. He was quite a sight when he made his parade on Main Street in the afternoons.

"About a week before the campaign ended Hunkins imported a man, an actor, I think, who had the makings of a Branscombe resemblance. He listened to a speech by Branscombe, and caught something of his mannerisms and intonations. Where Nature failed in the resemblance with the actor Art stepped in and remedied the deficiency, and they made him up with the long white hair, mustache, imperial, the tie, the coat, the cane, the shirt and all the rest of it, until he was a most deceptive counterfeit Branscombe.

"Then Hunkins started him out. He went into the wards where Pendergrast gets most votes and visited the saloons. If he found a considerable number of men in one—as he usually did, because this was the election—he introduced himself as Mr. Branscombe, the candidate for mayor, somewhat like this:

"'My friends—and I hold you all to be my friends—I am your candidate for mayor and I come here to-night to make the acquaintance of you men, whom I consider the bone and sinew of the nation, the very foundation and rock bottom of our Government. I come alone to meet you, greet you, mingle with you, clasp your hands, because I want to know you and want you to know me. I am one of you. I delight in your manly virile companionship'; and so on, following with a little speech on the issues of the campaign and closing with an earnest solicitation for their votes, because of the friendship established by this close and comradely contact.

"Then he shook hands all round, walked over to the bar and said to the bartender: 'My good fellow, have you any superfine rye whisky?' He made considerable fuss over getting the right brand, while his newly found friends stood round thirstily waiting for the 'Come on, boys, and have a drink with me.'

"That invitation never came. After he had secured a brand he liked he ostentatiously poured himself a drink, turned to the crowd, raised his glass, said 'To your very good health,' drank his drink, threw fifteen cents on the bar, expressed the further hope that they all would vote for him, bade them an elaborate good night and walked out.

"Just imagine what those men said after he left without asking them if they had mouths on them. Of course Pendergrast found out about it ultimately, but they worked it often enough successfully to turn a sufficient number of votes in close wards to squeeze the Hunkins man in. That's just a sample of one of Hunkins' tricks. He is full of them. And the Pendergrast people know a few. Let Mayfield and me deal with them after this."

"Tommy," I said contritely, "I'll attend strictly to my own business hereafter."

"That will keep you busy enough," Dowd continued; "for instance, you've got a job ahead of you at the soldiers' mass meeting to-morrow night that will require all the strength you have, and so have I."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "All I have to do is to go there and make my speech, isn't it?"

"Yes, if you can make it."

"Why can't I? I know it by heart, and I have had enough practice in speaking now to put it over."

"Granted, but suppose they won't let you?"

"Who won't let me? What's going to hinder me?"

"Hunkins, maybe. We haven't said anything to you about it, because you have trouble enough, but if you think a minute you will realize that Hunkins won't allow us to get away with that soldier indorsement if he can help it. I've had reports on him. He intends to plant a lot of his men in the meeting—he has some of the soldiers with him, you know—to prevent an indorsement of you or to break the meeting up in a row without action. A bunch of Hunkins shouters there can raise a lot of disturbance. It may not be the peaceful affair you have imagined."

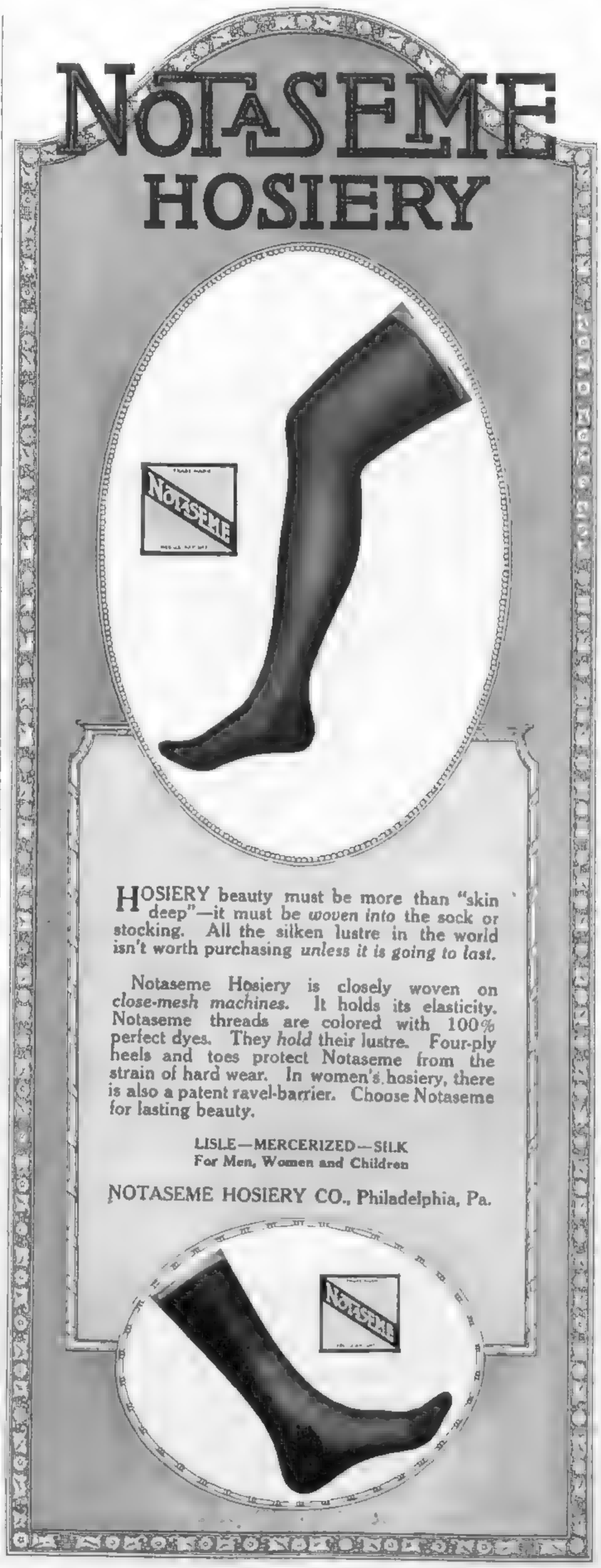
"But we have a majority of the soldiers with us, haven't we?"

"We have, and our fellows will be there early. I shall preside at that meeting myself. It may be as calm as a knitting party—or it may turn out a riot. Be prepared for whatever happens, and be here at half past six to go with me."

"Are our fellows all set?" I asked.

"Set and ready to spring," Dowd replied. "I hope they won't have to, but if they do there will be some policemen needed before the proceedings have gone far."

Dowd then outlined the plan of the meeting for me. Our fellows were to come in squads from the various wards, each headed by a man in command. The seats in the hall were to be blocked off in the center, and each block was to be in charge of men who would hold the seats in it vacant until our fellows were in them. This was to give us a compact body in the center of the hall. We expected about two thousand of our men to be on hand—possibly more. The men in charge were instructed to have them in the hall by seven o'clock, when the bands would play war tunes and a leader on the stage would keep them singing war songs until it was time to open the meeting. Dowd was to announce himself as chosen to preside, and make a speech. I was to follow. Then two or three soldiers would talk, and resolutions indorsing me were to be presented and adopted. If the Hunkins men started anything Dowd would rush things through, by force of gavel, and declare the resolutions adopted, no matter what protest there might be. There would be capable citizens on hand to make any physical disturbance the Hunkins men might undertake as unpleasant as possible to the disturbers.


NOTASEME
HOSIERY
NOTASEME
HOSIERY beauty must be more than "skin deep"—it must be *woven into* the sock or stocking. All the silken lustre in the world isn't worth purchasing *unless it is going to last.*
Notaseme Hosiery is closely woven on *close-mesh machines.* It holds its elasticity. Notaseme threads are colored with 100% perfect dyes. They *hold* their lustre. Four-ply heels and toes protect Notaseme from the strain of hard wear. In women's hosiery, there is also a patent ravel-barrier. Choose Notaseme for lasting beauty.
LISLE—MERCERIZED—SILK
For Men, Women and Children
NOTASEME HOSIERY CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
NOTASEME

"The two important points," said Dowd, "are for you to be there and for me to be there promptly, and for neither of us to be rattled by noise. It may be you will make your speech without anybody hearing it, not even yourself, but you make it just the same; and I'll do the rest."

"All right," I replied, rather pleased at the prospect of a lively evening. "I'll make it. You may depend on that."

When I left the office at five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon everything seemed in order. Final reports were in from our squad leaders, and final instructions had been issued. Dowd said that an extra detail of policemen would be at the hall, and that the chances favored our men getting the worst of any police interference that might ensue inasmuch as the police were controlled, of course, by Pendergrast influences, nominally at least, though the head of the department was an officer who had been held in place for some years by Hunkins.

To meet this contingency about a hundred of our huskiest men were to be in the rear of the hall, where most of the police were likely to be, at first to surround the police if they showed signs of going into action, and hold them off as well as possible for a time until Dowd could put over the resolutions. After that our fellows were to quit, and we'd take chances on the arrest of any of them for resisting officers, and be prepared to defend them later.

I went home to change my clothes to my formal speech-making rig—cutaway coat, and so on—and Dowd left to go down to the Ninth Ward to see his mother, who was ill. The plan was to meet at the Power Building and go to the hall together in my car.

Dad was home when I arrived. We decided that he would use the big car, to take himself and some friends to the hall, and take the chauffeur, while I would drive the runabout myself and pick up Dowd at the Power Building. I was ready to leave at fifteen minutes past six, when the man came in and said somebody wanted to see me.

"Lord," I said, "another striker. Can't see him," I told the man. "Tell him to come to-morrow."

"He insists," the man replied. "I told him ——"

Before he could finish his sentence Sergeant Davidson came into the room.

"Excuse me," he said, "but this is important. How are you going to the hall to-night?"

"In my car. Why?"

"No, I don't mean that. By what streets?"

"Why, down Poplar Street to James and then to Second and on to Main. It's the shortest way."

"Don't do it," urged Davidson. "Go some other way."

"Why?"

"Because they've got traffic cops strung out all along those streets with instructions to pick you up at any corner, charge you with violating traffic regulations, and drag you off to headquarters to see the lieutenant in charge. They want to delay you in getting to that meeting."

"How do you know?"

"Jerry Halloran, an army buddie of mine, who is back on the force, told me. It's straight. Jerry is picked to stand at the corner of James and Second and grab you the minute you get there, if you get that far. He's for you, and he tipped me off."

"But I shan't break any traffic regulations."

"You don't have to. They'll pinch you anyhow, take you in, and let you go after it's too late for you to get to the meeting. Go the hall some other way. I've got a taxi on a side street. Leave your car here and cut across with me, and we'll go by back streets. They've got men at both ends and on every corner of Poplar Street."

"But I've got to pick up Dowd."

"Telephone him and tell him to go alone."

I called our headquarters. Dowd wasn't there. I told Miss Crawford to tell Dowd not to wait for me but go to the hall at once, and Davidson and I went out the rear door, across our back yard, and circuitously reached the taxicab. Then we told the driver to get to the hall by a roundabout route.

"They'd have pinched you sure if it hadn't been for Jerry Halloran," said Davidson. "I hope they won't get Tommy."

I made a mental note of Jerry Halloran. If I was elected mayor that boy would be a police lieutenant before I was in office a week.

XXIX

IT WAS a quarter past seven o'clock when we arrived at the hall. There was a detail of policemen outside, and a good many people were going in. I saw numerous men I knew to be soldiers in the crowd. Nobody interfered with me, and I got to the rear of the stage, where I could watch the floor and not be seen. The hall was the largest in the city, and seated about four thousand on the main floor. There was a big balcony also. I took a quick look over the floor. The hall was about two-thirds full then, the center section largely occupied by young men who sat in compact groups. Other young men were coming in. Steve Fox came along.

"Where's Tommy?" he asked.

"I don't know; he'll be here soon probably. I had to come alone."

I told Steve the story, and he whistled.

"Rough stuff," he said. "Probably be some doings here to-night."

"How's it shaping?" I asked him.

"Fine! Two thousand of our fellows are in already, and they are coming in streams. Nearly as we can figure it there are not more than three or four hundred Hunkins shouters in yet. Probably some of those are mixed in with our boys, but we've shunted a good many of them to the sides. There are a lot of policemen sticking round, but they are peaceful as yet. I'll start the music. Tommy will be here any minute."

We had a band on the stage and one in the balcony. Jimmy Melander, a local singer who was a soldier, went to the stage band and started Over There. Then he ran to the front of the stage with a megaphone and shouted: "Go to it, boys! Everybody sing!" The soldiers joined in with the band and rollicked through the song with great volume of sound and considerable melody.

Thus it went for half an hour, with the hall filling steadily, the soldiers singing lustily, a good many women and nonmilitary spectators gathering in the balcony; but Dowd did not come.

"Do you think they got him?" I asked.

"Maybe," said Steve. "But he'll be here. I'm sure of that," and he urged Melander to keep them going.

The singing went well until eight o'clock but then the interest began to flag. There were shouts of "Speech!" "Speech!" "Get her going!" "What are we here for?" "Where do we go from here?" and much stamping of feet and clapping of hands. These shouts came from the sides of the hall mostly, but I noticed that our boys in the center were joining in too.

"I'll spring some sob stuff on them," said Jimmy Melander, and he had the band on the stage play Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight. This hit them right, and they warbled about the baby and her prayer for fifteen minutes, as Jimmy skillfully repeated the chorus several times. Then the demand for action began again:

"Speech! Speech!" they shouted. "Where's this candidate for mayor?"

"We can't hold them much longer," said Steve, who had been to the main entrance to see if there were any signs of the missing Dowd. "Where the devil is Tommy? They've got him sure."

Mr. Mayfield came back and advised immediate action.

"They will get away from us if we don't begin at once," he said.

"But Dowd isn't here," I protested.

"Can't wait any longer. I'll open the meeting myself. Meantime, Steve, as Dowd has the resolutions you write another set while Talbot and I speak."

The hall was crowded. The noise and shouting were clamorous. Mr. Mayfield went out on the stage and held up his hand. The noise gradually subsided.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said. "Mr. Thomas J. Dowd was to preside over this meeting, and the delay has been caused by his nonarrival. You all know Mr. Dowd, and you know that he would be here unless unavoidably detained. Mr. Dowd ——"

"That's all right about Dowd," yelled a man at the left side of the hall, "but who the hell are you?"

There was a roar of laughter at this. Mr. Mayfield waited, and then spoke again.

"As I was saying, when asked to identify myself by some gentleman in the audience, Mr. Dowd has been detained ——"

There was a movement in the crowd, and we heard a shout: "Here I am! Here I am!" It was Tommy's voice.

"Gentlemen," screamed Mr. Mayfield at the top of his voice, "Mr. Dowd is now here and will speak for himself."

Tommy came on the stage. He had no hat. His hair was tumbled. His collar was torn. His coat was ripped at the collar. There was a long red mark on his right cheek that showed vividly against the whiteness of his face. His lips were set, his fists clenched, his eyes blazing. He ran to the front of the stage, while our men stood up and cheered wildly, and the Hunkins contingent jeered and catcalled and whistled.

He raised his hand finally, and the cheering and jeering gradually stopped.

"Give him a chance!" came from various parts of the hall.

There was a hush.

"Boys," he said, "Tom Pendergrast got back to town to-day and tried to keep me from coming to this meeting; but I'm here."

"Where's Pendergrast?" shouted somebody.

"He's on the way to the Emergency Hospital!" roared Dowd. "This meeting will now come to order."

It was some time before the meeting came to order, because our fellows rose in instant and vociferous response to Dowd's shout. They let go a cheer that could be heard for half a mile. We had a clear view then of our strength. Steve, who knows how to estimate crowds, said we had between twenty-five hundred and three thousand men there, in a fairly compact body. The Hunkins men tried to hoot our shouters down, but they got nowhere.

Presently Dowd stilled them and said: "The central committee has designated me to preside over this meeting, and has selected Capt. Stephen Fox as secretary. All in favor say 'Aye.'"

There was a roaring, rolling "Aye!"

"Contrary, 'No,'" said Dowd.

"No!" shouted the Hunkins men, but in far less volume.

"Ayes have it," said Dowd, "and it is so ordered."

He banged on the table with his gavel, stepped forward a pace and began to talk.

"Comrades," he said, "there are two reasons why you were asked to come here to-night. The first is because we want to testify publicly to the people of this city and this state and nation to our singleness of purpose, our closeness of organization, our union of motive, our determination to stand together for our mutual protection and welfare; because we have it in our minds and hearts to expand and make lasting the comradeship begun by our service with the flag, and to act in all ways one for all and all for one in every relation of life wherein our close and knitted organization and solidarity of motive and thought shall be of benefit.

"The second reason is because, at this juncture in our affairs and in the affairs of the city in which we live, we have presented to us, laid before us to grasp if we will, an opportunity to demonstrate to our people that we are a force to be reckoned with, that we have organized ourselves not alone for our mutual aims and desires but for the benefit of all our fellow citizens. We have an opportunity to do a great public service, to show our patriotism, to express in unmistakable terms our demand for good clean honest city government, to prove that we have faith in the ideals for which we fought and for which many of us died."

Dowd talked for thirty minutes in that strain, clearly and with a force and passion that brought our fellows up cheering many times. It was an emphatic and eloquent speech, of a tone and character fitted to the audience, from a man who was one of them, who served with them and of them, not with a commission, but as a sergeant, and shared all their hardships, dangers, burdens and successes. There were a few feeble attempts to hoot him down, but the warning "Shut up!" that came from our fellows silenced the interrupters. There was menace in that "Shut up!" and they knew it.

"In conclusion," said Dowd, "it is my honor and privilege to present to you a man who is standing for all these things, who is one of us, who served in the Army and fought in France, who has taken a forward step by denouncing the plots of the political bosses of this city to fasten upon us for another period this corrupt and indecent government that now prevails, who has protested and is protesting against bosses and bossism, and fighting for clean, honest, nonpartisan business administration of municipal affairs—a soldier and a patriot—Capt. George Talbot."

He turned and bowed to me. Our fellows rose again and cheered, a big, booming, roaring cheer. I walked out to the front of the stage, nervous, dizzy, trembly in the legs, and with my palms and forehead clammy with cold sweat.

"Over the top, George!" said Dowd. "It's now or never."

I began my speech hesitatingly, brokenly. Then Dowd said again: "George—George—you're not going to show yellow, are you?"

That was the prod I needed. Instantly my legs stiffened, my eyes cleared, my voice was restored.

"Not by a damned sight!" I snarled at him. "Give me a chance!"

I proceeded with my speech, but it sounded so flat after Dowd's virile effort, with its studied phrases and its set arguments, that I said to myself "This won't do. This isn't the stuff for these boys," and I cast it out of my mind, stopped for an instant, and said: "Comrades, we lost in my company sixty-six men in killed and wounded. Those boys died and were maimed for a principle. I know about them because they were my boys, but all the thousands and thousands of other boys who were killed and maimed were fighting for the same principle, you among them. They all died in vain, all suffered in vain if the principle for which they fought and we fought died also on the day the war ended, and does not live now, with us, for application to our lives and conduct, to our personal and our public affairs."

"Great!" whispered Dowd. "Go to it!"

Then I talked to that audience as I talked to Dowd, as I talked to dad. Indeed, I saw dad over in one of the boxes and I did talk to him, not looking at him, but as freely and frankly as if he were the only person present. I didn't speak a sentence of my prepared speech, but I told those boys, in their own language, what we were trying to do, what the real reason of my stand was; and I got them. They cheered me every time I stopped to draw a breath, almost. I don't know how long I talked, but when I finished they were all standing and shouting and Jimmy Melander turned both bands loose with Hail, Hail, the Gang's all Here! and they sang it with a thunderous enthusiasm that made the windows rattle.

Three men who served in the ranks followed me, speaking five or six minutes each, and outlining clearly and forcefully the benefits of organization, and especially of organized and concerted action at this time. One of them—a tall, intense, black-haired youngster of twenty-two or twenty-three—took a lead that was received with great acclaim.

"We went over there," he said, "and we were glad to go, and we are glad we went, but we feel that when we were conscripted to go to France, and to serve in the Army elsewhere, and set at work that might mean death for us, and did mean the greatest limit of human endurance and laborious effort, it would have been fairer to us, and more in keeping with our professed democracy, if labor at home had been drafted also, and not coddled and paid whatever was demanded in wages, and pampered with short hours and big overtime pay, and coaxed out of strikes by the most considerate and fulsome methods while we were in the very jaws of death, and subject to court-martial if we failed to obey the most arbitrary demand. We feel that our Government should have treated labor at home as it treated us; that democracy meant one thing for us fighting in France and preparing in the camps here to fight there, and another thing for the men whose labor was as essential to the conduct of the war as ours, and who demanded and were given the highest awards for what we willingly did for thirty dollars a month."

"That's the way a lot of them feel," Dowd whispered to me, "and I don't blame them, but I wish he hadn't said it here."

"They like it," I replied. "Look at them!"

They were cheering the young orator. He was much excited and wanted to go on, but Dowd shook his head at him, and he closed cleverly with a few sentences about the value of organization to prevent similar discriminations in the future.

Dowd banged on the table for order after he had finished. "Brace yourself," he said to me. "Here's where the row starts if there is going to be one."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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A SUNSET

(Continued from Page 9)

warnings. For perhaps a quarter of a mile the effect or rebuke upon Maxwell's genuinely well-intentioned disposition would manifest itself in abrupt checkings and uneasy manipulations of the throttle and spark, accompanied by bored and wistful side glances at a scenery which receded with such an obviously exasperating slowness.

Then without attempt at disguise and suddenly, as if Maxwell's powers of self-repression had abruptly collapsed, the car would jump to the neighborhood of thirty miles an hour and thence by palpable leaps and bounds to its original catapultic velocity. And Mr. Wyatt, sitting behind and bent slightly forward, with an expression of apprehensive expectation upon his face, would resign himself once more to the smash that appeared inevitable.

It will naturally occur to you that Mr. Wyatt might very well have driven his car himself. But Mr. Wyatt had not bought a car to drive it. He had driven it prudently and successfully on several occasions during the early weeks of ownership. But he very much preferred to be driven. He had always been in the habit of thinking out his situations and his conversations exhaustively in the open air before committing them to paper; and now that the new car had replaced the legs that had borne his preoccupied brain through the familiar landscape surrounding Wotton he desired to be altogether irresponsible for its control. To be compelled to sit with clenched hands and set teeth and tense nerves, awaiting a catastrophe which his skilled imagination pictured abounding in unpleasant detail, was on the other hand most annoying and disturbing.

A dozen times in the preceding week Mr. Wyatt had decided he would have to let Maxwell go. But Maxwell, meek, apologetic and penitent in Mr. Wyatt's study, was so obviously well-intentioned and so utterly unlike the reckless, murderous lunatic who drove Mr. Wyatt's car that to dismiss him had always appeared a brutality. And so on that pitch-black drizzling October evening he drove the new car from Charfield to Kingswood, a distance of a little more than a mile, in just two minutes.

The road from Charfield to Kingswood is narrow and winding. Also on that particular night it was greasy; and Mr. Wyatt, watching impossible corners rushing madly out of the darkness into the glare of the head lamps, knew that it was greasy and knew, too, the probable result of a sudden swerve at the velocity with which he was being borne through the blackness. As a fact, they encountered no other vehicle and no necessity for sudden swerving presented itself. But when with a scream from its horn the car had swung unchecked round a particularly dangerous corner in Kingswood and barely missed an aged villager, Mr. Wyatt rose in ungovernable wrath, and placing his mouth beside Maxwell's ear, bawled loudly, "Stop!" When the car, with complaining tires, had come to an abrupt standstill, Mr. Wyatt swore a little viciously and evicted the plainly pained and surprised Maxwell from the driver's seat.

"You're no use to me," he said angrily as he let in the clutch with a jerk. The engine stopping promptly, he swore again. "You must find another job, that's all," he ended lamely.

"Very well, sir," said Maxwell stolidly, and getting out restarted the car. This time Mr. Wyatt let in the clutch with extreme carefulness, but again stopped the engine.

"Hand brake's on, sir," said Maxwell gently, and got out once more. These little contretemps disturbed Mr. Wyatt so much that he missed his gears badly several times. He drove in resentful silence to his own hall door, disconcerted alike by his own recent vehemence and by the recollection of Maxwell's expression as he had said that "very well, sir."

Mr. Wyatt was not prepared to admit to himself that he had been afraid with any fear beyond that of slaying a harmless fellow creature. But he suspected strongly that Maxwell believed him to have been badly frightened purely and simply on his own account; in which suspicion he was, as a matter of fact, quite accurate.

"A very nervous gentleman," was Maxwell's estimate of him, imparted to some friends in the bar of the White Lion that evening. "A nice man, takin' 'im all in all. But nervous. Very nervous."

IV

AT THAT very moment, which was shortly before ten o'clock, Mr. Wyatt was seated in his study at Nibley Court immersed in thought. The study was a charming study, a place of carefully planned comfort and usefulness, with its seductive chairs and its friendly populous bookcases and its restful etchings and its thousand-and-one links with Mr. Wyatt's past career, all illuminated by the blaze of a cheerful fire and all encouraging to the production in the future of literary masterpieces of indefinite number. On the capacious writing table the light from a softly shaded lamp fell—as in the photograph which Miss Stapleton admired so much—upon a half-completed sheet of manuscript. That sheet contained the opening sentences of the opening chapter of the sixth novel of the Woolcote series, and the title of that novel, "Without Amazement," was written at its head in Mr. Wyatt's boldest and most determined handwriting. It was with him a fixed rule to write two thousand words every day—his scorn of unsystematic artistry was intense—and that sheet displayed so far but three hundred at most. But Mr. Wyatt sat, not by his writing table, but by the fire, gazing into its glowing depths and thinking, not of the seventeen hundred words that should lay another day conscientiously to rest, but of the emotions which had prompted him to discharge from his service an—after all—excellent and reliable chauffeur.

It had by this time become plain to him—for he was a person of incurable justice and kindliness—that he had acted impulsively and unreasonably; and he had indeed long ago decided to proffer to Maxwell in the morning, as gracefully as might be contrived, the forgiveness that was his due. But in spite of this magnanimous resolve, Mr. Wyatt still continued to gaze broodingly into the fire in the same dejected posture he had occupied since dinner. And for the first time for many years he felt profoundly unhappy and dissatisfied with himself.

Miss Stapleton's scones lay no doubt at the root of the matter. But it was the peculiar quality of Maxwell's perfectly civil, perfectly patient, but none the less condescendingly pitying "very well, sir," that had induced Mr. Wyatt to devote two hours to a relentless and—in the result—dismaying examination of conscience—a stock taking, as it were, of his physical and mental equipment for the part of a hero of romance.

It would be an idle and rather indecent task to detail the successive stages of Mr. Wyatt's spiritual disrobing and to spy upon his discomfiture as he removed layer by layer the wrappings of complacency and compromise and habit that had wound themselves so softly and discreetly about the crudities and imperfections of his original design. Suffice it to say that, gazing upon his own nakedness, he found it so unheroic and so unlovely a thing that a great and bitter disdain of himself fell upon him. And feeling presently a sudden and urgent need to escape from walls and roofs and chairs and fires and all such futile human comforts, he rose and sallied forth into the rain and wind and darkness of the night.

Instinctively avoiding the High Street that is the town of Wotton, he climbed by a steep and tortuous path to the Ridge Road, and along that deserted and airy highway walked at a rapid pace eastward for half an hour or so without consolation. But up there a keen bracing half gale was now blowing that brought tears to Mr. Wyatt's eyes and a tingling to his cheeks and a pleasant feeling of hardship endured. When he had covered a couple of miles he felt so much better that he stopped and lit his pipe. The tossing creaking branches of the trees beneath which he had halted, the whispering rustle of the hedges, the sense of great wind-swept distances all about him in the darkness brought to his hurt and drooping spirit a friendly and soothing reassurance. By the time that, retracing his footsteps, he had come once more within sight of the little straggling town lying in the valley below him, locked already in slumber—for it was then nearly midnight—Mr. Wyatt had already begun, quite unconsciously, it is true, but with the deftness of long practice, to swathe himself once more with the decent and graceful wrappings he had so carefully discarded a few hours before.

He Glanced Back Once to the Figure Silhouetted in the Framing of the Doorway. "A Bientôt!" She Called With a Little Farewell Wave

As he descended the long hill to the Nibley road his attitude toward his own shortcomings was still severe, but already contemplated the inevitable compromises which were, he told himself, the inevitable philosophy of a soul imprisoned in an earthly body. He was prepared now to admit that he was a rather soft and flabby and timorous man of forty-six; that he led a rather soft and flabby and useless sort of life; and that in order to do this and under the pretense of working he wrote unnecessary books which no one would read five years after they were written; and which ten or at the outside fifteen years would consign to absolute oblivion. That roughly expresses Mr. Wyatt's revised estimate of himself, as with some caution—for the slope was steep and its surface beset with outcropping rock—he made his way down the hill out of the upper storm and stress into the calm and shelter of the valley.

But, on the other hand, a certain degree of softness and flabbiness and timidity was natural and permissible and entirely usual in one's later forties; and mankind in every age had striven and in every age to come would certainly continue to strive for a life of ease and comfort and idleness. Both these admissions were regrettable and ignoble and entirely in opposition to Mr. Wyatt's ideals. But they both admitted unblinkable facts. Mr. Wyatt told himself that his slack muscles, his thickening neck, his more than incipient rotundity of figure and his highly strung nerves were simply the inevitable phenomena of a social evolution which he deplored, but for which personally he could scarcely be held accountable. Persons like Maxwell; persons with brawny hairy arms, devoid alike of nerves and imagination, might perhaps be regarded as useful and even admirable persons, in so far as they contributed to the happiness of others by performing hard and dirty and dangerous work for them. But, considered absolutely, what virtue lay in being able to lift a motor car by its back axle or in being able to clean upper windows from the outside without dizziness or in being able to drive in the dark on a narrow road at something more than thirty miles an hour? Absolutely considered, none whatever—plainly. And, no doubt of it, somewhere in the background of Maxwell's mentality lay—unsuspected and unperceived perhaps by Maxwell himself, but vital and urging—the desire, the instinct not to have to lift motor cars about, not to have to clean windows, not to have to drive at night. If fortune favored Maxwell and Maxwell's sons, Maxwell's grandsons very probably would be nervous, idle weaklings. Strength and courage—what could these purchase in the end but the right to dispense with them?

Excuses for his art, of perhaps a more convincing and satisfactory kind, presented themselves to Mr. Wyatt with a certainly greater readiness. Admitting that novel writing was neither so useful nor so strenuous an occupation as window cleaning, for example, it was yet not altogether devoid of utility or self-sacrifice. Mr. Wyatt's literary convention was a carefully selected realism, and his avowed literary aim—in the Woolcote period—was the revelation of the beauty and wonder and significance of the ordinary commonplace things and people and happenings of an after-all miraculous world. A blameless aim, a useful and helpful aim; perhaps even a rather noble aim. The passionate admiration for the novels of Thomas Hardy, which had been one of the strongest influences of Mr. Wyatt's youth, still persisted loyally—if a shade more critically—as the years wore on. He told himself that if any novel that he had written had given or should give to one human being even a hundredth part of the delicious painful joy with which he had read Tess of the D'Urbervilles or Jude the

(Continued on Page 99)

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And in 14,500 miles of running, Franklin owners averaged only three punctures. Blowouts or other tire accidents are practically unknown.

Experienced motorists will appreciate what this means in freedom from tire anxiety, trouble and expense. It explains why Franklin Cars are rarely seen carrying spare tires and why Franklin owners never have expensive spare tire investments.

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"The original tires are still on my car in its third year after going 16,000 miles. Still in good shape. During this time I have never had a puncture nor any tire trouble whatever."

Continued from Page 95

Obscure, or any of that immortal series of tragedies, he would not have lived in vain. And in this improved frame of mind he let himself in with his latchkey; and having removed his dripping outer garments and exchanged his muddy boots for comfortable slippers, he entered his study with the resolute intention of completing the two thousand words of a day that was already yesterday.

V

BUT unfortunately for Mr. Wyatt's good resolutions, the first object upon which his eyes fell as he entered his study was a tray bearing a temptingly arranged tea equipage and a spirit lamp that rested on a small table drawn up in enticing proximity to the fire. A cup of tea was precisely the thing that Mr. Wyatt felt he needed at that moment. And as its manufacture would require but a very few minutes, he decided to seat himself in the big easy-chair that stood beside the little table instead of proceeding immediately to his manuscript.

The household, which consisted of a staid and widowed housekeeper, two highly paid and highly principled maids and the disturbing Maxwell, had apparently retired to rest. The house was very still. Save for the sigh of the wind in the chimney, the ticking of the clock on the writing table, the subdued hissing of the spirit lamp and the occasional fall of a cinder in the grate, no sound disturbed the peace of the study. The kettle boiled. Mr. Wyatt made his tea and drank it slowly, standing before the fire. And while he drank it he examined with abstracted attention the reflection which the mirror above the fireplace presented to him.

Presently the clock on the writing table chimed a little, abrupt, lonely One. Mr. Wyatt turned, and having gazed at the clock for some moments with his hands buried deep in his trousers pockets and three worried creases furrowing his brow, yawned, examined the toes of his slippers, yawned again, and then, crossing the room, took up a silver-framed photograph that stood beside his writing pad and stared at it with melancholy thoughtfulness. It represented a plain young woman with a determined mouth and chin and the hair and sleeves of the late eighties, and bore across its bottom left-hand corner the name Laura. It was an entirely uninteresting photograph, but it held for Mr. Wyatt so many and such significant associations that, as he looked at it, a poignant emotion stirred him and his eyes dimmed a little and quite unaffectedly he sighed.

To Laura he owed everything. He had always admitted that without reservation. He had married her without love, without even the pretense of sentiment of any kind, on the cold-blooded assumption that she would give him everything. Her money had fed him and clothed him and housed him. It had rescued him from the drudgery of the city office in which he had languished for five years of unforgettable misery and had translated him to the freedom and leisure and dignity of a life of letters. He had always longed to live in a beautiful old house in the country. Laura, though she preferred the town and suspected the drainage of beautiful old houses, had gratified this wish. He could recall still his first visit of inspection with her to Nibley Court; the incisive promptness with which she had allocated spaces and divined improvements; decided accurately and finally where specific articles of furniture should go and how many new carpets were necessary. All business matters he had always left in Laura's capable hands. And in those hands the machinery of life had always moved with smooth and regular precision. Seventeen years had glided by tranquilly and in the main happily. Laura had loved the country a little less perhaps than her more sensitive lord and master had. But the shops and stir of Bristol were but an hour away from Nibley Court, and each year the Wyatts had spent two awakening and stimulating months abroad. There had been no children; and, until the pneumonia which snatched poor Laura away with such incredible abruptness, no serious illness to break the orderly monotony of their comfort. Yes, they had been on the whole very happy together for all those years—had Mr. Wyatt and his Laura.

Upon one subject only had they disagreed seriously. The handling of certain episodes in one of Mr. Wyatt's earlier novels—the first of his novels which attracted any general attention—had grievously offended Laura's somewhat puritanical conceptions of literary seemliness and she had permitted herself criticism of such a frankly disapproving and discouraging kind that Mr. Wyatt, envisaging now, momentarily, the possibility of a naughty independence, had spoken, and even for a time thought, of resigning his study and his dogs and horses and guns and all the other comforts of his connubial sleekness and retiring to a garret in London, there to work out his artistic salvation unhampered. But of course in the end he had done nothing of the kind. Indeed so far had he been from really doing anything of the kind that in all the novels written between that first intervention of Laura's propriety and her death one is impressed by a studied and rather anxious euphemism, as if while he wrote them he had been conscious of Laura's rather cold and slightly protuberant eyes looking over his shoulder in restraining censorship.

With Old Woolcote—the first of the Woolcote novels, written in the year following Laura's death—appears a new Mr. Wyatt, virile and full-blooded, emancipated almost beyond recognition. I do not suggest that the instantaneous success of Old Woolcote was due even in any considerable measure to its frankness. But it is certain that Laura would have disapproved of it utterly. Coarse! That was her most damning adjective. There were many things in Old Woolcote that she would have considered extremely coarse. Mr. Wyatt, looking at her photograph, could hear her voice as she pronounced the word—a little sanctimoniously, a little viciously.

He sighed again and replaced the photograph in its usual position beside his writing pad. Then, yielding to one of those sudden, simple, dramatic impulses that are the violences of complicated natures like Mr. Wyatt's, he took the photograph up again and put it away in one of the drawers of the writing table. And in its place he installed a large and very beautiful photograph of Miss Stapleton, which had hitherto stood in comparative obscurity upon a table near the door.

Finally, after some more moments of sleepy and aimless perambulations, he extinguished the lights and went slowly upstairs to bed.

VI

SHORTLY after six o'clock next morning one of Mr. Wyatt's maids, happening to look forth from a back window as she descended to light the kitchen fire, beheld in the bleak gray light of the dawn a spectacle that held her for a considerable time rooted to the spot in fascinated amazement.

Immediately behind the house and separating it from the garden on one hand and the stables on the other was a small yard. And on the flags of that yard a stoutish man, simply attired in an undervest, braceless trousers and a pair of patent-leather slippers, was skipping with awkward but determined gravity. The maid had never before seen a middle-aged gentleman skipping; neither had she ever before beheld Mr. Wyatt clothed in any but the most correct and conventional of garments. So novel a development in the behavior of the master of the house excited her interest to such a degree that, having lighted the kitchen fire, she ran upstairs again to resume her contemplation of Mr. Wyatt's exercises. But by that time he had ceased to skip and had concealed the undervest beneath a coat and begun to dig, in a patch of weedy grass beside the garden gate, an irregular hole of considerable breadth and steadily increasing depth. Until seven o'clock Mr. Wyatt dug strenuously, unconscious of the wonder and surmise with which his labors had already filled the breasts of his household. Then he retired to the bathroom, and descended—a full hour before his usual time—to breakfast.

Mr. Wyatt's breakfast as a rule consisted of a goodish-sized plateful of porridge, a generous supply of bacon and eggs, toast *ad libitum* and two cups of tea. On that morning his total consumption amounted to one egg, one rasher, two slices of toast and one cup of tea—without sugar. The appearance of the breakfast table after Mr. Wyatt had retired to his study created a veritable sensation. The housekeeper, a woman of limited but definite views, examined the tantalus on the dining-room sideboard, but finding its contents intact, admitted herself no less baffled than her subordinates.

From a quarter past eight until a quarter past eleven Mr. Wyatt remained shut up in his study, an enigma. At twenty minutes past eleven he entered the stable, which he had had converted into a motor house, and proceeded to start up the new car. At a quarter to twelve Maxwell, his modest packing completed and his skilled ear detecting that all was not going well in the motor house, decided magnanimously to go to the rescue.

He found Mr. Wyatt, scarlet faced and breathless, seated on the footboard of the car, mopping his streaming forehead with a limp handkerchief, and at the sight the last shreds of his resentment vanished. He was an ardent admirer of Mr. Wyatt. He had read all Mr. Wyatt's books and he was intensely proud of his intimate relations with so celebrated and talented an employer. To perceive Mr. Wyatt in an attitude of perspiring defeat caused him real and unconcealed pain.

"Can't you start her, sir?" he inquired, perhaps a little unnecessarily, but with sincere solicitude.

"Start her!" gasped Mr. Wyatt. "No. I cannot start her. I've swung the infernal thing for half an hour without getting a sound out of it."

"Perhaps, sir," suggested Maxwell politely, "you haven't turned the petrol on."

Mr. Wyatt, in the middle of a lavish and comprehensive mop, paused and regarded Maxwell malevolently.

"Do you mean to say that the petrol is turned off?" he demanded slowly. "That while I have been struggling here like a madman the petrol was turned off?"

"Yes, sir. I turn it off always when the car comes in."

Mr. Wyatt rose with compressed lips.

"Quite right, Maxwell. Quite right—of course. Turn it on now, will you?"

Maxwell obeyed, and then with a neat, effortless swing started the engine.

"Shall I back her out, sir?" he asked a little anxiously. For he loved the new car with a great love and he perceived that Mr. Wyatt had now seated himself at the wheel.

"No. All right. I'll take her out myself," said Mr. Wyatt. "By the way, Maxwell," he added with a pleasant smile, "I'm afraid I spoke a little hastily yesterday evening." He released the hand brake. "If you care to stop on, you can, you know."

He smiled again pleasantly and as he did so the car leaped bodily backward out of the motor shed.

"Blazes!" said Mr. Wyatt; and then, having jammed on the brake, endeavored—not very successfully—to suggest that that was his usual way of backing a car out of a narrow motor house. "Well, what do you say, Maxwell?"

"I'm quite willing to remain, sir, if you're satisfied, I'm sure."

"Very well, Maxwell. Get in."

Obediently Maxwell got in. He had heard of Mr. Wyatt's matutinal skipping. He had inspected exhaustively the hole Mr. Wyatt had made in the corner of the yard and he now eyed Mr. Wyatt with ill-concealed curiosity. There was something unusual about Mr. Wyatt's expression and manner this morning, something irresponsible and a little reckless—even a little truculent. And the speed at which Mr. Wyatt debouched from the drive into the main road, just missing a gate pillar in the operation, moved Maxwell to an involuntary intake of breath and a cocked eyebrow. Indeed for the greater part of that memorable outing Maxwell's left eyebrow remained permanently at half cock, and his normal expression of cheerful nonchalance concealed itself beneath a smile that was visibly forced.

They swept through Wotton's narrow High Street tumultuously, but without incident, and turning left-handed by the almshouses, passed the church and climbed the winding hill to the Ridge Road. On the first level stretch Mr. Wyatt opened the throttle.

"Beautiful air up here, Maxwell," he remarked casually as the speed began to creep up.

"Beautiful air, sir," replied Maxwell respectfully.

"She's running nicely this morning," said Mr. Wyatt. "You have no overcoat, Maxwell. You should have brought an overcoat."

"It's all right, sir," said Maxwell. "Cart coming out of that gate, sir."

"So I perceive," replied Mr. Wyatt calmly. "I think I may let her out a little here, Maxwell."

"Very well, sir. But you're doing close on thirty-five now, sir."

"Am I indeed? How extraordinary! I should not have thought I—I was doing as much as—— Woosh!"

At that point Mr. Wyatt discovered that at thirty-five miles an hour a very slight movement of the steering wheel to avoid a patch of freshly laid metal may produce perilous results, and for some moments the car curved rather wildly about the road. Then there was silence for a short time. But presently, gaining renewed confidence, he crept up to thirty-eight, and losing his sense of speed, took a bend with a creditable imitation of Maxwell's recklessness. The bend developing suddenly into a double bend, Mr. Wyatt lost his head, and for one mad breathless instant the car charged toward the stone wall that bordered the road. Maxwell rose, flung himself on Mr. Wyatt, wrested the wheel from his control, and averted catastrophe by a bare three inches.

"Goo' Lor', sir!" he ejaculated. "Take your foot off the accelerator, sir."

"Sit down," shouted Mr. Wyatt. "Leggo the wheel! Let it go, will you?"

There was a grinding tearing smash.

"There!" cried Mr. Wyatt. "You've done it now!"

Backward and forward across the road bounced the car, now apparently beyond Mr. Wyatt's control. When at length he did release the accelerator and danger was once more for the moment past, Maxwell reluctantly sat down and drew his hand across his perspiring forehead.

"What was that noise?" asked Mr. Wyatt when they had proceeded some way. "Hit the wall, didn't we?"

"Yes, sir," replied Maxwell coldly. "We did hit the wall. I expect the off rear wing's done in, sir."

"What is a wing?" asked Mr. Wyatt blithely. "Nothing!"

Mr. Wyatt smiled happily as he supplied this airy answer to his own question. It was plain that Maxwell was extremely nervous; that, in fact, Maxwell was just as badly frightened as Mr. Wyatt had been on the preceding evening. Obviously Maxwell had begun to realize the well-known fact that it is one thing to drive and another to be driven. Mr. Wyatt himself was conscious of no sensation at all akin to nervousness. Rather his feeling during those few swooping, peril-fraught moments had been one of intense elation, of intoxication, of sublime indifference to consequences. And so quite happily and contentedly he smiled. But Maxwell—undisguisedly—did not smile.

Down the long steep hill into Dursley Mr. Wyatt drove at a speed so outrageous that for the first time in his career he felt constrained to avoid the glances of his fellow men. In Dursley he turned, holding up the traffic of the town for four or five minutes, and came back up the hill. On one of its steepest gradients he experimented for a little while with a view to ascertaining the wisest course to pursue with a car running backward down a steep hill at a considerable velocity.

"You see," he explained pleasantly to the now thoroughly cowed Maxwell, "you might miss your gears; or your brakes might not be holding properly. It's just as well to know what to do—— Wump!"

Here he backed gracefully into a bank, and lighting a cigarette, smoked and contemplated the sunlit landscape thoughtfully for a considerable time.

"I think I shall walk back, Maxwell," he said at length. "You might tell Mrs. Hammond that I shall probably not want luncheon until two."

Maxwell, unfeignedly relieved, extricated the car from the bank and prepared to depart.

"Drive her quietly," said Mr. Wyatt with his pleasant smile. "There's really nothing in driving at a great speed—nothing."

He blew a little valedictory puff of smoke toward Maxwell's rather sulky profile, and turning away, resumed his placid contemplation of the landscape.

VII

IT HAD been Mr. Wyatt's intention, after his three-mile tramp, to lunch abstemiously, to work in his study from three until five, and after tea to take the dogs for a brisk ramble toward Nibley. After dinner he proposed a further two hours of industry in his study and ultimate retirement to bed at half past ten. In fact, however, he lunched rather heavily, and after some languid and unsatisfactory additions to his manuscript, abandoned the idea of working until after tea and fell asleep before his study fire. Six o'clock found him strolling rather listlessly along the Nibley road, followed theoretically by

(Continued on Page 103)

—if Labels were worn on the outside of Clothes—we would not need to Advertise

PERHAPS this very day—at some fashionable club or restaurant—you saw and admired a suit of clothes of Royal Tailor making.

But you could not see the Royal Tailor trade-mark. You appraised the suit as a $90 to $125 local-tailor creation.

And so you simply sighed—longing for the day when certain lofty local tailors will have to sell their talent on a modern business-man's profit-margin.

T·R·T

Here lies the big advertising handicap of the tailoring business. *You could see and recognize the quality of the suit but you could not see the mark of its maker.*

If the suit had but flashed to you the full story of its price and its origin

—if it had but told you that it cost its wearer somewhere between $35 and $60 *made to his measure*

—if it had but X-Rayed to you the tiny silk label tucked away in its inside pocket

—then you would not have sighed with idle envy. You would have *resolved!*

And tomorrow morning this resolution would have found you at the local Royal dealer's store.

Copyright, 1919, The Royal Tailors, Chicago—New York

NEW manufacturers share with the tailor this hardship of suppressed identity.

Most goods advertise themselves by keeping their trade-marks in plain view of the world.

If you see on the Avenue an automobile that you fancy, you do not have to guess the maker's name; that name is plainly branded on the radiator of the car—visible at a distance of twenty feet.

But the tailor's genius is a genius with a muffled Ballyhoo. His product must hide its name-plate beneath layers of cloth and lining.

And only through actual test—or through the word of wearer to wearer—can it proclaim itself.

T·R·T

Hence, we must advertise to you—writing the story of Royal Service *on paper* in the hope that later on we may write that story for you in worsted and silk.

We cannot expect this advertisement to win your complete appreciation for Royal Service. A Royal Suit itself is the only single advertisement that can do this.

But if these two pages only induce you to militantly challenge and investigate Royal claims—we shall be satisfied.

T·R·T

We ask you to investigate our claim that we offer you the utmost in made-to-measure clothes at $35 to $65.

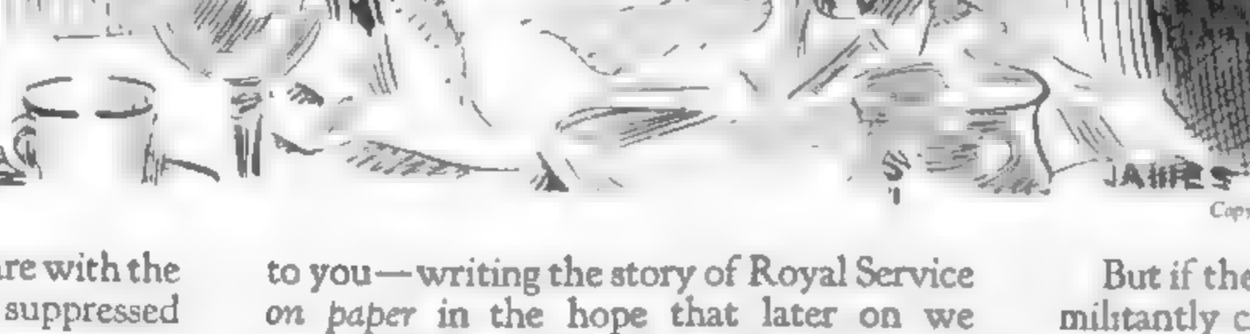
We ask you to investigate our claim that we grant you your choice of half a thousand of the finest custom-tailor woolen and worsted fabrics to be found in America.

We ask you to investigate our claim that your Royal Suit will be built to your own fashion dictation—in any style or design of your expressed taste.

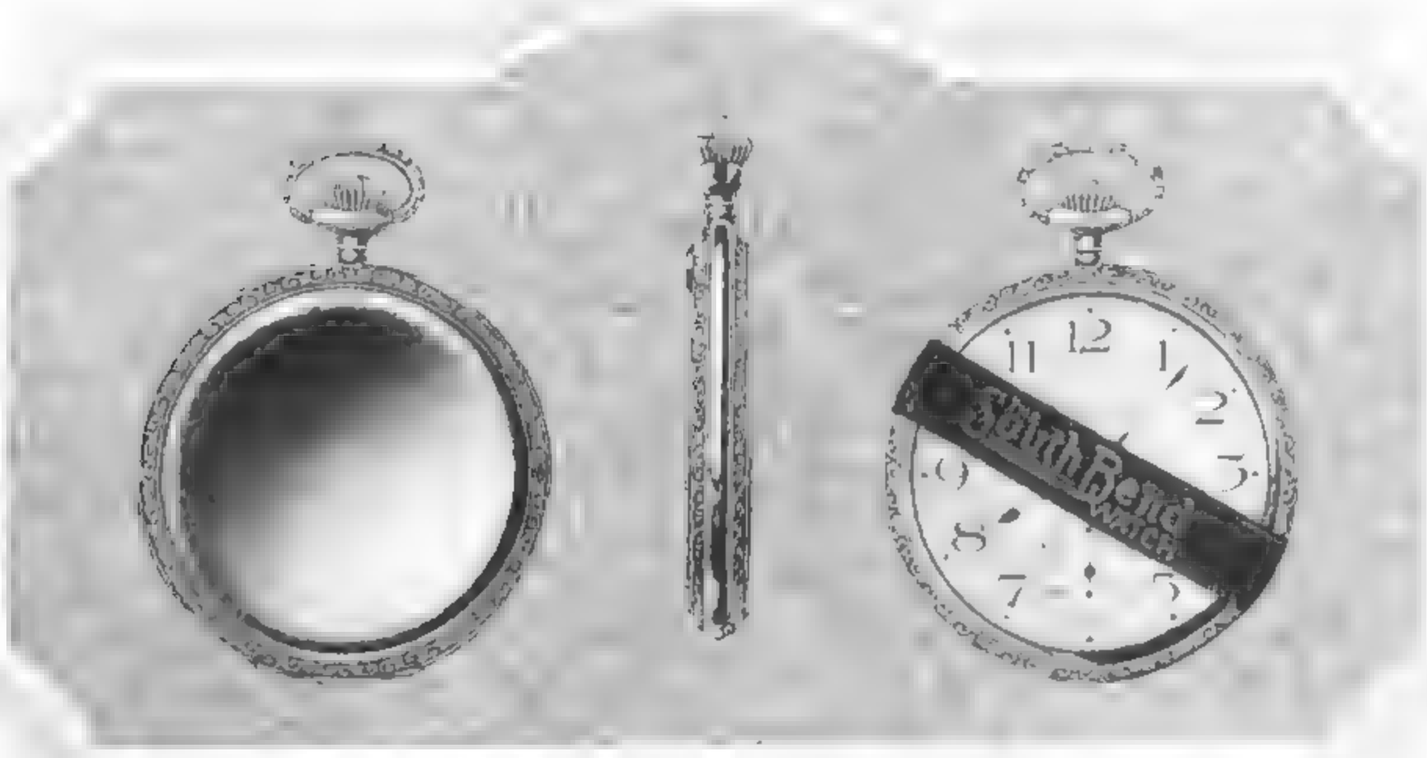
We ask you to challenge our guarantee that your Royal Suit must fit you and satisfy you in every line and seam—or you need not accept it.

Take these claims to our dealer's store—and make *him* prove them.

That is the whole purpose of all our advertising; to invite you to analyze and assay Royal claims in the store of a fellow-townsman—where your word is law, and where your judgment is the only deciding judgment.



ROYAL TAILORING IS SOLD EVERYWHERE BY AUTHORIZED DEALERS



Blending Style with Accuracy

FIRST OF ALL, you want your watch to have accuracy; a watch whose truthful time-telling you can match against any watch with which it will ever be compared.

To get such a time-keeper, however, many men believe that it is necessary to accept a bulky, heavy, inartistic watch. There was a time no doubt when this was true but the South Bend Chesterfield *Extra-Thin* Watch has changed that condition.

In the Chesterfield models we offer you watches of graceful thinness, yet even more accurate than many heavier less beautiful watches. And their beauty is not in thinness alone but in artistically designed cases, dials and hands blended harmoniously into a timepiece of refined distinction.

There is a variety of styles from which to select, yet each is individual in appeal. Any South Bend watch will be fitted with our improved *Da-Nite* LUMAnous Dial, if desired, at a slight extra cost.

If you are to own a Chesterfield this year you must see your jeweler immediately, for the demand greatly exceeds our increased production facilities.

SOUTH BEND WATCH CO., SOUTH BEND, IND.

For Years, Makers of Standard Railroad Watches

South Bend

The Watch with the Purple Ribbon

(Continued from Page 99)

three terriers which reappeared at irregular intervals and finally abandoned him under the pretense of chasing a passing motorcycle. This desertion on the shallowest of pretexts was habitual. The terriers had long ago discovered that Mr. Wyatt on his walks was an inattentive and unenterprising and safely negligible master.

For some moments Mr. Wyatt stood listening to the retreating clamor of the chase. But it was not until the strident uproar of the motorcycle had diminished to a faint, distant drone that he began to think, at first of this particular motorcycle, which he knew to belong to a sporting young grocer of Wotton named Haskins, then of motorcycles in general and finally of motorcycles in their special relation to himself. And then quite abruptly, but quite definitely, he perceived that he must purchase and ride a motorcycle. He had always regarded motorcycles as noisy, smelly, ugly and highly dangerous vehicles. He had no idea of a motorcycle's mechanical peculiarities or of its price. But he felt quite certain that as an instrument for discovering and remedying any trifling middle-aged defects of nerve to which too sedentary a life might have rendered him liable, nothing more reliable than a motorcycle could be imagined. A motorcycle could be purchased secondhand—for how much? A small sum certainly, in comparison with the price of a new car. For, it may be admitted here, Mr. Wyatt's mind foresaw invincibly, at the end of the drastic cure he felt it necessary to impose upon his degeneracy, a final and devastating smash. He tried to scoff at this pessimism, to root it out as a childishness, a cowardice. But he walked back slowly, thinking of that smash; thinking of motorcycles in ruthless and ponderous traffic, motorcycles on greasy roads, motorcycles on fire, motorcycles with suddenly collapsing frames, motorcycles in all kinds of disconcerting but only too plainly possible situations—all terminating in smashes. But a motorcycle he was none the less determined to procure at once.

In the motor house he found Maxwell busy with the vulcanizer. Together in silence they examined the battered wing and its broken stay.

"Know anything about motorcycles, Maxwell?" asked Mr. Wyatt presently.

"Well, not a lot, sir," replied Maxwell with reserve. "In fact, I don't know as there is a lot to be known about them, sir. Lot of pushing about them, sir. Dangerous things, they seem to me."

"What," asked Mr. Wyatt after a pause, "would one pay for a secondhand motorcycle—a good secondhand motorcycle?"

Maxwell reflected carefully.

"Depends on who was buyin' it, sir. Anythin' up to forty pounds, I suppose you'd pay, sir. Why, sir? You wasn't thinkin' of buyin' a motorcycle, was you?"

"I was," said Mr. Wyatt calmly, kicking a tire with gentle abstraction. "I am."

Maxwell shook his head.

"All very well for young, active gentlemen, sir."

"I am a young, active gentleman, Maxwell," said Mr. Wyatt serenely.

Maxwell returned to the vulcanizer and eyed it gloomily.

"Young Mr. Haskins might sell you his machine," he said, but unwillingly. "I hear him talkin' about gettin' a new one the other evenin'. Gets a new machine every winter, he does, an' sells the old one."

"What is the make of young Mr. Haskins' motorcycle?" asked Mr. Wyatt.

"It's a Flyer, I believe."

"A Flyer! Splendid, symbolic, encouraging name!"

"I wouldn't go by that, sir."

"I don't," said Mr. Wyatt. "But I want you to go and see Mr. Haskins to-morrow morning and have a look at his motorcycle. If it seems a good, strong, steady sort of motorcycle, offer him what you consider a fair and reasonable price for it. And have it, if possible, here and ready for the road by eleven o'clock. Er—any information you can extract from Mr. Haskins with regard to—er—learning to ride a motorcycle will be useful. There may be a book."

"There's no book, sir," said Maxwell slowly, "as will make it safe or comfortable for a gentleman like you, sir."

But Mr. Wyatt had already left the motor house. The opposition of Maxwell had supplied final absoluteness to his resolve.

VIII

YOUNG Mr. Haskins' motorcycle proved not so easy of acquisition. From Maxwell's report next morning it appeared that young Mr. Haskins was indeed perfectly willing to sell to Mr. Wyatt at a perfectly reasonable figure his perfectly satisfactory motorcycle, but not until he had obtained - possibly but improbably before the end of the following week—a new machine to replace it. There was, however, no difficulty whatever connected with learning to ride a motorcycle, so he had assured Maxwell. A little confidence and one was already a motorcyclist without further preliminary—no matter what one's age.

Resigning himself philosophically to this delay, Mr. Wyatt proceeded rigorously in the meantime with the minor severities of his new program. At six o'clock he rose and went forth into the yard to skip and dig. At the end of a week he skipped with noticeably increased ease and lightness, and the irregular hole, surrounded now by a rampart of thrown-up earth, had developed into a neatly rectangular pit of about five feet in depth. He walked each day ten miles, and along lonely and well-covered stretches of road indulged in short trots which caused him to blow grievously and to perspire with a fluency of which he had believed himself or indeed any solid human being incapable. His dietary had been subjected to the most unrelenting revision and he now ate and drank just half the amount which a week ago had appeared to him decently satisfying. Already he felt stronger, tauter, more nimble, physically more effective. Somewhat to his surprise, however, he found, instead of the increased clarity of thought which he had anticipated from the pursuance of his program, an increasing unwillingness to think, an impatience of thinking, in the end an incapacity to think.

Also he observed that his usual fresh color had been replaced by a rather muddy sallowness and that his eyes were blue shadowed and tired looking. He was inclined to be irritable now—inexplicably—in a fussy, feminine way. These phenomena surprised him a little, but he attributed them to too suddenly reduced sleeping hours and dismissed them as of no permanent importance.

Doubtless, he told himself, there would be a transition stage more or less wavering—a period between the convincing disappearance of the old Mr. Wyatt and the satisfactory installation of the new, tight, strong, healthy, steady-nerved Mr. Wyatt who would present himself without misgivings for Miss Stapleton's favorable consideration. He began to realize now that no half-accomplished transformation would content him.. And he had decided that during his transition stage, which he estimated vaguely at from three to four weeks, he would keep away from Aberdeen Place. At the end of three, or at the outside four, weeks Mr. Wyatt felt confident that his appearance would have undergone striking changes. Especially he hoped that by that time a quantity of superfluous neck and stomach would have disappeared forever.

One quite natural result followed from Mr. Wyatt's resolve not to see Miss Stapleton's rippling hair and blue-gray eyes for four weeks. He began, with a desire that became presently painful, to long that he might see them. And he spent long periods, which should have been devoted to the new book, in gazing at the photograph that stood where Laura's had stood so long—beside his writing pad.

IX

ON A SUNNY, frosty Tuesday morning—the Tuesday in the second week of Mr. Wyatt's course of regeneration—he sauntered forth after breakfast to smoke a pipe in the open air before proceeding to his morning's work. Happening to raise his eyes toward the windows of his bedroom, he perceived emerging from one of them Maxwell's head and shoulders, followed by Maxwell's arms and finally by Maxwell's legs. As this emergence proceeded, Maxwell raised himself rapidly from a sitting to a kneeling and from a kneeling to a standing posture upon the narrow window ledge; and having then closed the lower part of the window, he proceeded to clean its upper panes with energy, holding on—as it appeared to Mr. Wyatt—to nothing in particular and jerking his body and legs about in an extremely reckless and extremely unsafe way.

The window ledge upon which his feet fidgeted so perilously stood some thirty feet from the ground. If Maxwell fell he would fall thirty feet without anything to break the sheer rush of his descent until his body landed with a thud upon the frozen gravel drive. As he looked, Mr. Wyatt's palms sweated a little and he desired not to look. Partly to inform Maxwell, who, he felt, was aware of his presence on the drive, that he was not being observed with any ulterior motive, and partly to reassure himself, Mr. Wyatt whistled a little tune. But the tune he whistled was not any recognizable tune. It was a made-up and formless creation of Mr. Wyatt's own. And unfortunately Maxwell on his perch heard it, and to Mr. Wyatt's horror turned right round on the window ledge so that his back was to the window and his face, bent outward and downward, looked toward his master's.

"I see young Mr. Haskins last night, sir," he said, plainly without consciousness of anything unusual in carrying on a conversation with a thirty-foot drop as its possible termination. "He's got his new machine now, sir. Got it yesterday." He hitched his trousers up a little and then drew a bare forearm usefully across his nose.

"Indeed?" said Mr. Wyatt. "Then perhaps he doesn't require his old machine any longer. Don't jump about up there too much, Maxwell, you know. You've got nails in your boots too."

"It's all right, sir," replied Maxwell, smiling reassuringly. "Mr. Haskins said as how you could have his old machine any time now that suited you."

"Very well. You might fetch it up here sometime during the day—this morning perhaps."

"Yes, sir. When I've done these windows."

"Yes. Very well, Maxwell."

Mr. Wyatt strolled away. It had seemed to him impossible that Maxwell could turn so as to face the window again. But Maxwell had done it easily and without hesitation; with nailed boots, too, on eight inches of frosty window ledge thirty feet above the ground.

About an hour later Mr. Wyatt opened his study door and stood for some moments holding it ajar and listening attentively to the peaceful calm of the house. In the caution of his attitude, in the anxious intentness of his expression was the sinister vigilance of a villain of the cinema. Remotely toward the kitchen one of the maids was singing. He recognized the song and by the song easily identified the singer as the house parlor maid, whose morning labors in the upper part of the house he thence deduced to be now terminated. Mrs. Hammond, he knew, had gone into Wotton to do her marketing; he had watched furtively her respectable back proceeding sedately down the drive a few minutes before. Maxwell, too, had gone into Wotton to interview young Mr. Haskins. The cook was certainly at that hour in her kitchen; the house parlor maid singing in a pantry. Very quietly Mr. Wyatt closed the study door and went softly upstairs to his bedroom.

You have already perceived his intention. You can see him shutting his bedroom door. You can see him crossing to one of the newly cleaned windows and looking down upon the hard gravelly drive thirty feet below. You can picture him eying that menacing, unyielding surface for a little time before opening the lower portion of the window. And with him you can thrust your head and shoulders through the aperture and perceive that - looked at from a window sill - the ground is an astonishingly greater distance from the sill than the sill - looked at from the ground—is from the ground.

With slow and cautious movements, Mr. Wyatt twisted his body round and began to draw the upper portion of it outward. Lying thus on his back and with his face turned upward to the sky, he caught a sudden glimpse of an infinitely remote blue vault from which hung puffy lumps of dazzlingly white cloud. He had the sensation that the blue vault and the lumps of cloud and the window sill and he himself were falling slowly through bottomless space; and feeling almost instantly a sickening dizziness and insecurity, he shut his eyes and retreated through the window in a hurried, panicky scramble in which he strained the muscles of an insufficiently elastic back rather badly.

Rising rather shamefacedly from the floor, he glanced hurriedly out of the window to discover whether any inopportune passer-by had witnessed this undignified withdrawal. But the stretch of road within view from the window was deserted. He seated himself on a chair beside his bed and laughed a little short, self-contemptuous laugh, evoked by an attempt to picture Miss Stapleton's emotions if she had been a spectator of that ridiculous convulsive wriggle and had been able to divine the impulses that had led up to and compelled it. It was an ugly little laugh that Mr. Wyatt laughed, and as he laughed it aloud its sound disconcerted him. He stood up and looked indecisively toward the open window. And he asked himself definitely and without evasion to decide then and at once whether he was or was not afraid to get out onto the window ledge and stand upon it as Maxwell had done.

He had never had a good head for heights. Even as a boy he had instinctively avoided trees, ladders, walls, cliffs and all things that involved climbing. As a man he disliked extremely the sensation caused by looking down, say, through the well of a steep staircase, or through the girders of the Clifton Suspension Bridge, or from the path through Fairyland. This weakness, he knew, was to some extent hereditary; his mother and his mother's father had both dreaded heights. But it did not seem to him then a sufficient justification of his timorousness to tell himself that it was to some extent hereditary. His question was a stark unqualified challenge, contemptuous of excuses, merciless in the matter of maternal relatives and their constitutional defects. Was he or was he not afraid to get out onto that window ledge?

Irresolutely he approached the window again, and then with sudden desperation thrust forth his head and shoulders and, twisting himself round as before, caught the bottom sash of the window in a convulsive grip and so drew himself to a sitting position on the ledge. He was careful during this operation not to look skyward; indeed for the greater part of it his eyes were tightly closed. But when he opened them and looked cautiously over his shoulder toward the road he was so far from experiencing any symptoms of his former dizziness that he released the grip of one hand from the window and dropped the hand to the window sill in preparation for his next move.

Both his legs were still, you understand, in his bedroom. And upon the problem of removing them from the bedroom to the window ledge Mr. Wyatt now concentrated all the powers of his highly cultured and inventive and imaginative mind. One of them evidently could be deposited upon the ledge with comparative ease. But when that had been done the steadying grip of the other knee must be sacrificed to enable the second leg to follow the first; and Mr. Wyatt, relying upon his hold of the window sash alone, must pivot round on the ledge so as to make room upon it for that second leg. He must then somehow get one knee under him and pull himself up into a kneeling position. His heels would then project behind him over the window ledge into space—an uncomfortable idea, this. Finally he must bring one foot in out of space onto the window ledge and draw himself up until—what if the window yielded to the strain of his pull upon the sash as he raised himself? It might easily yield. It would yield. And Mr. Wyatt, half kneeling, half standing, would yield with it suddenly—execute a wild *pas seul* in the attempt to recover his balance and fall off the ledge backward and probably head downward. Involuntarily Mr. Wyatt shuddered. It flashed across his mind that his head would probably make quite a perceptible indentation, even in frozen ground, if he fell head downward from that height. His palms again grew moistly hot and his hold upon the sash above and the sill below tightened nervously.

Soon someone must pass along the road; perhaps Maxwell, escorting young Mr. Haskins' motorcycle. It would never do to be caught by Maxwell performing unmeaning gymnastics upon a window ledge. If the thing was to be done it must be done quickly. Besides, the longer he hesitated, the greater perceptibly grew Mr. Wyatt's unwillingness to attempt further progress toward his end. Very warily he drew his right leg through the window onto the ledge, and summoning all his forces of will and daring to the effort, drew the other slowly and timidly out of it.

You can picture him there on his ledge in the sunshine, holding the window sash now with both hands, his knees cocked up, his coat tails fluttering a little in the breeze, his regular features set in a mask of pale helplessness. So he remained for several

(Concluded on Page 107)

MO

Your own
market basket
can bring you any and all
of these delicious
Morris Supreme Foods

RRIS

Your guest measures your hospitality by the meal you serve. It reflects your home—and you. Naturally, you take pride in having everything just right.

The same rule applies to a great business that provides food for a nation.

The food producer is host. Every customer is his guest. The consistent goodness of his product fixes his reputation and determines his success.

He wants his guests to come again and again. To bring them back, everything—always—must be just right. His pride in his business never lets him break faith with his customers.

This gives you an idea of the task that confronts Morris and Company; a suggestion of the deep obligation that rests upon the management of such a business.

And there, too, you have the secret of the popularity of Morris Supreme Foods—a large variety of good foods whose quality proves how Morris and Company lives up to its obligation.

For over fifty years the customers of Morris and Company have been coming back—satisfied, pleased. The steady growth of this business is proof of the goodness of Morris products.

And Morris and Company is firm in its belief that this success has come in only one way: *As a result of the company's attitude toward its products and toward the user of those products;*

—the same obligation that you feel toward the guest in your home—only multiplied a millionfold—the obligation that everything must be just right.

MORRIS & COMPANY

Pennsylvania AUTO TUBE

"TON TESTED"

Under Pennsylvania methods, the stock used in the "Ton Tested" Tube is absolutely free from the least particle of grit, dirt, or other foreign substance.

This elimination of impurities removes all the basic causes of slow leaks and other tube stock shortcomings encountered in ordinary tubes.

It makes it possible to calender the "Ton Tested" stock without subjecting it to the extremely weakening process of working over or re-running.

The *guaranteed* tensile strength of the "Ton Tested" Tube is 1½ tons per square inch.

Its uniform strength and elasticity make this remarkable Tube practically impervious to the effects of friction and wear and tear of prolonged service in the casing.

Long-continued extremes of heating up and cooling down leave it entirely unaffected.

It is highly resistant, owing to its great strength and toughness, to ordinary blowout causes. Should it be seriously injured through casing lacerations, it will not tear beyond the immediate location of the cut.

You can carry it indefinitely as a "spare," knowing it will not crack or weaken from exposure to light and air.

The "Ton Tested" Tube is a Pennsylvania product, bearing the name of the maker, which guarantees its unusual quality and service. Yet it costs no more than ordinary tubes.

Makers of Vacuum Cup Fabric and Cord Tires

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY, Jeannette, Pa.

Export Dept., Woolworth Building, New York City, N. Y.

Direct Factory Branches and Service Agencies Throughout the United States and Canada

(Concluded from Page 103)

minutes forlornly. But that was the merest of affectation. He knew now perfectly well that for no reward or no penalty under the blue sky above him—not even the approval of Miss Stapleton or her disdain—could he stand or even kneel upon that window ledge.

And so at last he slithered miserably back into his bedroom, and standing upon the safety of its carpet, owned himself with a brief blasphemy, defeated and disgraced.

X

THE north side of Aberdeen Place is separated from its south side by a railing-inclosed tree-embowered green and united to it by three short parallel strips of roadway, two of which bound the green at its eastern and western ends and the third of which divides the green symmetrically and conveniently in its middle. A person entering the north side of Aberdeen Place on a motorcycle at its eastern end and desiring to reach the hall door of Number 31—that hall door from which Mr. Wyatt issued so youthfully and hopefully at the beginning of this story—would descend the north side for half its length, turn at right angles to his left hand across the short central connecting passage, and find himself then facing the hall door of his quest. The surface of the roadway in Aberdeen Place is asphalt, carefully tarred in each succeeding spring, and tarred asphalt after a heavy shower is a surface with possibilities which the motorcyclist would bear carefully in mind as he made that sharp right-angled turn to face the hall door of Number 31. But the miserable fact remains that one cannot become an experienced motorcyclist in a fortnight. And it was precisely a fortnight after the adventure on his bedroom window ledge that Mr. Wyatt elected to ride in from Wotton to Clifton on the motorcycle that had once been young Mr. Haskins', and to present himself thus strikingly—after four weeks of stern self-denial—to Miss Stapleton's blue-gray eyes.

At two o'clock, when Mr. Wyatt threw his leg—a little clumsily on account of his newly acquired overalls—across the saddle of his mount before the hall door of Nibley Court, a fine morning had already deteriorated into a dubious afternoon. Undaunted, he had started off, a pleasurably excited anticipation fluttering his carefully mufflered breast and sustaining him through several heavy downpours along the road, which soaked through his overalls to the chaste splendors hidden beneath them and ultimately caused him severe carburetor trouble with which he tinkered unsuccessfully under a dripping tree until rescued by the driver of a passing motor van. This good Samaritan, presented with a grateful half crown, removed with petrol a considerable quantity of oil and grease and mud from Mr. Wyatt's hands and face before proceeding upon his way. But a good deal, Mr. Wyatt feared, still remained. It was twenty minutes past four when he turned out of the Mall into the north side of Aberdeen Place and immediately thereafter sounded his horn for the turn ahead.

A bored policeman—what possible usefulness could there be for a policeman in Aberdeen Place—sauntering along the south side of that haunt of orderly exclusiveness toward the Mall, heard Mr. Wyatt's horn, but its sound conveyed to him no warning of what was to be. Miss Stapleton, walking beside a tall, good-looking young man and engaged in vivacious conversation, met and passed the policeman, who woke momentarily from boredom to salute her respectfully. Neither Miss Stapleton nor her escort heard Mr. Wyatt's horn, because they were entirely absorbed in the discussion of wall-paper patterns. Nor did an errand boy, who was riding a red-enameled bicycle in the direction of the Mall with his hands in his pockets and his faculties concentrated upon the invention of a suitable explanation of his inactivities during the preceding hour.

Upon these four unprepared and unsuspecting intelligences Mr. Wyatt's motorcycle burst with devastating and paralyzing menace. From the moment that it came into sight round the railings of the green it was plain to all four of them that calamity was inevitable. It came round the corner at a great speed and on its wrong side, and when it was halfway round, to complicate an already perilous situation, it skidded violently on the wet asphalt. The errand boy, hastily extracting his hands from his trousers pockets, snatched desperately at his handle bars and swerved, first to his right hand to avoid the motorcycle's original course, then to his left to avoid the skid, and finally—but too late—to his right again to escape Mr. Wyatt's apparently resolute design to his destruction. At the last moment the errand boy threw his red-enameled bicycle in one direction and himself in another. Mr. Wyatt thereupon rode over a considerable part of the bicycle and fell with his motorcycle upon the errand boy.

The errand boy howled. Miss Stapleton uttered a little cry and caught the tall good-looking young man's arm. The tall good-looking young man said it was all right, and squeezed Miss Stapleton's arm in his and said it was nothing really, and asked her with great earnestness not to be frightened. The policeman, that meaningless figurehead of the moment before, advanced upon the prostrate tangle in the roadway with all the cold, calm, unevadable vengeance of the offended British Constitution in his unhurried gait and in the practiced mechanical movement with which he produced his recording notebook.

Four people in addition to Mr. Wyatt himself witnessed Mr. Wyatt's downfall. On the south side of Aberdeen Place no one else was in sight when it occurred; on the north side two old ladies only, at that moment turning into the Mall. But within three minutes Mr. Wyatt and his victim and the policeman were completely surrounded and hidden from Miss Stapleton's view by a miscellaneous collection of messengers and other undefined boys, van drivers, taxi drivers, shop assistants from the Mall, maidservants and other such morbid outspoken people, who all appeared to have been lying in wait for Mr. Wyatt's discomfiture round various corners, and stood now in witness of it with the contentment of a profoundly hostile hope satisfactorily realized.

From the steps of Number 31 Miss Stapleton, latchkey in hand, turned to satisfy herself from that comparative eminence that neither the errand boy nor his assailant had been seriously injured.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed incredulously. "It's Mr. Wyatt!"

"Mr. Wyatt? Who is he?"

"Oh, you know Mr. Wyatt!" explained Miss Stapleton. "The man who writes—Stephen Wyatt."

"Never heard of him."

"Oh, yes! I told you all about him."

"You did not tell me all about him. But if you did, where is he now?"

"That is he—the man with the motorcycle. What on earth ——"

Miss Stapleton fell to silent musing. The good-looking young man considered Mr. Wyatt, as seen from that distance, with detached disfavor.

"Unhappy looking beggar," he pronounced definitely, and turned toward the hall door. "I do want tea so badly, Lillah. Aren't you going to open that door?"

"No," said Miss Stapleton with decision. "I want to see what happens. And besides, I must ask Mr. Wyatt in. In fact, I'm sure he was on his way here. He's rather a friend of mine, you know."

"Oh!" said the good-looking young man. "I didn't know."

"You'll like him awfully," said Miss Stapleton. "Mother and I are quite fond of him."

"I shall hate him," said the good-looking young man. "I hate him already. Besides, it would be far kinder not to let the poor beggar know that you have seen him making an ass of himself. Don't ask him to tea, please!"

"I'm going to ask him now."

She tripped down the steps and edged her way adroitly through the little crowd until she stood in its inner ring. Mr. Wyatt, mud-stained and rain-soaked, a large rent in one leg of his overalls and a corresponding rent in the corresponding leg of his trousers, an extensive purplish graze on one cheek bone, and his cap, replaced under the stress of strong emotion with its peak pointing over his right ear, recognized her and saluted miserably.

"Address?" demanded the policeman inexorably while Mr. Wyatt's cap was still in the air.

"Nibley Court, Wotton," replied Mr. Wyatt. The policeman gazed at him with obvious distrust.

"Occupation?"

"I write," said Mr. Wyatt meekly.

"What's your occupation?" repeated the policeman sternly in a warning tone.

"Novelist," said Mr. Wyatt.

The policeman visibly had never heard of such an occupation.

"You'd better be careful," he said menacingly. "Where's your license?"

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Wyatt, smiling wanly, "but I'm afraid I haven't got a license."

The audience murmured and made deprecatory and unfriendly noises, implying that it had been convinced from the first that Mr. Wyatt had no license. While the policeman with freshly wetted pencil recorded this damning deficiency, Mr. Wyatt smiled feebly and rather foolishly at Miss Stapleton.

"Near thing, that," he remarked with false jauntiness.

"I should think it was," said a powerfully built woman with a bulging reticule, snorting pugnaciously.

"You might 'ave killed that kid," said a taxi driver severely. "It'd 'a' been a near thing then for you—that's certain."

"Near thing, indeed!" said the lady with the reticule, working herself up comfortably. "That's a nice way to talk of it! If you were a gentleman, which you're not ——"

"That'll do, there," said the policeman curtly. "Move on about your business."

He returned his notebook to his pocket, looked into remote distances over the heads of the crowd, and then putting himself into motion, dispersed it toward the Mall with a gently contemptuous wave of his large hand. The errand boy departed, half carrying, half pushing the twisted ruins of his bicycle. And Mr. Wyatt, still smiling fatuously, found himself alone with Miss Stapleton.

"Oh, yes," he said brightly, "I've had a motorcycle for some time now!"

"How secretive of you!" said Miss Stapleton. "I do hope you haven't hurt yourself."

"Not at all! Not at all!" said Mr. Wyatt, fiddling nervously with that unseemly rent in his lower garments. Miss Stapleton waved imperiously to the good-looking young man, who had descended the steps of Number 31 and now approached obediently.

"This is ——" she began and blushed a little and tried another gambit. "Perhaps you haven't heard that I am an engaged young woman now?"

"Oh?" said Mr. Wyatt ineffectually. He surveyed the good-looking young man with unseeing eyes for a moment, and then said "Oh" again. It was all very unlike the ending his program had contemplated. "My heartiest congratulations," he continued at length.

"Thanks so much," said Miss Stapleton. She smiled very beautifully at Mr. Wyatt as she said this. Then she smiled still more beautifully at the good-looking young man, who smiled at her and looked still more good-looking and young as he did so. For several seconds they plainly forgot Mr. Wyatt's existence in the pleasure of smiling at one another. And Mr. Wyatt earnestly wished that he might, at least temporarily, cease to exist.

He stooped and with some difficulty—for he was sore and stiff in many places—raised his motorcycle from the ground. Beyond a distorted footboard it had sustained no visible injury.

"Well," he said lightly, "I fear I must run away. The shades of eve are falling fast, and I have some distance to go, so that ——"

His expressive eyes were perhaps too expressive just at that moment. Miss Stapleton, struck by something she read in them, decided not to ask him to tea that afternoon.

"Do take care of yourself," she urged amidst the clamor of his departure, and stood in silence until he had turned into the Mall and was gone.

"You know," she said, "it's perfectly ridiculous for a man of his age to go in for things of that sort."

"What sort?" asked the good-looking young man. "Motorcycles?"

"Yes, motorcycles," replied Miss Stapleton a little impatiently. "Motorcycles and other things. Oldish men are so silly—when they are silly."

XI

AFTER dinner that evening Mr. Wyatt sat for a long time before his study fire, the morning's Times reposing neglected upon his outstretched legs and a thickish coating of lanolin glistening upon his damaged cheek bone. He did not think. He did not try to think. He was conscious merely of an aching numbness which any effort of thought roused immediately to sharply active pain. Physically too he was stiff and sore and shaken. A whisky and soda stood on a little table at his elbow.

Presently he rose and limped across the room to his writing table. Solemnly he deposed Miss Stapleton's photograph and replaced it with Laura's. Then he yawned until tears came into his eyes, and smiling ruefully to find that he had yawned, limped back to the fire.

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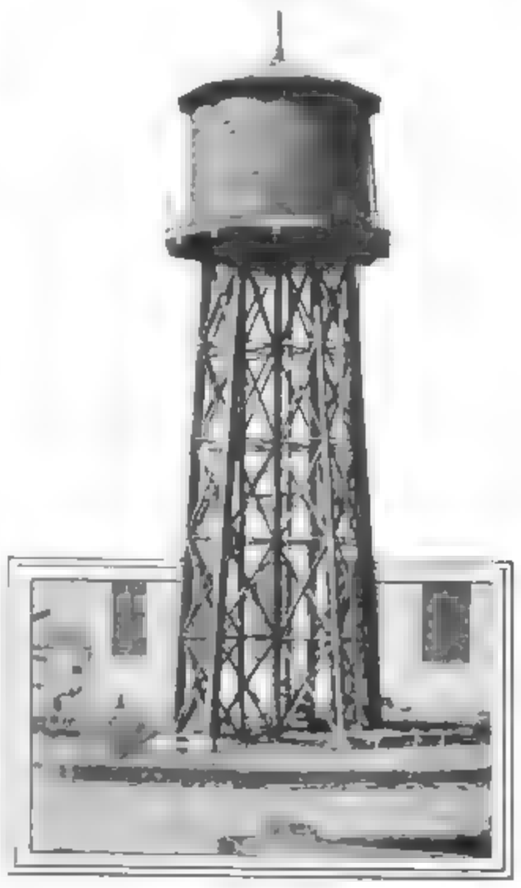

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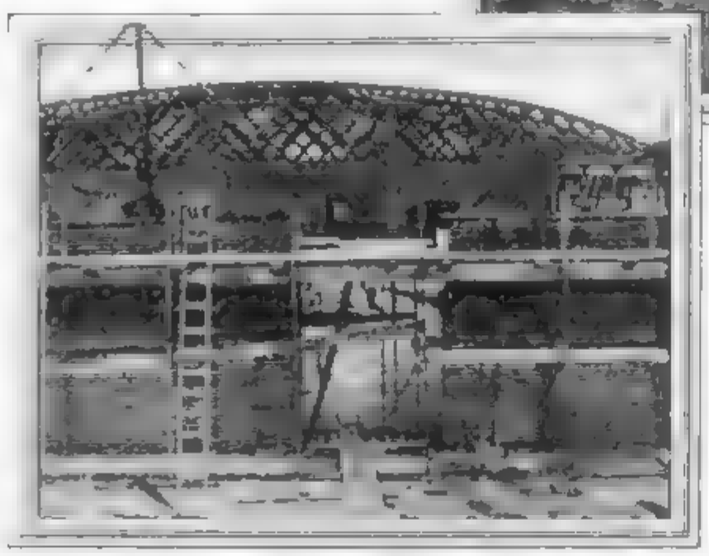

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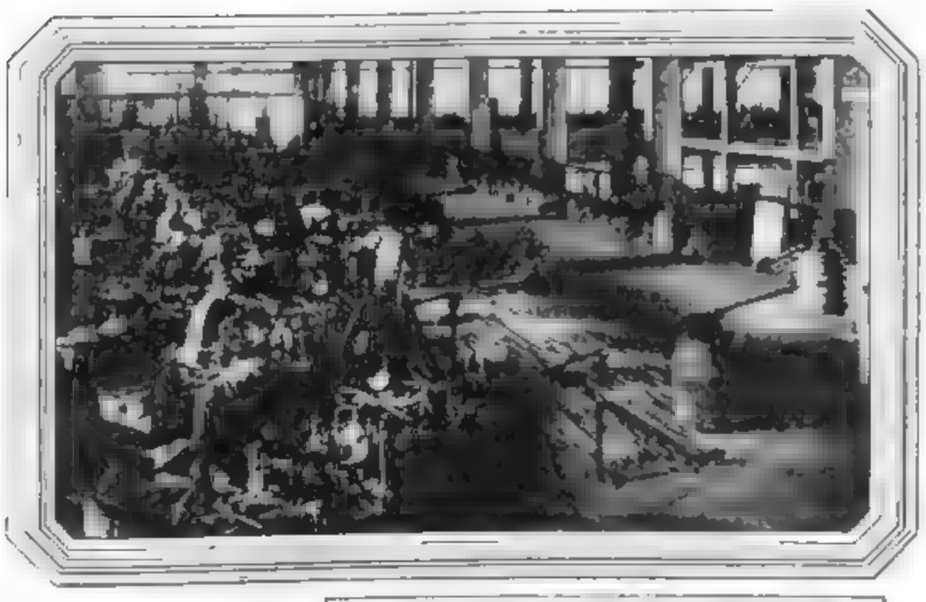

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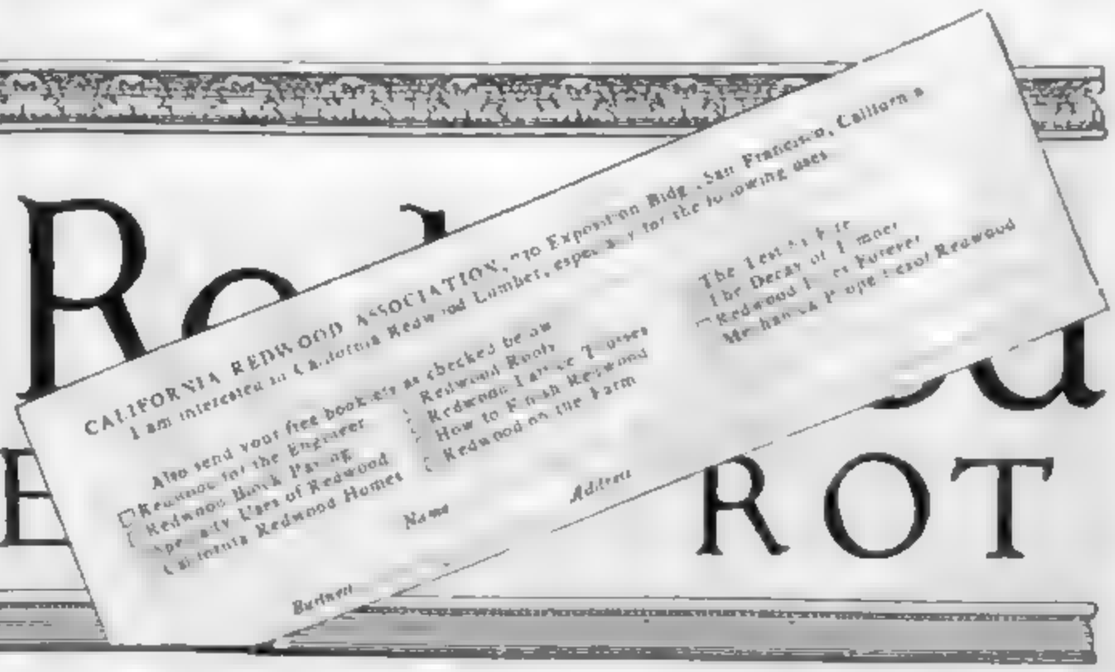
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CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 11)

Anybody who will take the time to go to the nearest park and view the statues of the great men that adorn it will at once realize that art and trouser creases have nothing in common. Thousands of sculptors have sculped men who have become great since trousers and creases became closely associated; but so far as I have been able to discover every sculptor has pointedly avoided sculping a pair of trousers that boasted even the semblance of a crease. Some sculptors have gone so far as to ignore the trousers, vest and coat that their subjects habitually wore during their working hours, and to clothe them for purposes of sculping in a large bed sheet or Roman toga.

I cannot blame sculptors for having an aversion to immortalizing in bronze a twenty-two-dollar suit of clothes that looks as though the wearer had slept in it ever since the day of the Johnstown Flood; but at the same time it has never seemed quite right that Angus F. Beetletop, who achieved fame because he got 117 more votes for Congress than D. Clayback Lummox, should be immortalized in a Roman toga when the characteristic features of his garb were a one-inch celluloid collar, a soiled white vest with the top two buttons undone, and a pair of gray-woolen socks that always fell down round his boot tops.

I have never made a study of the home life of our leading statesmen; but I will bet two new golf balls against a thirty-seven-cent share of Texas oil-well stock that some of them have known what it is to have their trousers creased. It will never be possible to prove it by their statues, however. The first thing I look for in a trousered statue nowadays is a crease in a trouser leg, and I never have any luck. The trousers are not only creaseless but they are invariably from two to four inches too long. After seeing what sculptors do to the trousers that they sculp one might be justified in thinking that sculptors never saw a pair of trousers, and have done their sculping from the descriptions of rather unobservant persons who once saw a pair of trousers for about fifteen seconds.

Though President Wilson may have incurred some criticism in Paris because of his views on various subjects it was almost universally agreed that there was one department in which he was far ahead of everyone. He was the best-dressed man at the Peace Conference. This point has never been subject to argument. His coat always fitted snugly round the collar and was unwrinkled as to back, while his trousers invariably were accurately and sharply creased. I venture to state, nevertheless, that when President Wilson is appropriately immortalized in bronze, granite and other stubborn and unyielding substances his trousers will look like something he bought at a rummage sale. There won't be a trace of a crease in them.

Imagine Napoleon in a Derby!

These observations are of no value except to show that the modern trouser appears to lack the truly artistic quality that all garments ought to have. The same holds true of the derby hat and the silk plug or two-quart hat that marks the politician, the undertaker and the society favorite. I shall deal with the derby hat at greater length in another place; but mentioning it in connection with the trouser I feel impelled to state that if the statues of Napoleon Bonaparte showed him clad in a derby hat and a pair of uncreased trousers four inches too long for him the romantic glamour that now surrounds him would be considerably tarnished and very much in need of reglamouring. And every time I see MacMonnies' statue of gallant young Nathan Hale, ready to give his life for his country, I thank heaven that Hale was captured in the garb of a Dutch schoolteacher of the Revolutionary period and did not have to be handed down to posterity in a frock coat, a stovepipe hat and the inevitable extra-length trousers. It is very hard to work up romantic enthusiasm over a statue so adorned, no matter how brave and talented the original of the statue may have been.

It seems to me that the clothing designers might do worse than to confer with our leading sculptors before they again alter the present shape of the trouser. It may be that between them they might be able to develop a permanent artistic trouser that would not only look well on immortalized statesmen but that would also be eminently stylish so long as its seat remained intact and so long as the bottoms of its legs abstained from fraying out in sprays and feelers like a vigorous trumpet vine or honeysuckle. If we built our houses in such fashion that they had to be rebuilt every eight or ten years an alienist might be justified in gazing at us askance, not to say askew. Why, then, shouldn't trousers as well as farmhouses be built for comfort, artistic value and permanence? Let those who would scoff at me for this thought swallow their scoffs until I have said my say. Why should we, of all organisms, alter our style of dressing every little while? The sweet-tongued fillilloo bird, which flits spasmodically above our heads with its cheery call of "Tweet tweet," has retained the same plumage ever since the first egg from which a fillilloo bird emerged, or the first bird from which a fillilloo egg came forth, as the case may have been. The small, highly colored greetle fish of the Farallones Islands, famed among scientists for the clever manner in which it revolves its elongated nose before the eyes of the unapproachable four-horned snail until the snail becomes dizzy and tumbles out of its shell, thus falling an easy prey to the voracious little fish—this fish has never changed the intricate designs in which the vivid colors are arranged upon its body.

Non-Creasing Korean Legwear

The Japanese, those clever little people, are wearing the same styles in kimono, *haori* and *hakama* that they wore away back in the year of the little herring. The Koreans present a very zippy appearance in exactly the same sort of baggy white trousers that their great-grandfathers used to wear. I do not hesitate to say that if a Korean while prowling through the ancestral cedar chest should run across a pair of Korean trousers that his great-great-great-uncle had worn in 1784 he could shake the dust out of them, drape them loosely round his manly form and wear them right out on Main Street without attracting any notice whatsoever—unless some particularly observant friend felt impelled to ask him carelessly where he got that new pair of pants. The Chinese are dressing themselves this very day in clothes that differ in no wise from those which P'ing Wbang wore when he broke the fingernail-growing record of all China by displaying a nail fourteen and three quarters inches long on the middle finger of his left hand—and that happened twenty-two hundred years ago.

I would scarcely go so far as to say that I prefer Korean trousers or Japanese trousers or Chinese trousers to the simple and unostentatious trousers that I am wearing at the moment. And yet there are several ways in which those foreign garments make me wonder whether mine aren't inferior in many respects. These trousers of which I am speaking are four years old, and I don't mind saying that they look it. They are slightly warped in spots, and there is a brilliant polish to many of the seams. When I first got them they cost me ten dollars. I have figured that I have had them pressed once every two weeks on an average, at a cost of twenty-five cents per press, so that the pressing has cost nearly thirty dollars. That doesn't seem quite right. I feel that enough money has been laid out on these trousers to make them a rare and precious heirloom—something that anybody connected with me would always be proud and happy to wear. But unfortunately they are neither rare nor precious; and by the end of this year they will probably be passed over to the scarecrow in the family garden. The scarecrow will wear them because he can't protest or escape; but if he had a tongue in his head he'd say some pretty harsh things before he consented to let anyone wish those trousers on him.

Korean trousers, however, are quite another story. I cannot state with any accuracy how many yards of material are needed for one pair of Korean trousers; but offhand I should say that they required about as much as would be needed for the mainsail of a sixty-foot yacht. They are bound tightly round the ankles, and with reason; for they are so voluminous that if they weren't bound they would float carelessly round in the air, and any Korean who tried to run would slip on the loose ends and fall down and break his neck. The upper part of Korean trousers have great freedom, and the seat bears a vague resemblance to an old-style balloon that has been punctured and attached to the rear of the belt. It hangs down in the vicinity of the knees and swings to and fro with a graceful soothing motion, whenever its wearer moves. If a Korean really had occasion to do so I think he would have little difficulty in effectively concealing a half ton of coal, a week's wash and a five-foot shelf of books in the seat of his trousers. A Korean tailor, I imagine, has an easy time of it learning his trade. After a good look at Korean trousers one can't help thinking that when a Korean starts out in life as a maker of burlap rice bags and cotton-bale covers, and is a pronounced failure because of his inability to make bags of the correct size he is shunted out of the bag-making business and becomes a high-class trouser maker.

In spite of their voluminous and unusual appearance Korean trousers have many advantages. For one thing they never have to be creased. A Korean could—and frequently does—spend his entire working day squatted down on his haunches so that his knees stick out into his trousers at the most acute and damaging angle imaginable. But when he gets up off his haunches and goes home to the wife of his bosom his trousers drape themselves into their accustomed graceful folds, and there is nothing about them to show that he has knees. Our own trousers, on the other hand, are keenly susceptible to the pressure of a knee from within. If a man does nothing but sit at a desk for several consecutive hours the crease of his trousers becomes weak and faint at the knees, and each trouser leg begins to look as though a small cantaloupe were nesting in it. If the same man should squat down on his haunches for an hour each trouser leg would be as malignantly distorted at the knee as though it were harboring an overgrown watermelon.

And in this fact, it seems to me, is disclosed one of the great faults of the modern trouser of the Western Hemisphere. It is built to stand up in and not to sit down in. The sharp accurate crease is intended to accentuate the straightness of the leg; and so long as the wearer continues to stand up the crease retains its pristine creasiness; but as soon as he sits down the crease begins to get tired and forgetful and dejected and unsightly. The trousers of the Koreans and the Chinese and the Japanese, however, are made to sit down in; and their wearers can and do sit down anywhere and everywhere with the utmost firmness and deliberation without damaging the contour of the trousers in the slightest degree. They not only sit down on chairs but they sit down on the floor and fold their legs under them, and otherwise subject their trousers to cruel and inhuman treatment without any evil effects whatever.

The Transmigration of Trousers

There are many other attractive features about the trousers of the Far East. I have an idea that the Korean trouser, for example, is very difficult to wear out. If a Korean finds that friction has worn a hole in some section of his trousers, here is enough cloth in them for him to slice out a couple of square feet of goods and splice the edges together and still have a garment just as spacious and symmetrical as it was in the beginning. And if a Korean for some reason or other should decide to discard his trousers he could find many uses for the cloth because of the extreme lavishness with which it is used. From one pair of them one could manufacture at least ten complete suits of summer underwear. Or if underwear were not needed one could make slip covers for a chaise-longue and several easy-chairs. From two pair of Korean trousers one could get a magnificent set of portieres; while with the addition of a few yards of cheery chintz one could get enough curtains to brighten the windows of a cozy little cottage in the country.

All of these points appeal to me greatly; for I consider the present-day trouser altogether too restricted. When it wears out in any prominent part it cannot be successfully tampered with or altered if the wearer is to move without embarrassment in refined circles. And when it is finally retired from everyday use it makes nice gun cleaners, but is otherwise of little value except as something to put up in the attic and think about when the attic is cleaned out every seven years. I am for a more utilitarian trouser. I hold no brief for the Korean trouser; but I like the things for which it stands: Eternal stylishness and zippiness, no creasing, twenty-year life, and extreme usefulness when it has outlived its worth as a trouser.

The Japanese and the Chinese trouser lack much of the zip that characterizes the Korean trouser; but both the Chinese and Japanese garments have excellent points. A Japanese trouser that has been worn in one family for twelve or eighteen years and has never looked a pant presser in the face in all that time can none the less present an appearance technically referred to by snappy dressers as jazzy. It doesn't lose its pep at the end of a decade, as does the more effete American and British trouser. The Japanese trouser is known in the quaint Japanese language as *hakama*. It is not so loose as the Korean variety; but it is sufficiently loose for the wearer to hang a few small articles such as a Virginia ham and a five-gallon can of gasoline inside it without disturbing its hang noticeably. Being constructed of silk usually, it can be made into exquisite sofa pillows and delightful Christmas gifts such as pincushions, telephone covers and tea cozies after it has been translated from the trouser sphere.

The Chinese trouser is merely a loose high-water pant of silk. It flaps in the wind and gives Chinese streets a gala holiday appearance. It has the same excellent points as the Japanese trouser.

Ubiquity of Male Pockets

All three of these trousers have one more noteworthy point in common. None of them has pockets. Their wearers tuck their belongings neatly into the heavy cloth sash or girdle which holds up the trouser in the Far East. I realize that it would be impossible to tuck much of anything into the modern gallus or suspender, unless it were well supplied with little racks like an unrollable case for toilet articles; but the gallus or suspender is rapidly being supplanted by the belt in the Western world. Thousands who cling firmly to the gallus are insensibly weakening by coyly wearing a belt at the same time. In time I expect to see the belt worn universally except by those persons whose physical characteristics are such that a belt can obtain no grip unless it is worn above the shoulders. The clothing designers might bear this in mind and devote some thought to the matter of a centralized pocket in the belt.

Pockets as they exist to-day in so-called civilized garments are very widely distributed over the person; and the only section of the fully clothed human frame that is entirely free from them is that portion lying between and just below the shoulder blades.

None the less they appear to exist chiefly for the purpose of allowing their possessors to forget in which pocket they have placed a given article. Five minutes after purchasing a railroad ticket, for example, a man may frequently be seen hunting through every one of the fifteen pockets in his garments for the same ticket with a wild look in his eye and an expression on his face that indicates the approach of a nervous collapse. The average suit of woman's clothes, on the other hand, contains one pocket and sometimes less; but a woman is seldom heard complaining because she has left money, keys or important documents in the pockets of her other clothes, as men so often do. This indicates clearly that men have far more pockets than they need.

It has been admitted for years that the system adopted by the average male in using his pockets is inefficient in the extreme. For example, he always carries his cigars in his upper vest pockets, with the result that when he takes too deep a breath or leans against anything too enthusiastically the cigars are crushed. He usually carries his small change in his lower vest pockets, from which the coins fall whenever he stoops over too far or runs too violently. His keys he carries in his trousers pocket, where by rubbing against his leg they create holes in his undergarments as well as in his trousers.

(Concluded on Page 114)

Columbia

Columbia Grafonolas—
Standard Models up to $300
Period Designs up to $2100

Grafonola

"My Dance!"

DON'T worry—they'll all get their dances. For when the ever-ready, never-weary Grafonola makes the music, there's a dance for every girl with every partner before the merry evening is half spent.

With a Columbia Grafonola in your home you can dance till dawn and have all the delight of infinite variety. All the best known dance organizations play all the best and latest dances—fox-trots, one-steps, waltzes, jazzes—for the Columbia Grafonola.

The Waldorf-Astoria Dance Orchestra, The Biltmore Kalaluhi Hawaiian Orchestra, Earl Fuller's Rector Novelty Orchestra, Wilbur C. Sweatman's Original Jazz Band, the Yerkes Jazarimba Orchestra, Jockers' Dance Orchestra, the Columbia Saxophone Sextette, the Original Dixieland Jass Band—these and more than a score of others make dance records for Columbia.

The most versatile of instruments is this big, handsome Columbia Grafonola. The merriest of entertainers when guests arrive, a cheerful musical companion when you are alone. Gay with you when you want to laugh, tireless if you want to dance, tender and tuneful when you want to rest awhile.

The Columbia Grafonola and Columbia Records give you the music you like best when you want it most.

To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, New York
London Factory: 102 Clerkenwell Road, E. C.

(Concluded from Page 111)

I do not intend to embark on an anti-pocket campaign. I merely wish to point out to the clothing designers how garments can be made more utilitarian. I do not even insist that a centralized pocket, if the clothing designers should view such an affair with favor, should be located in a glorified belt. At the present moment a vast deal of space is being wasted in the interior of male hats. A false bottom, for instance, might be built in a derby hat, neat compartments inserted, and the whole used as a male vanity case or catchall, thus eliminating the necessity of carrying keys, knives, spare handkerchiefs, small change, unimportant documents, old letters, cigarettes, trouser buttons, business cards, old coins, corkscrews, collar buttons and other impedimenta in the pockets.

Another feature of Japanese dress that the clothing designers might do worse than view with an appreciative eye is the *haori*, or loose Japanese coat, which hangs just a trifle below the knees. The shape has little or nothing to recommend its substitution for the less graceful topcoats of England and America; but its decorations are intriguing to a degree. In five places—just over the small of the back, over each chest and on the upper back part of each arm—is the family crest of the owner, cleverly woven into the cloth.

There is room in this country for overcoats, umbrellas, hats and what not that shall have the family crest of its owner conspicuously and artistically woven into the fabric. This idea might be applied even to golf balls, galoshes, book covers and similar objects.

With such a custom in vogue a knave belonging to the Smith family would hesitate to lift from a restaurant hook a raincoat emblazoned with the crest of the Brown or Robinson family; and the Harry Leon Wilsons would be overcome with mortification if upon their book shelves should appear a book whose cover brazenly flaunted the crest of the Roberts family.

The Japanese take great joy in their kimonos; and I am not one to deny their beauty or their comfort. At the same time I see nothing in the kimono that could be incorporated into our own clothing to advantage, with the possible exception of the commodious sleeves, which are used by the Japanese as receptacles for all sorts of articles, from spare automobile parts to toothbrushes. Even the advantages of the sleeves would be reduced to a minimum in this country, where the cafeteria and the open-faced soup plate flourish so luxuriantly.

Long sleeves present few difficulties in Japan, where several pieces of pickled fish and a handful of boiled rice constitute a full meal and offer few opportunities for sleeves to be trailed in it. But an American who dallied with an oyster stew and a piece of lemon-meringue pie in a restaurant while clad in a long-sleeved kimono would be almost certain to leave the restaurant with a fair amount of the stew and most of the meringue clinging to one or both of the sleeves. On the whole it is difficult for me to visualize an American telegraph lineman shinning up a telegraph pole while clad in a kimono; or a motorman driving an open trolley car into the teeth of a thirty-mile breeze while wearing one of those things. In fact, kimonos have little in common with American activities.

Sometimes a Japanese wears a kimono and sometimes he wears Japanese trousers. Sometimes among the lower classes he doesn't wear much of anything below the belt. Sometimes he wears European clothes; and sometimes he wears part European clothes and part Japanese clothes. The effect of a Japanese citizen wearing a straw hat that went out of style in 1902, a raincoat that looks as though it came to America in the Mayflower and worked over to Japan by long hard stages, a fine old kimono and a pair of Japanese wooden clogs is somewhat bizarre, not to say rum and baroque. If one is ever going to appreciate the shortcomings of European dress he appreciates them when he sees a high Japanese official wandering round a banquet hall in a frock coat, a pair of worsted trousers that have been badly bagged at the knees because of the unconventional Japanese custom of sitting on the floor with crossed legs, and a pair of gray cotton socks uncovered by any footgear whatever—for those interesting and curious little people always remove their shoes when they enter a house. Of course the entire effect of a suit of clothes, so far as its zip is concerned, is apt to be hopelessly ruined if the wearer forgets to put on his shoes. The results on the eye of the beholder are as crude and annoying as though the shirt tails were allowed to hang down over the trousers or as though the collar were unbuttoned in front. None the less a Japanese in European dress, even with his boots on, has an irregular look. He makes you wish that he'd go home and put on his kimono and be comfortable. The entire Japanese Army, which wears European uniforms, looks as though its uniforms had been made for men three sizes larger.

There are grave dangers in such a half-and-half policy toward clothing as has been exhibited by the Japanese; and therein lies another lesson for clothing designers and anybody else who cares to take the lesson to himself. Because some Japanese have clung to the flowing kimono and others to the skirtlike Japanese trouser, while a few of each have occasionally crawled into the European pant, the Japanese lack the deep-seated veneration for nether garments which obtains in European circles. When the weather is hot the laboring classes are apt to dispense with them entirely. When the weather is chilly they frequently affect the unadorned long underdrawer or balbriggan with which we have been made familiar through the advertisements which show athletic young men dallying round in their underwear of a morning before setting forth for their labors.

It is somewhat shocking for tourists who regard the underdrawer as a very intimate article of clothing, not to be exhibited to public gaze except in time of dire necessity, to see Japanese young men strolling carelessly along highways in golf caps, short Japanese kimonolike coats and ordinary European balbriggans secured at the ankle and calf by regulation half hose and conventional garters. It is far better, it seems to me, to have such fixed opinions regarding dress that even to dream of appearing in nothing but underclothes is sufficient to induce a heavy perspiration.

The Japanese attitude toward nether garments is a fair sample of what happens to people who are mentally neutral on any subject. Mr. Wilson once asked this nation to be mentally neutral concerning the late war, the rape of Belgium and other cosmic subjects; but fortunately he abandoned this pernicious attitude before the nation could get itself into the condition which is necessary before mental neutrality toward anything can be achieved. One must either like or dislike everything, whether it be mosquitoes, mince pie, National League haircuts, free verse, dogs, rowdyism, stud poker or Prussianism. When people are mentally neutral about wars, presidents, right and wrong, love, cabinet officials, trousers and other matters, they usually lay themselves open to as much merry laughter as do the Japanese young men who trot round in their underdrawers.

A word on the subject of hats and I am done. If the clothing designers attempt any dress reforms in the near future other than decreeing orange and Alice blue trimmings for coats I wish they would use their influence to abolish the derby hat or to make it a more utilitarian feature of our daily apparel. The derby hat is a clumsy, unwieldy, ill-proportioned, unattractive, unbecoming, poorly fitting, uncomfortable piece of headgear. If it were made of tin or aluminum there might be some virtue in it; for when not in use as a hat it could be used as a water pail, a chafing dish, a teakettle, a mouse trap or a salad bowl. Being made of stiffened felt it is good for nothing except to be dented with much energy and heartiness whenever it falls to the ground.

The derby hat is a relic of the dim past, when cast-iron dogs were considered ornamental on front lawns and bead portières and portraits of a dish of fruit were thought to add immensely to the æsthetic value of a refined home. The cast-iron dog and the bead portières have, with the still-life painting, the pug dog and the bustle, long since been banished to the limbo of horrible examples; but the derby hat has had more vitality and has clung to existence with a stubbornness that makes a mule look weak-minded by comparison. It goes out of style every two or three years, and has to be replaced.

A clear white beam of hope appears in the fact that one must pay eight or ten dollars for a derby hat that used to cost four or five. It wouldn't take much urging to persuade the people of this nation to turn from the derby hat with loathing and disgust and devote itself to the more patrician felt hat or the more adventurous golf cap. The Japanese have taken very kindly to the golf cap and the felt hat; and when the Emperor throws a tea party for the élite of the Flowery Kingdom the silk or two-quart hat of Piccadilly and Fifth Avenue appears in all its glory.

The derby hat, however, has never got anywhere with the Japanese. They appear in public in European underdrawers without a qualm; but they cannot stand the European derby hat.

The Koreans have a rather fascinating custom which might and might not interest the clothing designers. The Korean hat is a small affair like a diminutive silk hat, made of horsehair so that it is as transparent as an old-fashioned wire-screen flytrap. This is worn only by married men. If it were possible to have the derby hat regarded as the badge of a married man in this country I venture to say that it would become obsolete with remarkable velocity. The clothing designers might like to devote some thought to this point, for if they worried it sufficiently they might shake a valuable idea out of it.

I have seen fit to urge the clothing designers to make our clothes more economical, more efficient and more comfortable; and in so doing I have presented only one side of the case. There is another side to it. No matter how the clothing designers change our clothes the changes will bring forth a storm of objurgations, protest and cuss words.

Every new style has always received the hoarse hoot and the resonant raz in all European countries. When the Romans discovered that all Gaul was divided into three parts, they also discovered that the Germans wore trousers; and since none of the Romans had ever seen a pant in his life previous to that time they simply kidded the Germans to death, as the saying goes. Buttons, when they first appeared, were regarded as perfectly scandalous; and the essayists of that long-dead day worked themselves into a violent lather on the subject. In the year 1400 the zippy English dresser wore sky-blue nightgownish-looking robes with little silver bells hung on at intervals; and what the writers of that period had to say about clothes was full of the old jazz, so to speak.

A horrible uproar was raised when snappy dressers in the reign of Henry VIII affected leg-of-mutton sleeves which made them measure four feet eight inches from shoulder to shoulder.

Whether the clothing designers give us Alice blue coat linings or Korean pants or Japanese sleeves the people who are expected to wear the clothes will emit ferocious howls of poignant anguish at the very thought. The clothing designers have decreed orange and Alice blue coat linings; but everybody will go right ahead wearing the same coat linings that he wore last year and year before last, if the true state of affairs be known.

Something, as I said in the beginning, is wrong with our system of dressing; but since practically everyone has suits of clothes that will wear for another two years it is a source of the utmost unconcern to practically everyone whether the clothing designers do or do not make any changes in the system.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

(Continued from Page 13)

extremely presentable chauffeur and experienced little difficulty in landing on his feet.

But remaining there was quite another matter. And Spinola had survived a hectic experience with one vacillating husband. She had little mind for another.

Luscious Chester on the other hand was nothing if not steady-going. Trouble with him was that he was too durned steady. For years he had held a humble but regular job in a coal yard. During off hours he assisted Cap'n Jackson Ramsay in caring for his game chickens, and he made more than a few dollars from the latter source by way of wagers. Not that Spinola was passionately enamored of cockfighting, but she did view with intransigent approval Luscious' constancy to vocation and avocation. She yearned for stability round her home and plenty of it.

So she found herself in a position of being unwilling to relinquish the grandeur of Mr. Shivers for the solidity of Luscious; or to pass up the reliable Luscious for the brummagem brilliance of Mr. Shivers.

She received her suitors effusively. As she ushered them into the parlor Mr. Shivers handed her the pound of candy. She thanked him gushingly. Luscious scratched his head.

"Dawg-gawn!" he remarked tactfully. "I never thought of bringin' nothin' like that!"

Mr. Shivers was glowing triumphantly as he and Luscious took seats on a sofa the upholstery of which had long since seen its day. Spinola went to the phonograph and a dose of the latest jazz music spurted into the room. They all waited with ill-concealed impatience until it was finished. Then Spinola turned off the machine and seated herself in a rocking-chair opposite them.

The men were nervous. They said nothing. Spinola, sensing a climax, said the same thing.

Mr. Shivers broke the silence. He cleared his throat. Then he nudged Luscious. Luscious fidgeted. Mr. Shivers spoke sotto voce: "G'wan, Luscious—you say it!"

Luscious opened his lips, closed them, opened them again. Nothing save a restrained hiss issued. Finally: "Can't!" he choked hopelessly and relapsed into jellyfishy apathy

It was plainly up to Mr. Shivers. He had foreseen this and fancied that it would be reasonably easy. But with the mute and trembling Luscious beside him on the sofa and the keen-eyed interested Spinola opposite he found himself grossly deserted by his gift of gab. He essayed circumlocution; "We is pow'ful glad to be heah with you this evenin', Missis Reed."

"I is glad to have you, Mistuh Shivers—both "

"Yeh, ain't it the truth?"

"Ain't it?"

"Er a—we is both heah ——"

"Yeh, ain't you now?"

"Yeah!" blurted Luscious desperately, feeling it incumbent upon him to say something. "We is!"

"We both come t'gether," went on Mr. Shivers, "to ast you a question."

"Is you?" coyly.

"Yeh," interjected Luscious hoarsely, determined not to be left in the cold. "We both is—the same question."

"How awful int'rusting," remarked Spinola. "Wha's it about?"

"Us," said Mr. Shivers.

"Yeh—we," groaned Luscious.

"An' you, Missis Reed."

"An' you," came the doleful echo.

Judging by the words that did not come in the next few minutes, the question had been argued and disposed of. Luscious continued to fidget, happened to glance at his feet, noticed that they were entirely too large for any prospective husband and wildly tried to conceal them beneath the sofa. He failed signally.

Spinola, secretly delighted with the unusual situation, reintroduced the apparently forgotten subject.

"Bouten you-all an' I?"

"Yeah!"

"What about us?"

"We wan's," choked Mr. Shivers valiantly—"we wan's you to marry us!"

"Me," corrected Luscious fearfully.

"An' me!" followed Mr. Shivers.

Spinola stiffened.

"Both?" she cried in horror.

"Either!"

"Oh! Tha's diff'ent."

"Yeh," agreed Luscious. "Ain't it?"

Spinola checked off the facts on her fingers.

"You is both preposin' ma'iage to me t'gether, ain't it?"

"Yeah!"

"An' I is to choose betwix' you?"

"Yassum. Right now."

(Continued on Page 117)

City Comforts for Country Homes

TO every farmer, no matter how remote from central station service, Willys Light brings city comfort and convenience.

This complete individual electric light and power plant furnishes abundant light at trifling cost for farmhouse, barn and outbuildings. It also supplies ample power for operating the time and labor saving machinery and electrical accessories that make farm life more pleasant and profitable.

Today the greatest opportunity in years for big profits is open to the modernly equipped, scientifically managed farm. Willys Light supplies the most vital factor needed for the full development of this opportunity—power, to lessen human labor and conserve time.

Simple, durable, efficient and economical, Willys Light is ideally adapted for the practical needs of the farm as well as for small towns, suburban estates, summer homes, stores, factories, churches, theatres, hotels and other places, public and private, out of range of central power stations.

Thorough dependability is insured by the fact that Willys Light is produced by the Electric Auto-Lite Corporation, the world's largest builders of starting and lighting systems for motor cars.

Send for descriptive Willys Light book, featuring its manifold advantages. Territory open for live dealers. Write us

ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE CORPORATION, WILLYS LIGHT DIVISION
TOLEDO, OHIO, U. S. A.

Branch Offices in: Spokane; Denver; Minneapolis; St. Louis; Detroit; Syracuse; Philadelphia; Dallas; Atlanta.

The quiet powerful performance of the Willys Knight sleeve-valve engine actually improves with use. It is self-cranking, self-running, self-stopping. It burns kerosene at less cost than gasoline. In this economy it further contributes by making all the energy of the fuel without waste.

Here is shown Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 350.

The rug on the floor is Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 346. The 6 x 9 ft. size retails at $8.75.

CONGOLEUM Gold Seal ART-RUGS

Look for this Gold Seal when you buy

We repeat: *"Look for the Gold Seal"*

PASTED on the face of every genuine Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Rug is our money-back guarantee, reading:

"Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money will be refunded"

This is our definite promise. It means just what it says: If any Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Rug you buy doesn't prove *perfectly satisfactory* you can have a new Rug or your money back.

When you go to pick out a Congoleum Art-Rug be *sure* to look for this *Gold-Seal*, or the name "Congoleum" stamped on the back. It is your protection against inferior imitations of Congoleum.

Truly Economical
Wonderfully Satisfactory

CONGOLEUM *Gold-Seal* Art-Rugs are very economical because their cost is low and because they give long service. They are wonderfully satisfactory for several reasons:

(1) *Because* the beautiful patterns are designed by famous rug designers, in colors that are rich and beautiful. We can only approximate their beauty in a two-color advertisement like this.

(2) *Because* they are so easy to keep clean. No beating or heavy sweeping necessary, a damp mop is all you need.

(3) *Because* they do not curl or "kick-up" at the edges, but lie perfectly flat without fastening in any way.

(4) *Because* the patterns are printed with a heavier layer of color than is used on any other printed floor-covering on the market, and will consequently keep bright and new-looking much longer.

Note these low prices:

6 x 9 feet	$ 8.75	9 x 9 feet	$12.75
7½ x 9 feet	10.60	9 x 10½ feet	14.85
9 x 12 feet	$17.00		

Prices in the Far West and South average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

Congoleum Gold-Seal Floor-Coverings

Congoleum is also manufactured in roll form in a variety of different patterns in soft colors, suitable for use in the hall, pantry, kitchen, or any other room where you want an *all-over* floor-covering. Prices are:—two yards wide, 90c per square yard, 3 yards wide, 87c per square yard.

Color Charts Free

Send your name and address to the nearest branch office for a copy of the latest Rug Chart showing the full assortment of patterns in the actual colors. We also have color folders, illustrating the other Congoleum Floor-Coverings. State which you want.

Congoleum Company
Incorporated
PHILADELPHIA ▫ SAN FRANCISCO ▫ CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 114)

Spinola cogitated intensively. "This is a mos' unusual presition fo' a gal to be in."

"Yassum. Sho' is. Tha's why we thunk yo'd do sumthin'."

"'Tain't ve'y romantic."

"It's two times as romantic as one man preposin'. An' besides we is both tried romantics an' they ain't got us nowhere."

Spinola's lips came together firmly.

"This heah ain't no way to co't no gal. S'posin' I was to assept one of you, t'other one would haf to leave befo' I could git my 'gagement kiss—an' that would be turrible embarrassin'."

"Yeh, woul'n't it?" agreed Luscious nervously.

"I reckon," intoned Spinola sadly, "that I cain't choose betwix' you now. I sho'ly does reckon not."

"Why?" quizzed Mr. Shivers passionately. "Why you cain't?"

"Fust off, Mistuh Shivers, I ain't use'n to makin' up my min' bout gittin' ma'ied so quick like this. Besides, 'tain't no proper way to do no co'tin'. I is a young woman, Mistuh Shivers, an' I insis's on bein' won."

"You is got to be won?"

"Tha's it. I ma'ies the man which wins me."

Ten minutes later the two dejected suitors left the house. Mr. Shivers set the pace to the corner, stopped, faced Luscious, dived into a trousers pocket and produced a pair of new celluloid dice.

"C'mon," he commanded, "we is gwine shoot high dice—th'ee rolls."

Luscious shook his head in bewilderment.

"Whaffo'?"

"Fo' Spinola."

"Shoot high dice fo' her?"

"Shuah!" snapped Mr. Shivers impatiently. "Ain't you hearn her say she is gwine ma'y the man which wins her? Ain't you hearn her say them ve'y same words? Now le's one of us win!"

Luscious thought it over. Then he shied.

"No," he negatived, "I ain't gwine do it!"

"Why?"

"'Twoul'n't be respectful."

"Respectful? Huh! She done said she had got to be won."

"Jes' the same," insisted Luscious proudly, "I ain't gwine shoot dice fo' no wife."

George Shivers was up against it. He had been very optimistic on the dice proposition. He was master of the clicking ivory cubes and had been confident of a superior score. He argued, pleaded, cajoled, threatened. Luscious was adamant. Shivers sighed.

"A'right then, Luscious. I is willin' to play you the bes' th'ee out of five han's show-down poker."

"Ain't got no min' fo' no poker."

"But one of us is got to win Spinola, ain't we?"

"Not with no cards n'r neither dice," snapped Luscious, and turned away.

George Shivers sadly watched his rival amble down the street. Mr. Shivers was more than a trifle apprehensive. Spinola insisted upon being won and Luscious denied the opportunity of winning her.

"Dawg-gawn a black man which ain't no mo' gamblin' instinc' than what Luscious is got!" soliloquized the disappointed suitor.

In the first place he had been rudely shocked by Spinola's hesitation in the little matter of choosing a husband. He thought considerably less of her taste in matters matrimonial. He couldn't understand how she could look at them side by side and fail to give Luscious his congé. But fail she had, and as a mere matter of masculine pride Mr. Shivers was more than ever determined to win her.

Win her, yes. But how? To win something one must take a chance, and taking a chance on the fair and wealthy widow had no place in Mr. Shivers' scheme of things. Luscious had refused the dice—there Mr. Shivers would have had a little better than a five-hundred-to-one chance. Luscious had declined cards too. And the fact remained that Spinola had to be won.

In the days that followed the radiant and happy widow was impartial in her favors. She submitted to the company of Luscious one night and Mr. Shivers the next. She made a sincere effort to choose between them and failed miserably. The decision, she was determined, must be left to them. Deciding for herself was too great a mental strain and she let it be clearly understood that such a decision, if left to her, would be long delayed.

Luscious, too, had been surprised by their mutual proposal—surprised to learn that he stood an even chance. He perked up sufficiently to buy a celluloid collar and a rainbowish necktie. He sent her an entire pound of candy at one time. But despite this obvious camouflage he remained Luscious Chester, inordinately fond of his bird, Gaffer, and faithful through all his mental travail to his trust as chief handler for Capt. Jackson Ramsay's prize gamecocks.

Then things veered in Luscious' direction. The gentleman who employed Mr. Shivers—one Mr. Forbes—was called to Montgomery on business, heard from an optimist that the road between Birmingham and that city was in good condition and fared forth in his automobile with a mournful Mr. Shivers at the wheel. He was to be gone five or six days. That meant five or six evenings of uninterrupted association between Luscious and the fair Spinola. Mr. Shivers was fearful that his matrimonial bark was about to be wrecked on the shoals of propinquity.

It wasn't—not that Luscious did not try to make a good crop of hay while the sun of opportunity was shining, but Spinola was both fair and wary. Meanwhile matters of vital import to the trio were occurring in Montgomery.

It started in the lobby of the Gay-Teague Hotel, where Mr. Forbes bumped into an old college classmate. That gentleman confided to his friend that on the following morning there was to be a magnificent cocking main between birds from Montgomery and birds from Mobile. The friend had the honor of owning all the Montgomery entries and would Mr. Forbes attend? Mr. Forbes would. What is more, he did. And it was Mr. George Shivers who drove the car to the battle ground and so was a fascinated spectator at the main.

At first he was indifferent—a most unusual condition for Mr. Shivers. He didn't understand what it was all about and he didn't particularly care. Wherefore he did not enter the dilapidated barn where the gamecocks belonging to Mr. Forbes' friend were caged and so did not hear a conversation which concerned the first battle.

"How about the first match?" questioned Mr. Forbes.

His friend laughed.

"Don't bet a nickel on it!" He pointed to a magnificent red cock that was crowing loudly and defiantly. "There's my entry."

"Fine-looking bird."

"He is fine. Best cock I've ever pitted."

"Yet you advise me not to bet on him?"

"Exactly. That bird yonder—Trojan is his name—has already won four battles. I'm pitting him to-day with the wild idea that he might make it five wins. That would be a record for me. But, of course, he hasn't a chance. A cock, you know, is best in his first fight. In every succeeding fight he gets less good. Trojan, you see, has been cut up pretty badly in the past."

"I see. And you're taking a chance on losing him in order to establish a record for yourself?"

"Precisely. Trojan will lose—but there is always the long chance. And it would be an enormous satisfaction to have bred a bird capable of five victorious fights."

It was not until the birds had been spurred and the signal given for the commencement of the first fight that Mr. Shivers conscripted any interest in the proceedings. He timidly approached the pit and placed himself in the immediate vicinity of Mr. Forbes. His employer's friend was inside the canvas-lined pit, holding Trojan tenderly in his arms. George Shivers' eyes fell upon the bird and popped open. He remembered vaguely having seen the cock before. He addressed his boss.

"What that rooster is name', suh?"

"Which one?"

"That big red one yo' frien' is holdin'?"

"Trojan. Why?"

"Golly Moses! He's the ve'y imige of a bird I knows, name of Gaffer. How much he weigh?"

"Five pounds."

"So do Gaffer."

"Fine bird, that Trojan. Fighting blood all the way through. This is his fifth fight. He won the first four."

"Won 'em all?"

"Yes."

"Wigglin' wil'cats! That sho' mus' be the fightenes' cock!"

The voice of the referee broke quietly in on the buzz of chatter. "Pit your birds, gentlemen!"

The handlers brought their birds together and allowed them to peck at one another. Then they were pitted, their two-and-a-quarter-inch steel gaffs glittering menacingly in the sunlight. Of a sudden there was a swish-swa-a-ash-swish as their bodies catapulted through the air and came together. Both went down. And the friend of Mr. Shivers' employer forgot his dignity and emitted a cry of triumph.

"In you!" he exclaimed in the parlance of the cockpit. "It means a clean win!"

It had been a lucky double stroke; a stroke such as wins for a bird on the initial clash. The spurs had passed cleanly through the head of Trojan's enemy. The end of the bout was a foregone conclusion to the wiseacres clustered about the pit. The affair lasted scarcely five minutes.

"Five victories!" exulted the owner of Trojan. "I reckon that's a bird for you!"

George Shivers stared in trembling awe. Five victories! He didn't know that this win had been the worst sort of fluke and that Trojan's owner had risked not a penny on his chances. Nor did he know that a fighting cock is at his best in his first fight; that he fights by instinct and that every cutting he gets weakens his stamina, however much of his marvelous gameness he may retain. All Mr. Shivers knew was that he was having an idea. Trojan was the size and weight of Gaffer. Mr. Shivers could see no physical difference between the birds—not so much as a feather. And Gaffer—no matter how elegantly bred—was a young inexperienced fighter, while to Mr. Shivers' way of thinking—Trojan was a wise old veteran who knew all the tricks of the trade.

In the breast of Mr. Shivers there was born the overwhelming desire to become possessed of Trojan, to carry him to Birmingham and strike Luscious Chester in his Achilles' tendon. He planned to induce the unsuspecting Luscious to wager his property rights in Spinola Reed on the outcome of a battle between his bird and Trojan. That was the one thing in the world that Luscious could not resist. Cockfighting was the wine of life to him. He was of the type to wager his very life or his only shirt on such an event. And of course, speculated Mr. Shivers blithely, Luscious would never suspect that Trojan was a veteran bird certain to win over the young and inexperienced Gaffer.

It dovetailed perfectly with Mr. Shivers' determination to take no chances of losing Spinola. He couldn't help chuckling at the certainty of success, provided he could buy Trojan. He edged close to the pit where the beatifically defunct ex-opponent of Trojan lay in state, and gave vent to a dolorous sigh.

"My goshgolly! I wisht I owned that there Trojan!"

His employer turned smilingly.

"What's that, George?"

"I says I wisht I owned that there Trojan."

Such unmistakable desire shone from Mr. Shivers' eyes that his boss was visibly affected. He asked no embarrassing questions, but presumed that Mr. Shivers was a wise and inveterate cockfighter who desired the noble Trojan for breeding purposes. He knew that Trojan had fought at least three fights beyond his time—a fact of which Mr. Shivers was happily unaware.

"How much are you willing to pay for him, George?"

"How much you would sigges', boss man?"

"Ten dollars?"

George gasped. Ten dollars! He had vaguely imagined that blooded fighting cocks brought prices closer to a hundred.

"Y-y-yassuh! I sho' will take him if'n you c'n git him fo' that. I'll make it fifteen too, suh."

Five minutes later Mr. Forbes returned.

"He's yours, George, at eight dollars."

For a second the earth stood still and the planets sang a chorus to the exalted Mr Shivers. An expression of ineffable beatitude crossed his light-brown face. In his mind's eye there flashed the roseate panorama of the immediate future; his return to Birmingham, the breaking down of Luscious' maidenly reserve by the suggestion of a cockfight with Spinola and her fortune as the stakes, and then the battle itself with Trojan an easy winner over Gaffer.

Mr. Shivers wasn't taking a chance. He knew he wasn't. Not for one fleeting instant did he conceive the possibility of defeat.

Wherefore he watched the other fights with keenest interest. He listened attentively to the patter of the pit and absorbed it as a sponge absorbs water. Also he learned the elementary rules that govern the fights. And that night he dreamed gorgeous dreams of victory and Spinola and a life of luxurious ease.

When Mr. Shivers drove over Red Mountain and descended into Birmingham the following afternoon the valorous Trojan was safe in a capacious basket in the tonneau of the car. Mr. Forbes had brought two friends with him from Montgomery and so there had been no opportunity for conversation about the bird, in which Mr. Shivers would inevitably have learned that the bird he had purchased was good only for breeding and a certain victim to Gaffer, should the two meet. He learned none of that and carried Trojan tenderly to his boarding house, where he procured from an indulgent landlady exclusive possession of a hitherto deserted chicken run in the back yard. There he installed Trojan in state. Then he called upon Spinola Reed.

She greeted him warmly. He eyed her possessively, as one regards a certain and prospective wife. So masterful was he that he came within one red ace of sweeping her from her feet. It was truly a glorious evening for Mr. Shivers. The immediate future loomed bright and rosy and it was with ill-concealed impatience that he drove his employer to the office the following morning and attended to a few errands. Once freed, he broke all speed ordinances in traversing the distance between the Brown-Marx Building and the coal yard where Luscious labored.

Luscious did not exactly rave with delight at sight of his returned rival; nor did he respond with any noticeable degree of warmth to Mr. Shivers' friendly overtures. Mr. Shivers' absence had grossly discouraged Luscious. He was very apprehensive that Spinola was not destined for his long muscular arms.

Mr. Shivers brought up the subject tactfully. He again suggested rolling high dice for Spinola, following with a second offer of settling the controversy with show-down poker. Luscious was steadfast in his refusal. He was quite sure that no such arrangement could possibly be respectful, and yet he admitted that Spinola must be won.

"You ain't much gamblin' man, is you, Luscious?"

"Not so ve'y much."

"I reckon you never bets a-tall."

"Reckon I does—sometimes."

"Which times?"

"Cockfights!"

"Huh! You think you knows a heap bouten roosters, don't you?"

Mr. Shivers was striking very close to where Luscious lived, and the little coal yarder bristled with more than a hint of belligerence.

"I knows mo'n some folks heahabouts does."

"Name' which?"

"Mistuh George Shivers!"

Mr. Shivers threw back his head and laughed derisively.

"Haw! What you knows 'bout fightin' cocks—ain't! Tha's what it is—it ain't! You don' know nothin' 'bout nothin'! I ain't posin' as no espert, but I is got sense enough to see that that bird of yourn, name of Gaffer, coul'n't whip a lame duck!"

That was the insult supreme. Luscious glowered. His habitual cloak of friendliness was doffed in a split second.

"Wha's that you reemahks, cullud man?"

"I says you don' know nothin' bouten no chickens, an' fu'thermo' you ain't got sense enough to see that Gaffer ain't wuth a hoot!"

"Folks which makes statemints like that is got to back 'em up or eat 'em up."

"I ain't hongry at present."

"Then you is got to back what you says bouten Gaffer."

"Says which?"

"You is got to prove that Gaffer ain't no good—which he is—or else you is got to swally them words, an' swally 'em whole!"

"My swallyin' app'ratus ain't wukkin to-day. I says Gaffer ain't no good an' I says that he cain't lick nothin' an' that I c'n prove it."

Luscious was wrought to fighting pitch.

"Prove it how?"

"Huh! Tha's easy. I c'n go down to the market on Fo'th Avenue and buy a rooster which c'n lick him."

Sacrilege!

"You thinks you c'n git a rooster to lick Gaffer?"

"You done said it!"

"A five-poun' cock—give or take two ounces?"

"Right the fust time."

"An' you is ready to bet on it?"

(Continued on Page 120)

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"The Utility Business Paper"

(Continued from Page 117)

"I is!" Mr. Shivers gave an excellent imitation of a man having an idea: "I is willin' to bet Spinola on it—an' cash also!"

Luscious was nobody's absolute fool. He studied Mr. Shivers intently. It became plain to him that Mr. Shivers had something up his sleeve, and Luscious guessed instantly and correctly that Mr. Shivers had already purchased a gamecock for the purpose of matching him against Gaffer. More, Mr. Shivers—who Luscious knew was ignorant of birds—had doubtlessly been well touted and thought he had a sure thing.

Luscious concealed a smile of elation. The idea of any game cock whipping Gaffer without the aid of seven or eleven miracles was ludicrous. Luscious continued to smile inwardly. Unwilling as he had been to roll high dice or play cards with Spinola as the stakes, he felt that he could pay her no greater or more delicate compliment than to let her future be placed on the glistening spurs of his beloved Gaffer. The idea made an irresistible appeal to his sense of knight-errantry. There would be a worthy cock-fight—a stake worthy putting Gaffer in the lists! Surely no woman could be won in a nobler way!

Luscious—metamorphosed now that cock-fighting was the subject—dickered craftily. He practically dictated terms. Not only was Spinola to be at stake, but each man was to post fifty dollars with Florian Slappey, who was agreed upon as referee, Florian being the ultimate word in matters sporting.

By the time the deal was closed both men were chuckling with triumph—each supremely confident of victory and bliss. The fight was scheduled to take place on the following Tuesday afternoon in the shelter of a dank and deserted barn not far from Rosedale.

Florian Slappey was approached on the refereeing question. He accepted with an alacrity that stamped him as one not averse to a spotlight position. Each man put up fifty dollars in cash with him, the whole to become the property of the winner. Rules were agreed upon. Then Mr. Shivers returned to his chauffeuring and Luscious to his coal yarding, blissfully content in the certitude of triumph and a life of rich domestic happiness.

News of the coming event seeped through Darktown and close on its heels the fascinating details of the circumstances surrounding it. It made an instant and enormous appeal. Here surely was a stake worthy the steel of any bird! And eventually Sis Callie Flukers, professional gossip, heard of it and indignantly carried the story to Mrs. Spinola Reed.

Contrary to Sis Callie's fondest expectations, Spinola was delighted. She waxed enthusiastic at the inevitable social prominence. Spinola dismissed the disappointed Sis Callie and sent for Mr. Shivers. She requested details. She got them in one great verbose gob.

"Who is gwine win?" she asked pertinently.

Mr. Shivers grinned.

"Tha's a plumb foolish question, Missis Reed. You don' hahdly reckon I'd take a chance of losin' you, does you? They ain't gwine be on'y one bird in this heah fight—an' tha's my Trojan. Gaffer ain't got nary teeny chance. Betwix' I an' you, Spinola, I is jus' bet another sevumty dollars on Trojan. Tha's gwine pay fo' our honeymoon"

Spinola blushed modestly.

"You hush!"

"You is countin' on 'bidin' by the decision of this heah cockfight, ain't you?"

"I reckon."

"An' it's un'erstood that when I wins I comes an' claims you?"

"Sposin' Luscious wins?"

"He ain't gwine do such."

"But if'n he does I is got to 'bide by Luscious jus' as much as I 'bides by you."

Mr. Shivers nodded.

"I ain't makin' no kick. I is a dead game loser, I is. 'Ceptin' on'y that I never loses."

As the day of the fight drew closer interest multiplied. Owners of the rival game cocks became centers of respectful interest. Each was flattered for private tips. Their answers became stereotyped. Said Mr. Shivers: "If'n you deesires to realize one hund'ed pre cent on yo' 'vestment quick an' sho', bet on Trojan."

Luscious was a trifle more conservative:

"I ain't saw Trojan an' I ain't pretickerly care 'bout seein' him. But Chuesday night sumbody is gwine have a gamecock dinner an' the big dish ain't gwine be name' Gaffer."

It was a case of produce your money and take your choice. For every dollar that appeared in support of one bird, its mate immediately came to light to cover it. There was a frenzied scramble for invitations to witness the battle. It was understood that Spinola was to be there. Florian Slappey had thoughtfully arranged for the use of an armchair which was to be placed immediately outside the canvas walls of the cockpit.

Luscious spent the two days preceding the fight in hard scientific conditioning work. He pitted Gaffer against one of Jackson Ramsay's best, both birds spurred with chamois dummies. Gaffer covered himself with glory. He fought the bird against his best hat, with results disastrous to the headgear. He put him in a walk for a day and shuffled him constantly. Monday evening found Gaffer in as perfect trim for battle as ever gamecock was.

Mr. Shivers on the other hand did less work with his bird and more with his mouth. He entertained not the slightest apprehension as to the outcome of the fight. He had seen the veteran Trojan fight. Victor in five battles, it was inconceivable that any amateur rooster could send him down for the eternal count.

And so Mr. Shivers oozed cocksureness. He fairly dripped confidence and optimism, until he happened to ask Boston Marble, betting agent in the central section of Darktown for Jackson Ramsay's gambling establishment, whether Boston was betting on Gaffer or Trojan. Boston was known as a connoisseur on gamecocks and a tight-lipped man.

"You wan's to know?" he inquired.

"I sholy does."

"Ise bettin' on Gaffer."

Mr. Shivers' eyelids flickered with surprise, not unmingled with contempt for the other's judgment.

"Says which?"

"Gaffer"

"My bird is name' Trojan."

"I knows it."

"An' you is bettin' on Luscious Chester's bird?"

"Ise layin' odds when I cain't git my bets covered no other way."

Something was wrong—radically so. Mr. Shivers realized that fact very suddenly. The smile vanished from his face for the first time since his acquisition of Trojan in Montgomery.

"Why?" he questioned fearfully.

Boston Marble's reply came briefly and pointedly and there was no doubting the ring of sincerity:

"Because Trojan ain't got a chance against Luscious' bird!"

Mr. Shivers' lower jaw dropped. His eyes popped open with horror. And then he most passionately demanded an explanation.

He got it—straight from the shoulder. Boston Marble told him pointedly that the best fight in the career of a good gamecock is his first fight. He showed clearly that every fight in which Trojan had participated since his maiden appearance had taken just that much out of him.

"They ain't but so many fights in a rooster," proclaimed Boston, "an' Trojan's was done used up long ago."

"He—he looks good."

"Co'se he looks good—don' even show a scar. But they is there jus' the same. They is hid by the feathers so nobody but a espert could see 'em. An', b'lieve me, w'en you pits Trojan 'gainst a young bird like Gaffer, 'tain't gwine take you so long to fin' they is there. Trojan ain't on'y gwine be fightin' Luscious' bird—he is gwine be fightin' Gaffer an' them other five roosters which he has done licked."

"But the white gen'leman what done sol' him to me——" wailed Mr. Shivers.

"He thought you was gwine breed with him—not fight him."

"An' I ain't got a chance?"

"Not no more'n seven on the secon' roll—barrin' on'y a mackerel don' happen."

Mr. Shivers begged and pleaded for one single word of encouragement. Not one was forthcoming. And Mr. Shivers knew that Boston Marble knew whereof he spoke. A great black pall settled damply over Mr. Shivers' shoulders and when he parted from the mournful betting agent he was in a cold sweat of terror. He went home to think it over. He found that task excruciatingly easy. He couldn't very well think of anything else.

In the first place Boston Marble had convinced him that this was Trojan's last night on earth. And that meant that not only was Luscious to come into immediate possession of a five-thousand-dollar estate and the good-looking housewifely widow who accompanied it, but Mr. Shivers would find himself utterly and completely stripped of money by the setting of another sun.

Mr. Shivers was not happy. He realized sadly that he had been hoist by the petard of his own overconfidence. He was in the grip of a great gooey gob of gloom. The postulation of the betting agent had shivered his cosmic scheme—flooey! Perhaps Boston was wrong. Mr. Shivers slapped hat on head and streaked toward Eighteenth Street. There in rapid succession he interviewed three men who were recognized as authorities on the subject of cockfighting. To each he presented a hypothetical case the facts of which were identical with his own dilemma: A rooster, victor in five desperate battles, pitted against a well-blooded youngster meeting his first foe. The verdict was unanimous and discouraging. Thumbs were down against Trojan.

Mr. Shivers meandered sadly back to his room. He looked like a fatal accident going somewhere to happen. He seated himself limply in an old Morris chair, which various and sundry moths had loved not wisely but too well, and gave himself over to a session of deep thinking.

Mr. Shivers was not a quitter. He so informed himself several times by way of encouragement. The trouble was that he appeared to have no option in the matter. He was already quitted!

Yet somewhere, somehow, he knew that there must be a mode of egress from his distressing plight. He entertained the idea of hedging his bets and so saving a little something from the impending disaster, but that course was closed to him for two valid reasons: First, he couldn't raise another cent with which to hedge; and second, he did not fool himself that his hypothetical case had not been translated into terms of the actual. He was sure that the true story had already been bruited about among the wagering fraternity. Mr. Shivers felt that he had been immersed in cold dark soup. He pillowed his aching head in a pair of palsied hands and groaned.

"Mistuh Shivers," he soliloquized, "what it takes to git stung good an' plenty—you is got it! What you ain't got is no brains, an' all bein' fair in love——"

Mr. Shivers raised his head suddenly. Very abruptly the mournful soliloquy ended. An idea came full panoplied from the void and smote him hip and thigh. It smote him a terrifically hard smite. He staggered mentally.

"All's fair in love," he repeated musingly. "Gee golly! I'm durned if it ain't!"

His mind leaped to the tableau of several days since—Luscious and Gaffer in the rear of the house where Luscious boarded. He recalled the competent way in which Luscious had handled his bird. And what is still more important, he visualized Gaffer. One fact stood out in glittering, irresistible allure:

Trojan and Gaffer looked sufficiently alike to have been born of the same egg! And following that startling premise to a glorious conclusion, if Trojan could be substituted for Gaffer no one would know the difference.

The potentialities of the scheme almost frightened him. If it was possible! If only—the broken spirit of Mr. Shivers mended rapidly. Here was something tangible with which to work. If Trojan could be substituted for Gaffer—no possibility of telling the difference—all fair in love ——

It was that all's-fair-in-love business that hypnotized him, principally because he wanted to be hypnotized to still the qualms of conscience. He went into executive session with himself. Within ten minutes he was convinced that Luscious had done him dirt. Luscious knew all about gamecocks, while he—George Shivers—did not. And Luscious was taking gross advantage of him in staking the matrimonial future of both on the stroke of a spur, after having in most cowardly fashion refused to settle the matter of honor with dice or cards, via either of which routes Mr. Shivers would have been blissfully at home.

There wasn't a doubt of it. Mr. Shivers argued violently and steadfastly with himself from the pro angle. There was no other side to the debate. In a marvelously brief space of time he was convinced that in borrowing Luscious' bird until the following evening he was performing an act of charity.

"Tha's all what I is gwine do," he extenuated. "I ain't takin' ol' Gaffer fo' keeps. I is borryin' him an' leavin' Trojan fo' s'curity. Trojan is good s'curity. He done cos' me eight dollars, f. o. b. Montgomery. An' sence we is doin' this fo' Spinola, I is shuah that she is gwine be a heap happier ma'ied to me than to Luscious. Besides, his rooster ain't gwine git kilt noways, so he won't be nothin' out."

His logic soothed, and so—girded about by righteousness—Mr. Shivers busied himself with practicalities. The situation demanded grim-jawed determination and Mr. Shivers was desperate. He doffed his handsome gray suit and slipped into one that had done yeoman service in the days when Mr. Shivers had been handy man round a garage. It was a suit designed to blend nicely with the darkness, a suit of considerably lower visibility than the one he hung carefully in the golden-oak chifforobe.

Five minutes later an entirely dark figure, clutching a basket under the right arm, eased noiselessly from the house and was lost in the gloomy shadows of the trees that lined the sidewalk. He made his way rapidly across town.

Darktown slumbered. The faint glow of a new moon filtered gently through the leaves. The corner arcs glowed brightly, marking spaces where Mr. Shivers accelerated his pace and lowered his head. A few late automobiles thrummed their homeward ways, a street car jangled southward. From somewhere there came to the ears of the nervous pedestrian the pellucid cacophony of a quartet accompanied by mandolin and guitar.

Mr. Shivers was not exactly nervous. He was scared green. But he was fighting in his last ditch and relying upon his leg power in case things broke wrong.

He rounded the corner of the block upon which lived Luscious Chester and the unsuspecting Gaffer. He hugged tightly against his breast the small basket in which a living thing moved uncomfortably—a thing that was the hero of many glorious pit battles and was down on the books under the name of Trojan.

Of a sudden he disappeared. The Stygian alley had swallowed him up. The block-long row of houses was steeped in blackness impenetrable as velvet. The very air seemed permeated with menace. Mr. Shivers paused, hesitated, turned back, paused again, thought of Spinola and the future and continued his nefarious way.

He counted houses; counted the grim silhouettes until he reached the seventh from the corner. He noiselessly opened the gate connecting alley and back yard and slipped within. There he ceased to navigate and reflected terrifiedly upon the error of his ways. But he had progressed too far now to be deterred by mere physical fright. Hugging tightly the basket that contained Trojan, he snooped forward. Groping, trembling fingers touched chicken wire. He fingered gingerly until he found a latch. There was no lock. He lifted it noiselessly. He stumbled once, caught himself and his breath, then proceeded again—fearful, jumpy, determined.

And finally he entered the chicken house where Gaffer ruled in lone dignity. He found Luscious' prize rooster sleeping peacefully on the roost. He lifted Trojan from the basket and placed him beside Gaffer. Then he lifted Gaffer quietly, efficiently, authoritatively. By some miracle there was no raucous squawk from Gaffer.

Holding Gaffer tightly in the basket he backed through the door of the chicken run. He felt his way with exultant care into the alley again, thence to the street. There he began to walk, and the more he walked the faster he traveled. But the ground seemed to be passing underfoot with snail-like slowness. He looked round. No one was in sight.

It was then that terror incarnate gripped Mr. Shivers and shook him. He threw discretion to the winds and ran!

He was panting and exhausted when he reached his room. He uncovered the basket and gazed within. Gaffer blinked surprisedly at him. There wasn't a doubt that it was Gaffer. And now that danger of detection had passed, Mr. Shivers' spirits skyrocketed and he was conscious of a feeling of exaltation. He even chuckled. He was a man of parts, he was; a man ingenious enough to rise above the clutch of adverse circumstance.

He stepped boldly through the hall and into the little back yard. He made his way to the chicken coop and placed Gaffer safely within. Then he returned to the

(Concluded on Page 123)

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(Concluded from Page 120)

house, undressed and slipped contentedly between the sheets. He slept peacefully—happy in the knowledge of worthy and difficult work well done.

At seven o'clock he rose, dressed and bade his fighting rooster good morning. Then he made his way to the Blue Star Café for Colored Ladies and Gents, where he inhaled a generous portion of ham and eggs, two mammoth cups of coffee and four slices of crisp crumbly toast. He passed from there to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor and engaged the languid limpy proprietor thereof in earnest conversation, as the result of which Bud telephoned Mr. Forbes and told lugubriously of a horrible malady that had suddenly stricken Mr. Shivers, making it impossible for him to work that day.

Mr. Shivers went home once again. He again inspected the big red rooster in the chicken coop. The bird was scratching gravel in a manner inspiringly peppy. Mr. Shivers was elated. He left strict orders that no one was to be allowed near the bird and went downtown again. This time he visited a loan man and raised twenty dollars on his watch and ring. With this he sought Boston Marble.

"You was reemahkin' yestiddy, Brother Marble, that yo'd give odds on Luscious' bird, wa'n't you?"

"Yeah!"

"You still feel that way bouten it?"

"Reckon so."

"What odds?"

"Lis'en heah, Brother Shivers, you ain't cal'latin' on bettin' no mo' money on Trojan, is you?"

The humor of the situation suddenly struck Mr. Shivers amidships. He laughed out loud.

"I asts you what odds you offers, Brother Marble?"

"Two to one."

"I takes you fo' twenty."

"An' I takes you fo' a durn' fool!" snapped Boston disgustedly as he accepted the two ten-dollar notes and entered a forty-twenty bet in his book. "You is gwine be a wiser man by t'-night, Brother Shivers—an' a broker one."

"Mebbe so—mebbe so," returned Mr. Shivers tolerantly. "But don' you fohgit, Brother Marble, that them what laughs first laughs last!"

The sun traveled slowly toward its zenith, passed it and then started a general exodus with Mrs. Spinola Reed as the radiant chief exoduster. Two successive Edgewood cars were jammed to capacity by an eager, excited, dusky crowd which paid little heed to the beauties of the panorama spread beneath them as the trolley crawled over Red Mountain, passed through the gap and descended toward the negro town of Rosedale, which nestles at the foot of the mountain on the Shades Valley side.

Florian Slappey, resplendent in his dual rôle of master of ceremonies and referee, awaited the car. He was the center of a throng of admiring Rosedalians, who stood back in respectful awe, paying silent tribute to his tailored elegance.

The car jerked to a halt. With the air of a courtier Florian Slappey stepped forward and assisted the giggling Spinola to alight. With her hand tightly clutching his arm he led the way grandiosely toward the old shed in the shade of which the battle was to be staged. The spectators followed at a respectful distance.

More than a hundred of the elect of Birmingham's colored population crowded into the dilapidated old barn. The scene within was a phantasmagoria of violent color, shrill chattering and indiscriminate wagering. The women hovered obsequiously over Spinola's chair of state at the side of the six-inch-high canvas inclosure in which the *affaire d'honneur* was to be decided, while the men trampled a trail between headquarters of Luscious and Mr. Shivers. They inspected each bird in turn, commenting wisely upon the good points of each, and usually decided upon which bird they would wager by flipping a coin.

Luscious, earnest and businesslike in a suit of dingy overalls, stood guard over his bird, returning monosyllabic answers to the flood of questions hurled his way. Luscious was decidedly in his element. He looked thoroughly competent.

Mr. Shivers on the other hand was garbed in his ultra best. He fairly bubbled with confidence. He succeeded in borrowing another ten dollars, which he promptly and publicly wagered on his bird. And then amid a hush that could have been heard a half mile away Florian Slappey stepped into the pit, announced the battle und summoned the principals.

They appeared promptly and proudly, each holding his bird gently in the crook of the left arm. Mr. Shivers simulated the nonchalance which years of experience had given to Luscious. He strove to imitate the sang-froid of the white gentlemen whom he had seen pitting game cocks in Montgomery. And every once in a while he would sight the bird under Luscious' arm and give a throaty chuckle.

It was really too funny.

"Ol' Trojan fightin' fo' Luscious," he told himself, "an' I is been clevah enough to git his bird to fight fo' me. I reckon brains c'n be used fo' sumthin' beside to have headaches with."

Florian orated long and unctuously about nothing in particular and then inquired if both men were ready. They said they were. Florian stepped over the inclosing wall and seated himself on a three-legged stool.

There was a general rustling about the pit. The crowd surged closer. Spinola hitched forward in her chair, eyes riveted on the two game cocks, hands pressed to her capacious bosom after the manner of a famous motion-picture actress whom Spinola admired immensely. Interest of the crowd was equally divided between the birds and Spinola. The Widow Reed was tasting the ultima Thule of happiness.

Luscious extended his bird toward the one held by Mr. Shivers. They pecked furiously at each other, passions rising. Their legs kicked futilely at empty air, long wicked steel glinting in the half light. Then Florian's voice broke the tense almost painful silence.

"Pit yo' birds, gen'lemen! Pit yo' birds!"

Luscious and Mr. Shivers stepped back, stooped and placed their game cocks gently on the dirt floor of the pit. An audible sigh escaped from Spinola. There was a general intaking of breath by the spectators. The epochal battle was on!

For what seemed an eternity to the overwrought watchers the two roosters glared at one another, every steely muscle in their bodies tensed. Then—action.

There was a flurry, a hurtling of bodies through the air, a spurt of dust, a flash of steel, a vicious fish! flooosh! The two birds toppled to the ground and lay there struggling.

Mr. Shivers smiled. The fight was over—he was quite sure of that. Therefore his eyes popped wide when the calmly professional Luscious stepped forward quietly.

"Unhang yo' bird, Mistuh Shivers. It's in you!"

Mr. Shivers inspected skeptically. The steel spur was most decidedly in him—in his bird. Luscious' bird had driven the gaff home with accuracy and power. Mr. Shivers shook his head—accident, of course. One little gaffing didn't make no neverminds. He knew the veteran bird that Luscious was handling didn't have the stamina to win.

For thirty seconds the owners handled their birds.

Then Florian Slappey's voice again: "Pit yo' birds!"

Scarcely had they settled themselves when there was the same vicious fish! This time there was no doubt as to which bird was hung. Mr. Shivers bewilderedly extracted the spur from his bird and lifted the weakening fowl in his arms. Luscious—quiet, self-possessed, unsmiling, confident—handled his rooster tenderly.

The crowd was on the qui vive. Luscious' bird had driven home the first two strokes and even the laymen knew that the early blows in a cockfight are the most decisive. Mr. Shivers' bird was in an exceedingly bad way. Even Spinola knew it. She had small eyes for Mr. Shivers. She was gazing adoringly at the cool competent Luscious; gazing at him as one gazes upon a future husband.

"Pit yo' birds, gen'lemen!"

The birds were placed in the pit. They came together, separated, set themselves and slammed together again. This time they went down.

"In you, Mistuh Shivers," announced Florian. "In yo' bird!"

From a knowing spectator came the soft announcement: "An' that one shuah ends the fight! That finishes Brother Shivers' bird!"

It did. The actual end of the fight did not come for another twenty minutes, and in those twenty minutes Mr. Shivers suffered the tortures of the damned multiplied by infinity. Not only was the bird he was handling going down to game and glorious defeat, but Mr. Shivers possessed the numbing knowledge that it was Luscious' bird that was losing!

He stood in petrified horror and watched his own bird, handled by Luscious, drive home every stroke into the one that Luscious should have been handling. It didn't seem to afford common amusement to the victorious game cock.

The end came. The birds were pitted and for the solemn count of ten Mr. Shivers' bird made no offensive motion. The owners handled them for thirty seconds, then pitted them again. The referee again counted ten, and again Mr. Shivers' bird lay supine. Once again they handled their birds for thirty seconds, and this time the count went to twenty. It was a slow, dignified impressive count. Florian Slappey gave his verdict:

"Luscious Chester's bird wins the fight, an' I declares all bets payable according!"

Luscious' gamecock had won! But Mr. Shivers knew that Luscious' gamecock had lost. The irony of it appalled. He cursed the men who had plied him with the advice that had caused him to swap the birds. He railed to himself against Boston Marble and every other man who had expressed confidence in Gaffer.

Gaffer! Huh! Swell fighter Gaffer was—not! Only once in the entire fight had his spurs been driven home. He had battled gamely, true—but hopelessly.

Two or three times in the immediate past Mr. Shivers had fancied that he rubbed elbows with misery. He realized now that he had been stranger to it. He saw the victorious Luscious pick up his bird, walk over to Spinola and shake hands with her in a proprietary manner. He glimpsed Spinola's smile of welcoming love, pride and surrender. He knew that she knew that she was smiling upon her future husband.

The world was a sad and dreary place for Mr. Shivers. To lose the fight, Spinola and all his money was bad enough. But to know that his bird had really won and that he had robbed himself of the fruits of victory was fairly killing.

Mr. Shivers passed a shaking hand across a perspiring, aching brow. He turned on his heel, gave vent to one relieving spurt of classic profanity and departed.

And that night Luscious Chester called upon Mrs. Spinola Reed. He was the same old Luscious—uncouth and honest in victory as he had been before. He wore his old suit and what was left of the felt hat with which he had helped train Gaffer. Timidly, awkwardly, he claimed his reward.

Spinola was a woman of her word. She was also a woman of action. She threw plump rounded arms about the neck of the now adored Luscious and implanted an impassioned betrothal kiss upon his lips. Luscious trembled from head to overlarge feet and returned the favor with interest. Five minutes later -an ecstatic five minutes—they found themselves able to converse. Spinola started it.

"Is you happy, Luscious?"

"Happy? I reckon I is the happies' man what is."

"Hones' an' true?"

"Cross my heart. An' is you happy, Spinola, hon?"

"I sholy is, Luscious. Mos' ontirely happy."

"Absotively?"

"We-e-ll" Spinola was nothing if not honest "they is jes' one lil teeny 'ception, Luscious. On'y jes' one."

"What it is, sweetness?"

"Not meanin' to hu't yo' feelin's none, Luscious, I is got to say that while you is a swell feller an' is gwine make me a good easy husban', I does kinder wish you had a li'l mo' brains!"

And then Luscious laughed.

"Brains!" he echoed. "Brains! Why, hon, brains is the on'y thing I ain't got anythin' else but! An' I c'n prove it."

She shook her head skeptically. "Well?"

"'Twas bouten this cockfight, sweetness. You see, I knowed all the time that Trojan di'n't have no chance to beat Gaffer an' t'other day I heard that lots of folks had been tellin' Mistuh Shivers he di'n't have no chance. So I thunk it over and figgered out that Mistuh Shivers was in so deep he'd try to swap Trojan fo' Gaffer, countin' they look jes' alike. An' all night befo' las' an' las' night I set up an' watched. Sho' nuff, 'long 'bout one 'clock this mawnin' along he comes an' leaves Trojan an' takes Gaffer. An' I ain't said a word to him while he been doin' it—b'lieve me not, cause'n I is got brains, I is. But I follied him home and after he got to sleep good I slipped into his coop, put Trojan back where he belonged at an' take'n my Gaffer home with me.

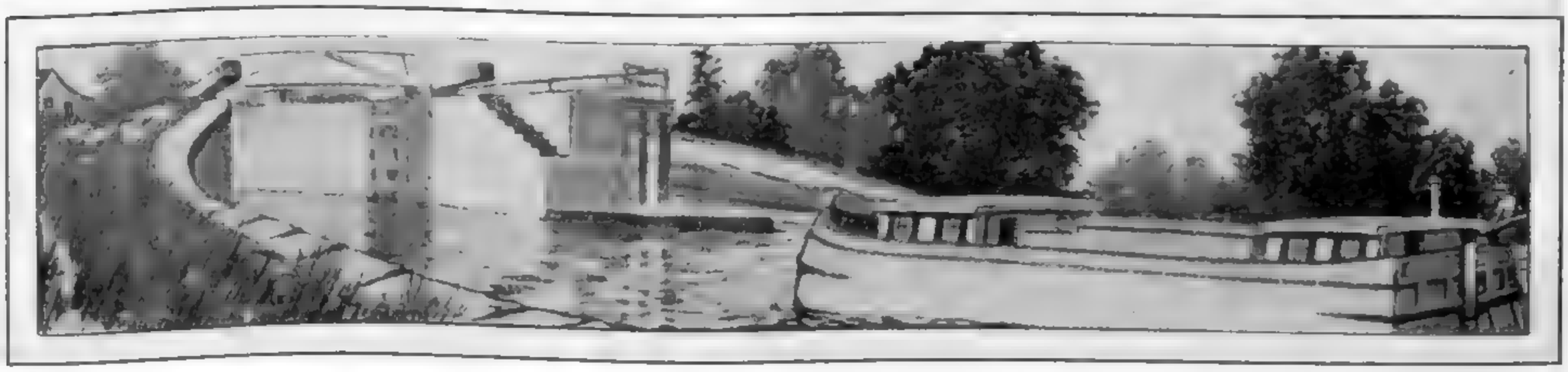
"Co'se, Mistuh Shivers, thinkin' he had Gaffer, bet a heap mo' money an' I sent out an' covered his bets. An' to-day when Gaffer won—he was thinking all the time it was Trojan which was winnin'. It's gwine do him good to think that way fo' a while. An' now, Spinola, does you still 'sist that I ain't got no brains?"

She gazed upon him with a new wide-eyed pride. Then she snuggled closer and slipped his arm about her waist.

"Luscious," said she softly, "I is teetotally misjedged you. You you is got so much brains I is positively skeered of you. As for Mistuh Shivers" pensively "I wonder where he is at now?"

Luscious grinned.

"Him? I reckon he's preparin' to eat Trojan fo' dinner! An' it's gwine be a pow'ful tough meal!"



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THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

DETROIT

THE MORAL WEAPON

(Continued from Page 5)

shivered itself to sleep. Even before the tiny spurt of light broke out, Tommy realized by the rasp of wood on hard cloth that someone was striking a match. It revealed lathered, drooping horses, muddied riders, the hard hawk face, adorned with a drooping mustache, of the man who had struck it.

"A kid!" said another voice. "Say, have you "

"Shut up!" said the first voice. "Who else is here?"

"Only me!" Tommy managed to say. Queerly, he had now an impulse to run away from these forces of law and order—he who had for half an hour associated quite confidently with a hunted, desperate bandit—or something of the kind.

"Well, only you, have you seen anybody pass here in the last hour or so?"

"A tenderfoot?" came another voice eagerly. "Middle-sized man?"

"Shut up!" came again the first voice. This seemed to be the hawk-faced man who had held up the match. Plainly he was leader of the party; almost as plainly he was that sheriff of Dos Vacas to whom Henry the bandit had referred. The sheriff here by the gate, the bandit up in the hills—the boy crouched unconsciously. This was the appointed moment for shooting to begin. He had a wholly moral impulse to warn the sheriff; and unaccountably did nothing of the kind but continued to crouch by the gate.

"We're looking for a middle-sized man, smooth-shaven, about thirty, sandy haired," said the sheriff's voice. "Heeled. Wearin' a black coat and pants and a pair of those dude laced boots. See anybody answerin' to that description?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy after a moment of hesitation. At this simple answer the black bulks, which were men, could be seen against the half-lighted background of the lake to stiffen in their saddles.

"Hell you did!" said the sheriff of Dos Vacas. His voice grew tense. "Ridin'? Toward Carbonado?"

"No, sir. His horse is lame. He left it in the barn."

"Where'd he go? Speak out loud!"

"Up the mountain—on foot!" said Tommy. On these words the four men, almost with one motion, dismounted, their boots striking the wet road with a thump.

"Get a light in there!" commanded the sheriff. Scarcely had the boy, once more in the kitchen, touched match to wick and slipped the chimney into place than their boots were scraping on the board porch outside of the kitchen door. They, too, as they stood revealed in the lamplight, were splashed and spattered. He whom Tommy rightly recognized as the sheriff of Dos Vacas entered first; a lean man, stepping neatly even in his muddied cowhide boots. As he removed his hat he revealed a head half bald, streaked with mouse-colored hair. The others followed, shaking the mud from their floppy sombreros. Each was carrying a rifle.

"You all alone here?" asked the sheriff, standing with one hand lightly resting upon the holster forward of his hip.

Tommy explained.

"Uh-huh!" said the sheriff. "What is this place—a freighter station?"

"Yes, sir, and a claim. It belongs to my father, John T. Duane."

"Bob," said the sheriff, "you rustle round and get us some coffee. That's a steak there, ain't it? Well, cook it!" He whom the sheriff addressed as Bob a youngish, fat, smooth-shaven man with a face disagreeably heavy about the jowls—set to work. "You, Tony, get out and do some tracking—find which way he started. There's a lantern. Take it along. Don't worry about the light. The tenderfoot won't shoot—not till he's cornered."

Tony was little, spare, dark, scantily bearded. Confused, perturbed, apprehensive as he was, the boy noted that Tony moved forward with the step of a catamount, his feet laid down flat and pointing straight forward. His young experience of the frontier taught him that this meant Indian blood.

"And Dutch Charley, you get those broncs under cover and loosen their cinches."

Tommy was alone now, except for the fat man whom they called Bob, busy about the stove, and the sheriff. That functionary indicated a chair.

"Set down, kid," he said. He pulled up another chair and seated himself opposite the lad, whose eyes became fixed, frightened.

"I'm an officer of the law savvy?" began the sheriff. "Now how about this man you saw here—tell me everything."

With a queer sense that the whole world was adjuring him to tell the truth, Tommy plunged at once into the middle of things.

"He said he come from the East," started Tommy. So, working forward and back while the steel-blue eyes of the sheriff bored into him, he related to the last detail the doings and sayings of this stranger. This youngish-looking fat man whom they called Bob, busy over pots and pans, worked with divided attention—he too was listening. When, in response to close hard questioning, Tommy told how the stranger had asked repeatedly about a man named Hammy he stopped working altogether.

"That's what I told you, Lute—Hammy never made for Carbonado," he said.

"Shut up—I'm doing this!" growled the sheriff.

The cross-questioning went on; but now Tony, the little Indian-blooded man, had come in through the door.

"No use until daylight," said Tony. "Trail hits outcroppings over the hill, where there ain't no snow." His dark eye fell hungrily on the steak, now fried and warming to leathery hardness on the back of the stove. The door opened again at this moment and the man addressed as Dutch Charley, who—the boy remembered—had been sent to stable the horses, made his entry. Dutch Charley was little and thick-necked and blond.

"Sure is some kind of Dutchman," the boy reflected when he spoke, for his consonants were blurred and his sibilants hissed with a foreign accent.

"His horse iss in the barn, boss," he said. "He couldn't go further if he'd been doped. His shoulder iss hurt bad. Both those horses got a fall when they hit that bar, I told you."

"Damn lucky for us—that there bar," said the sheriff. "Now, kid, you're sure you told me everything he said?"

At this the four men surrounded him, giving the boy the uncomfortable feeling of being the criminal in the case.

"Yes, sir."

"He didn't say anything about something he was carrying?"

The sheriff might have noticed here a short hesitation before Tommy answered:

"No, sir. He said he was a bandit horse stealing or something."

Tommy, his face on those of his inquisitors, saw them all struggle for a moment with some expression of emotion; Bob indeed started a laugh which he checked in his throat.

"That's right," said the sheriff. "Hoss stealing and worse. Now we'll say, kid, that he was carrying something very valuable. If he told you he had it and you don't tell me you're hiding and concealing something from the law—and you go to jail."

"Yes, sir," said the boy in a feeble voice. "No, sir, he didn't say anything about anything."

"Something with writing on it," said Dutch Charley explosively, and the eyes of the other three men stabbed at his face. The sheriff frowned and gave a light shake of his head.

By now Bob had laid out cups, plates, knives and forks.

"Got any milk, kid?" he asked. "Well, produce!"

Tommy had risen to obey when a "hello" sounded faintly outside. The sheriff, with a cautious hand on his hip, opened the door.

"That you, Skinny?" he called after a moment's pause.

"Yep!" came the answer from the road.

"Got anybody?" This in a tone of tense eagerness.

"Nope!" The lines of the sheriff's face took a sudden droop.

"Then come in. Here, kid, take that lantern and show Skinny the way. Dutch, go out and look after his bronc."

There seemed to be no end of arrivals that night. However, the newcomer had no need of a light, a fact which the posse seemed to have forgotten. When Tommy came to him in the road he was flashing a bull's-eye lantern against the breasts and flanks of a horse even more splashed and lathered, even more heavily blown than those which had preceded him to the stable.

Dutch Charley, approaching to take the horse by his foamy bit, asked some quick eager question under his breath. This newest stranger spoke loudly enough to be heard.

"Vamosed—toward Carbonado—and riding!" he said.

Dutch Charley exploded something in four scraping syllables of a strange foreign language. He and the newcomer, a tall thin man with a black beard, fell to loosening cinches. Dutch Charley, guiding himself with the bull's-eye lantern, led the horse away.

Inside of the kitchen Skinny, the newcomer, faced the posse with a surly frown; and he addressed the dark Indian-blooded man, who was known as Tony.

"It's a hell of a tracker you are!" he exclaimed. "Start the main bunch after a lame horse when they split out—and the good one on his way to Carbonado!"

Tommy, watching from the door, saw a wave of some gripping emotion overrun the tanned countenance of the sheriff. Bob's face flashed from pink to deep red—to white—to pink again. Tony showed only a deeper stolidity of feature, but his beady-brown eye fixed itself on Skinny's face.

"They wrote their autographs," said Skinny. "There's a wallow there by the bar where the tenderfoot's horse run plumb against it in the dark. All you looked for"—he exploded this into the face of Tony—"was the tracks of them two horses. The bar's broke clean off. That's how you come through. That dude tenderfoot, after they split out, tried to take this road. He got his horse up and rode ——"

"Hell!" exclaimed the sheriff under his breath, as one facing a disagreeable inference. "Hammy rode toward Carbonado?"

Skinny nodded.

"And going strong."

"Well, you fool, why didn't you ride and catch him?" asked the sheriff.

"Oh, easy—and him with an hour's head start," replied Skinny in sarcastic tones. "And that black standard-bred a better horse than mine any day you say. He'd have beat me if he's had to go half the way on foot."

To the boy, the watching outsider in these strange conversations, it seemed strange that Skinny had not followed to Carbonado nevertheless—there were deputies and policemen in Carbonado.

The room, somehow, seemed filled with tiny electric currents of chill apprehension. The boy, wrestling with matters too grown-up and complicated for his understanding, perceived nevertheless that there was something peculiar about this posse. Decidedly he did not like them, whereas this pleasant-spoken bandit ——

"Funny thing, though," pursued Skinny: "That little roan of the dude's didn't begin to go real lame until he was halfway down here. Trail's clean as a whistle up to near the head of the lake—he was just favoring that nigh foreleg a little. Gets worse and worse as it goes on. You've scuffed up the road a lot, but out yonder," he jerked a thumb toward the front gate, "I can make out he's favoring that shoulder until he can just barely walk. Got him here? How is he?"

"You're dead right. The bronc's shoulder is gone," replied the sheriff. "Tenderfoot found he couldn't get any other horse short of Carbonado and he's took to the mountain."

At about this time the boy felt rather than formulated a lightening of the gloom, first manifest when a half smile illuminated the features of the sheriff.

"I figure the tenderfoot carried the stuff—after all," said the sheriff as though in response to an unspoken question from his following. "He had the best horse in Dos Vacas. A swell dude mining expert from the East"—the sheriff shot out these epithets with a hiss in every syllable—"ain't going to trust anything important to a crude Westerner like Hammy."

Just then the boy stooped to drop a caressing touch on the head of Buck. The sheriff bent on him a meaning glance and added quite loudly and plainly. "Of course those two horses were stolen."

"Sure they was stolen," said Tony as though the words cost him an effort.

"They split out before, down by Weaverville, and came back to the same road," said the sheriff as though thinking aloud. He turned to his posse. "Don't you see? He kept asking the kid—anxious—about Hammy. They split there just to make us stop, like they did at Weaverville. Hammy knows these mountains like a book. He figured to ride a ways toward Carbonado, double on some trail or other and come back to this road, working one of his cute little games to hold us back while the tenderfoot went on. Then the tenderfoot rides hell-bent for Carbonado. He'd have made it too if his horse hadn't busted under him."

Dutch Charley had joined the group in the kitchen in time to hear the last stages of this conversation. To him the sheriff turned suddenly.

"Chuck some of that coffee into yourself quick and take some bread along, Dutch. I guess you've got to be riding." He said this grimly; and grim was the look that settled upon the faces of the rest of the posse. Dutch Charley himself gave a little click of his teeth. But ——

"Vy?" he said, his accent seeming to thicken with his emotion.

"There's only one way into Carbonado—through the notch," replied the sheriff. "All the roads come together at the notch. And if the tenderfoot tries that ——"

"I guess we'd better talk in there," interrupted Dutch Charley. He and the sheriff withdrew to the darkness of the forward part of the house. As the rest of the posse drew up chairs and fell to coffee, steak and bread, Tommy could get the rhythm of their voices. Dutch Charley appeared to be protesting, the sheriff commanding. Presently, however, their voices flowed agreeably. They returned to the kitchen.

"And don't boggle it," said the sheriff as they drew up to the table. In three minutes more Dutch Charley was gone stolidly through the door, the eyes of the others following him with a serious, set expression.

They turned then, the four who were left, to their eating, all in a ravenous silence. None paid any attention to the boy seated in the corner or to the dog stretched out at his feet. Tommy began to drop off into little cat naps; Buck fell frankly and audibly to sleep.

Tommy was roused by the voice of the sheriff.

"See if you can find some pepper, Bob," he said.

Bob began to search through the cupboard. From the lowest shelf to the highest he searched. He was beginning to feel along the top of the cupboard.

Tommy, wide awake now, rose. As he did so he dropped one foot quickly on to the paw of Buck. The dog started up with a sharp yelp that turned into a resentful growl. The whole posse jumped as though taut nerves had snapped.

"What the hell are you doing to that dog?" jerked out the sheriff.

"Nothing," said Tommy. "I was starting to get the pepper and I guess I stepped on his foot."

The posse might have noticed that his voice was shaking slightly, had they not been occupied at this moment with their own relief after this little nervous explosion. "It's kept in here," he added, fumbling on the lower shelf. He produced the shaker, laid it on the table, noted that Bob had reseated himself. Tommy stood looking out of the window into the darkness so that the sheriff might not see his face.

The sheriff presently had sucked in a last draught of coffee.

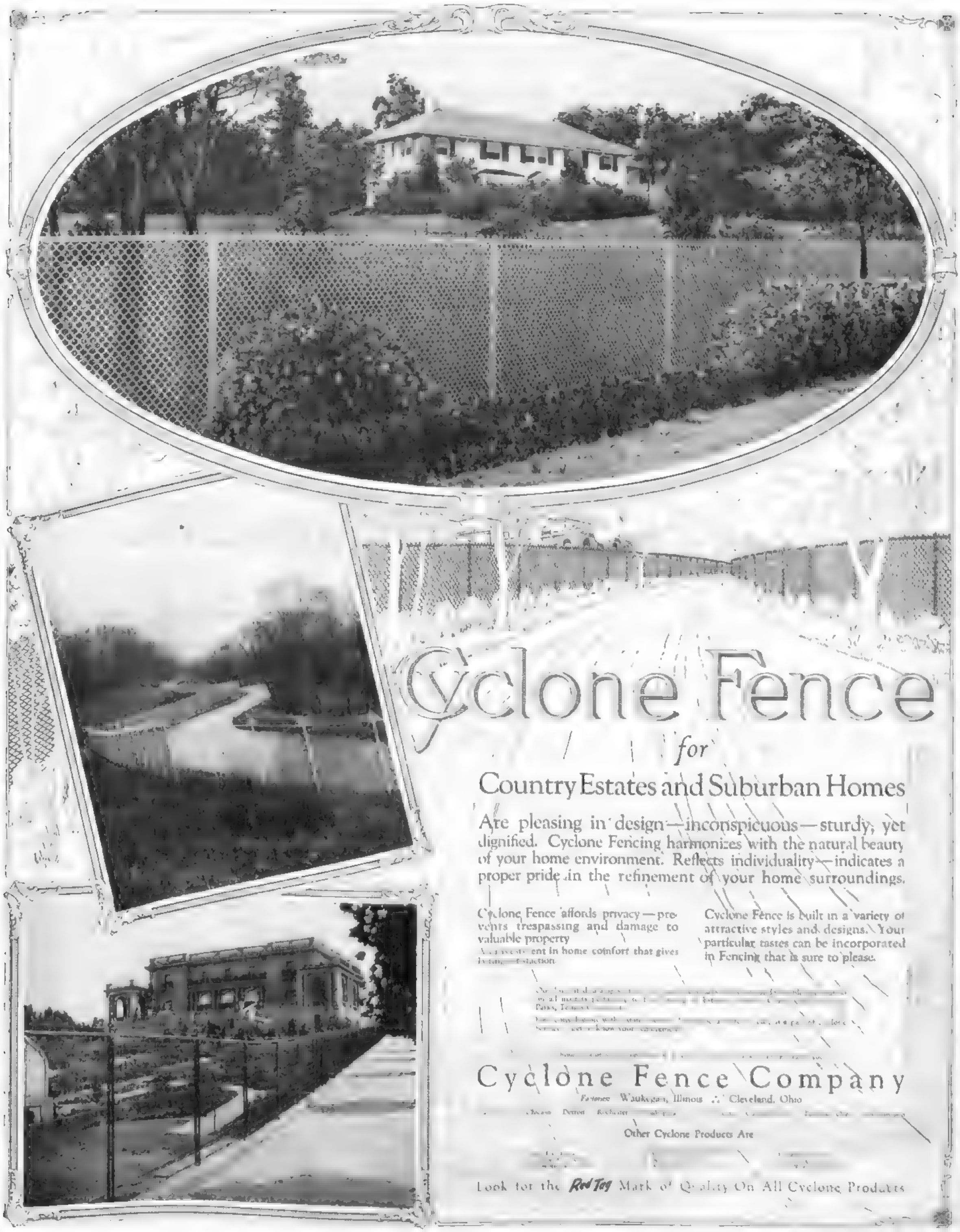
"Got to get busy," he said. "Let's talk this thing over. Kid, you'd better go to bed."

Skinny gave him a hard look as he backed through the door to the main house.

"You stay in bed too," he called, "and take that dog along."

The log building which formed the main section of the house had a low attic under the eaves. A little rear compartment of this attic, partitioned off, was Tommy's room. When he and Buck found themselves alone, a candle sputtering on the table, he let his preparations for bed go no further than taking off his shoes. He waited, before extinguishing the candle, through what seemed to him a fair measure of time. Then in the darkness he

(Continued on Page 129)



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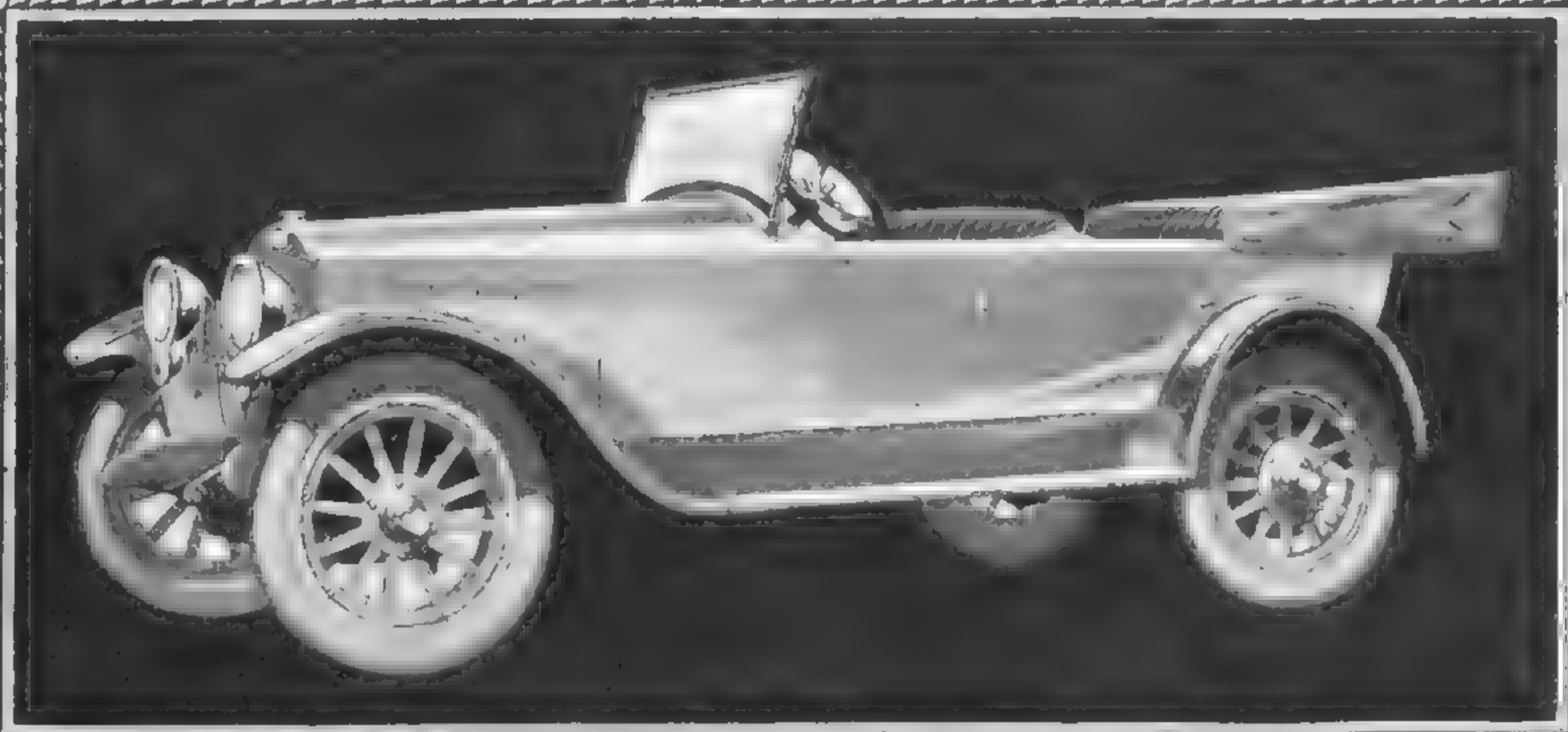

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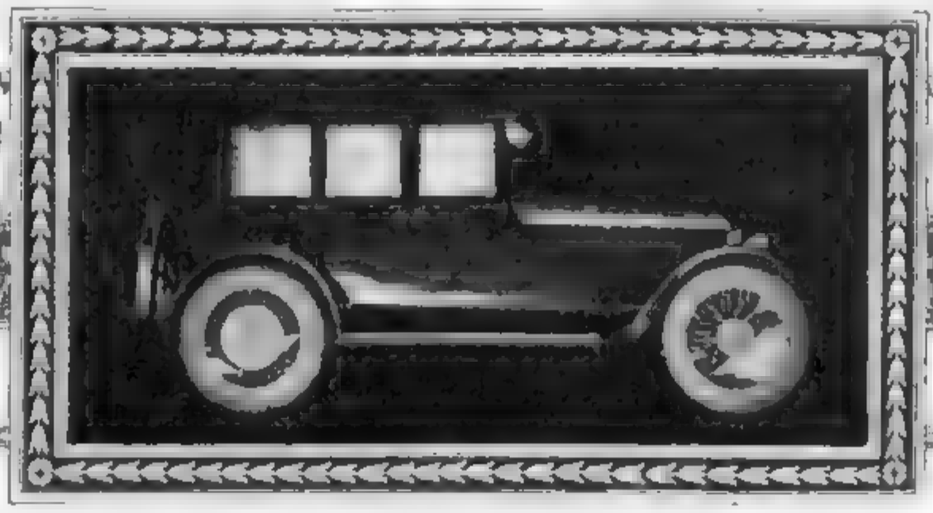

(Continued from Page 126)

dropped to his hands and knees and crawled along the edge of the floor. He was looking for his own private and particular peephole, a boy secret which for two years he had shared with Buck alone. The mud chinking of the loghouse had fallen out at a joint by the floor just under the point where the ceiling of the kitchen lean-to joined the main structure. He had gradually enlarged it until he possessed an opening into the kitchen through which—imagining melodramatic things—he could spy unseen. He found it now, applied his eye. Underneath him bobbed the scalps of the four men. The pink dome of the sheriff's head, crisscrossed with mouse-colored wisps, was nearest. They had stopped eating; they were talking intimately, nervously. But their tones were low; he was disappointed to catch only passing occasional phrases. They seemed at this moment to be holding some kind of argument.

"If I was going it alone I'd light out from the Dos Vacas country," he heard Bob say. The sheriff's answer was too low to catch; but it was forcible and it silenced Bob. "Besides cutting and mutilating government records," he heard again, and once he caught from Skinny, "Dutch Charley may have finished the job already with his little gat." More low tones, these less argumentative, before the sheriff said:

"Well, hustle now!" There was a rising and bustling, a reaching for coats, hats, guns. He heard the sheriff, now beyond reach of his vision, say:

"Bob, you light out and follow at daybreak. The general signal is two shots."

The door opened and closed; feet clattered on the porch outside. He heard Bob tramping through the house, returning to the kitchen; saw when Bob came back within line of vision that he had stripped a bed of blankets, was disposing himself on the floor. The boy, in all his clothes except his shoes and moving like a cat, crept between the sheets. He and his dog fell quietly to sleep.

That alarm clock, built of the racks, pinions and wheels of the universal being, which every human carries in the depths of his consciousness, woke him during the night. The darkness was rendered just visible by the first faint coloring of dawn. Broad awake he started, but not until he heard a stirring in the kitchen below did he realize where he was and what had happened during that strange night. He crawled out of bed, suppressed the enthusiastic morning greetings of Buck, made his way to his private peephole. The fat man whom they called Bob stood up, stretching. Now he was eating the remains of the bread and butter left over from the supper of the posse. Tommy, the boy, possessed himself of his shoes and waited by the peephole, a carefully restraining hand upon the neck of his dog. Just as Bob finished eating and rose from the table, he noticed that the dawn was growing bright and distinct. And just then two shots came out of the silence two shots close together, as though one had jerked quickly twice on the trigger of a double-action revolver. Again after a moment's interval came two shots, more distinct this time but also further apart. These sounded as though one had twice pumped the lever of a repeater. Bob flashed out of his field of vision—fairly jumped, from the sound, through the door. The boy rapidly put on his own shoes and shot downstairs, first shutting into his room the pleading protesting Buck.

Dawn was shepherding in the stars and creating new stars on the snowy points of the mountain; but all the deathly chill of night was still in the air. The lake lay still under the frost, except here and there where a jumping trout made a splash and a series of widening circles. Tommy, watching cautiously from the kitchen door, saw the logy form of Bob cross a fence and disappear round the tall pine. As drawn by a fascination stronger than will and caution, he followed. Again came the double shot, this time plainly from the direction of the Mollie May dump above. Bob broke into a lumbering trot. The boy ran, too, and to better purpose, leaping like a deer from outcropping to outcropping. He came to the top of the last rise before the trail, dipping, reached the Mollie May. Bob had halted; he was standing, his gaze fixed on the dump. At this moment about that black hillock splashed with white came a little procession. He counted the forms, black against the snow. One, two, three, four, five, besides Bob. Had Dutch Charley rejoined them, or—they were lost in a bend of the trail; they emerged more distinctly. Then he could see quite plainly. They were bunched about a man who wore not heavy loose-legged cowhide boots like the rest but boots which neatly shaped themselves to his calves. They had got the tenderfoot!

Bob lumbered down the slope on a run. They all stopped for a little parley, the prisoner in their midst standing with his head down, dejected. Then Bob hurried ahead of them, back toward the house. For a moment the boy had an impulse to conceal himself. But curiosity together with the reflection that now they had their man they wouldn't care, held him to the trail. Bob saw him now and hailed him between puffs of labored breath.

"Hustle back to your shack with me, kid," said Bob—and there was exultation in his voice. "We want to shake up a fire and get some coffee quick."

"How did they get him?" asked Tommy.

Bob, in this new mood—whatever it was—had lost his surliness of the night before.

"Wallowed round, falling into gulches and out again all night," he said. "Trail shows he was plumb lost. First peep of light he crawled back to the dump over there to get his bearings. Of course we had the dump covered. Tony was there, hiding Injun fashion. When the Tenderfoot passed him, Tony just dropped on the back of his neck." Bob stopped his hurrying walk to laugh. "He shed his long gun so fast he just slung it, and tried to get to his short gun. Tony had the barrel over his ear before he could draw. We wanted to bring him in alive." Bob laughed again.

The exulting Bob, chuckling as he worked, and the scared perplexed boy had scarcely kindled the fire and put on the teakettle before posse and prisoner entered. Henry the tenderfoot, first visitor of that strange night, had almost lost his debonair bearing. Prickles of sandy beard beginning to stand out on chin and cheeks enphasized the dead, drawn pallor of his skin. As the sheriff stood him up against the wall by the window he moved like an automaton. The posse stacked their rifles in the farther corner, stacked with them a pistol holster and a short rifle, which the boy recognized as Henry's.

"Now," said the sheriff, "you hoss-stealing liar, put up your hands. We're going to search you!"

Henry spoke for the first time; there was a kind of firmness and confidence in that resonant voice of his which belied his drawn expression.

"I suppose, Sheriff Lute Markham, you keep repeating that epithet 'horse thief' so that you'll believe it yourself and so sound more convincing," he began. The sheriff at this gave a quick flirt of his revolver.

"Get them hands up!" he growled. "Tony and you, Skinny, go through him!"

Henry the tenderfoot, as ordered, lifted his hands waist high, palms forward. The two deputies ran quickly through his pockets and dumped upon the table their contents—two or three old letters, a handkerchief, a cigarette case and other inconsequential bits. Then, as Tony and Skinny began a businesslike search of coat, shirt, trousers, linings, he continued to talk.

"I'm not at all surprised, sheriff, at your use of that word. Hammy and I were wondering as we rode just what we'd be shot or lynched or jailed for in case you got us, and we remembered we'd made a great strategic mistake. When we bought these two fast horses from that man Jones we forgot to get a bill of sale. Making that poor horse dealer swear we just hired them and ran them away would be easy compared to some of the things you get away with in Dos Vacas. He knows he couldn't stay in Dos Vacas—couldn't even stay alive if he didn't ——"

"Set down!" exclaimed Skinny at that moment. He dropped a long, lean, sinewy hand upon the tenderfoot's head, shoved a knee into his abdomen and shot him backward into a chair. The deputies put themselves at once to unlacing Henry's high boots. The indignity of this performance the captive seemed to ignore. As one momentarily interrupted, he went on:

"Of course we have also stolen and mutilated government records. You could get us properly on that—'cinch us' is your Western expression, is it not? But, do you know, Hammy and I figured as we rode along that you gentlemen would hesitate to do anything that might bring a matter of Federal records into court? Lawyers and United States marshals from outside might come prying into Dos Vacas—nosey persons without proper respect for ——"

A hot flush had been turning the complexion of the sheriff from brown to Indian red It deepened until, as he interrupted, he looked for a moment apoplectic.

"Shut up on that," he said with a suggestive motion to his gun, "or ——"

"No," said Henry the tenderfoot, "you aren't going to kill me, sheriff; at least not for the present. Not until you do your best to find out from me where those pages are—those and some other papers."

He paused here and turned his eyes successively upon the four members of the posse. That last remark seemed to have frozen them in whatever they were doing at the time. Tony, who had just removed the right boot and was exploring its depths, crouched with one arm invisible and stared. Bob, who was measuring coffee into the pot, stood with a spoon balanced, his mouth open.

"Well, you ain't got nothing on me!" Bob's voice cut the silence like a knife.

"Haven't I?" said the tenderfoot softly. "It seems to me that before you listened to the call of public duty in Dos Vacas you—operated, let us say, in the region of Phœnix, Arizona."

A string of oaths from Bob touched off a babbling torrent of abuse from the whole posse. Buck, the dog, infected with the excitement, began to bark furiously.

"Shut that dog up!" exclaimed Skinny. "And you, kid, get out of here!"

"I'd think twice before I sent the boy away," said the tenderfoot. "Dismissing him just as I am reaching the cream of the morning's conversation might be considered suspicious—unless you intend to make this affair a double murder. Probably you won't adopt that measure anyhow, I take it, until Dutch Charley, your killer, arrives from whatever he may be doing."

The boy, closing the door to the main house, shut out the rest of this sentence and the roar of abuse that followed it. Inside with his dog Tommy looked frightened; but his face was lighted, too, with a more pleasurable emotion. For once in his thirteen years he was getting all the excitement a boy required for his well-being. He first tiptoed cautiously to the wall where hung his father's old single-shot rifle, polished, greased, plugged with a cork and ready. With a slightly unsteady hand he took it down, tugged at the lever until he opened its action and could see the butt of a cartridge in its barrel. From a box in a table drawer, he took a handful of cartridges, stuffed them into his pocket. He closed the action, jumping at the slight click it made, and noiselessly as a cat mounted to his own room. Summoning Buck inside with an almost inaudible whistle, he gently locked the door, crawled to his private peephole, laid down the rifle in fighting position on the floor. He had no need now to restrain Buck. For two years Buck had been given consistently to understand that he must make no noise while his boy god occupied that queer position. The group below was in full range of his vision. Also he could hear everything, even the voice of the tenderfoot—low, controlled, but always resonant. But Tommy's eye, affixed to the peephole, kept wandering above the heads of the posse. The sheriff was leaning over the prisoner now—and:

"Come across—where are those papers?" he was saying.

"You have satisfied yourselves, then, that they are not on my person?" said Henry. "Why don't you go back over my trail of last night and search everywhere? For instance, we stopped, Hammy and I, at Weaverville. Perhaps we left them there. Perhaps I hid them last night on the mountain. Go ahead! I have no objection to your making a search. Only it would occupy time that might be more profitably employed."

The sheriff flirted his gun under Henry's nose. The tenderfoot looked strained for an instant; but his voice came out as tantalizingly cool as ever.

"All right, since you insist. You might, you know, have asked me the direct question long before. Unless my partner, William Hamilton, alias Hammy, and his horse both fell dead on the road between the forks and Carbonado those papers—this begins to sound like a Bowery melodrama."

"Damn you, talk!" exclaimed the sheriff with another flirt of his gun.

"The papers are in the hands of Special United States Marshall McDevitt, in Carbonado."

The conversation seemed to have reached its climax. The sheriff started back as though Henry had drawn on him.

"I told you—I told you you oughter ——" began Bob before he checked himself. Tony and Skinny stood glaring reproach on their chief.

"You liar!" said the sheriff—but he said it weakly.

Henry the tenderfoot, taking up the conversation again, dropped his bantering tone.

"Sheriff Luther Markham and you, Mr. Robert Sanderson, County Clerk, we might as well have a show-down," he said. "May I lace my boots while I am talking? Thank you. This is going to be a confession. Still, I don't think you'll use it against me.

"When I decided to look into this Dos Vacas district, I got fair warning. Experienced people told me it was a crooked camp. They said that no one had a chance on earth there unless he belonged to the gang. Still, I fancied the region. I was a dude, tenderfoot mining expert from the East, as you gentlemen have so frequently remarked. But I had with me a practical Westerner, Hammy. He says he tried it because he was a fool. At any rate we found that the camp was as bad as its reputation. Kindly let me proceed, Mister Sheriff. The sooner I finish, the sooner we'll get down to business.

"You know perfectly well how you've run that camp ever since the first strike. It isn't necessary to recall that; but you may be interested in hearing what I know. You not only get a rake-off on every crooked faro box in the Little Texas and the Big Ace; but what's important to me, you've laid your hand on all the really promising claims in the district. It has always puzzled me, sheriff, to know what you do with your money."

"It's all right about my money!" exploded the sheriff.

"Yes, I presume you look after that," went on the tenderfoot pleasantly. "But I do advise you to listen to me. You seemed contented with your pickings and percentages from the gambling and the dance hall until Mr. Robert Sanderson, known in Phœnix, Arizona, as Robert Brown, arrived in Dos Vacas. Mr. Brown—I beg your pardon—Mr. Sanderson is very clever with his pen. In Phœnix he was too clever."

"That's a lie!" This from Bob.

"It does seem to me that the inexcusable epithet is being passed rather freely this morning," said Henry the tenderfoot. "If that's a lie it's such a pity that you didn't take the trouble to stay and say so to a jury instead of leaving your brother-in-law to forfeit your bail. There are five indictments waiting against you in Arizona—four for worthless checks, one for forgery. Kindly save your protest for your rebuttal, Mr. Sanderson. I have other things to say that will surprise you."

Bob subsided.

"And you, Mister Sheriff, got Mr. Sanderson elected county clerk, Mexican fashion, and appointed land agent—chief business to record mining claims. After that it was easy. When a claim began to look good, these assistants of yours," he raised up from lacing his boots to indicate the two deputies, "jumped it some fine night—they and Dutch Charley your killer. I wonder where Dutch Charley is? By rights he ought to be plying his art on this job.

"When the owner of the claim came into camp and made his kick, the records were all fixed. Mr. Sanderson had attended to that. A little erasure with chemicals and some clever imitation of signatures—perfectly easy for a gentleman of Mr. Sanderson's talents. The owner could whistle. If he whistled too loudly he left camp. Sometimes he traveled quite a distance. There was the Corrigan affair. Let me recall the case of Mike Corrigan. He was an Irishman and he preferred to fight."

"That will do!" interrupted the sheriff. "That will do!" The bluster was now gone from his voice. He spoke in a low steely tone infinitely more threatening.

"Well," said Henry the tenderfoot, looking up from lacing his boots, "I thought you wouldn't care to discuss the Corrigan affair. Anyway, it's closed. Under our admirable laws a man can't be tried again, once he's acquitted. And your duly appointed coroner let Dutch Charley go on the plea of self-defense. This had a very

(Continued on Page 133)

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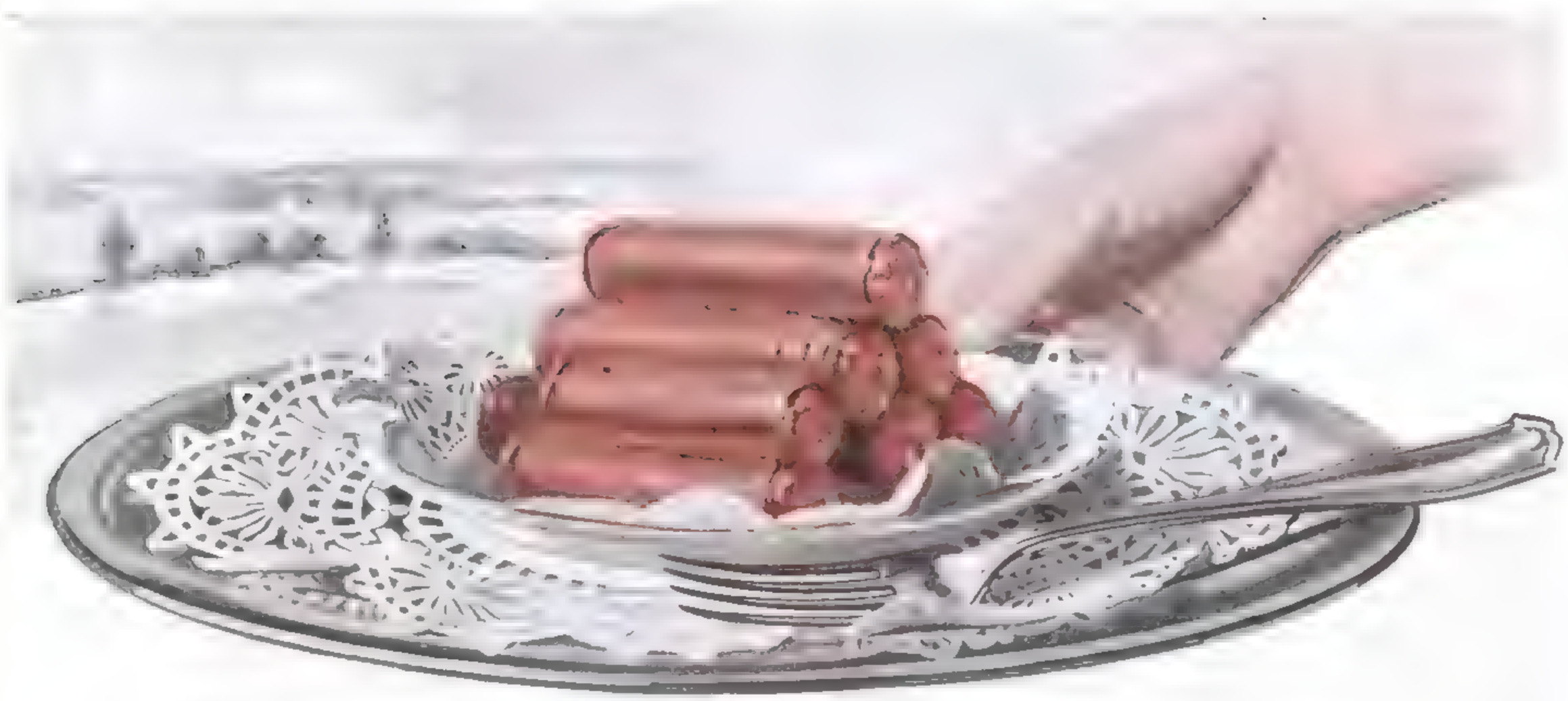

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MEATS

(Continued from Page 128)

salutary effect on people who complained about falsified records. My present plight teaches me that when you jumped our claims, Hammy and I should have taken it all with a pleasant smile. We were indiscreet enough to leave our locations and come into camp over Sunday. When we returned on Monday morning I found the merry brown eyes of this gentleman here looking at me across the sights of a rifle; however, you know all that. When we interviewed you, Mr. Sanderson, you were very polite; but of course we didn't have a legal leg to stand on. Your records showed that ——"

"Your filing was irregular," snapped Bob.

"Of course; it always was—or something else. At any rate Hammy was stubborn and I was an innocent tenderfoot. We hung on. Your mistake, Mister Sheriff, lay in letting us stay at Dos Vacas. But we struck you as most inoffensive persons, I suppose—just a college-bred dude from the East and a stray prospector. I got that job in the assay office and Hammy went to work as porter in the Little Texas. Hammy learned quite a lot in the Little Texas, owing to the habit you gentlemen have of drinking there late at night. Meanwhile I was having investigations made in the East—and elsewhere."

The tenderfoot had laced—very deliberately—his right boot. He straightened it on the calf of his leg before beginning operations on the left—and he glanced upward.

"Really," he said, "I've never properly introduced myself. I didn't, you know, come to Dos Vacas entirely on my own account. If you care to look over those old letters you have just removed from me, you'll find my credentials as agent for Suydams, Martin & Co., of Wall Street, New York. I suppose you know the firm? I thought you would. Its mining operations are extensive.

"And it will do a lot for Dos Vacas, if ever it can get a square deal. Of course, Suydams, Martin & Co. has its force of detectives. Among other things that I sent East were some photographs, together with a transcript of indiscreet remarks overheard by Hammy in the Little Texas. Gentlemen in a delicate position should not let themselves be photographed—even when they become city or county officials. We made sure, among other things, that Dutch Charley is by rights Convict 8072 in the Illinois State Penitentiary. He escaped five years ago with twelve years of a second-degree murder sentence still owing. By the same means we got the record of Mr. Brown—I beg your pardon, Sanderson—in Phœnix. I probably made a mistake there."

"Don't you believe him, Lute. I never saw Phœnix," put in Bob. He turned his face then so that the boy, watching from above, could see it. The pallor under his tan had converted his skin to the color of dirty wax.

"I probably made a mistake," went on the tenderfoot, still slowly and methodically drawing laces and seeming not to hear the interruption, "when I had the documents, of which I've revealed to you just a sample, sent to me in Dos Vacas, where I kept them in a safe and secret place. The money devil of Wall Street, as we frequently hear up in these remote mountains, has an undue pull in Washington. Through its hellish cold-blooded machinations probably, United States Marshall McDevitt came out here on this special job and settled down at Carbonado. That's a straight camp now, though it wasn't exactly lily-white before the Perlman lynching.

"I went up to see McDevitt. He wanted to go to Dos Vacas and seize Mr. Sanderson's records. I told him that was a very risky proceeding. Hammy, in the course of his investigations, had found those cans of kerosene and that pile of excelsior you keep in the cellar of your office, Mr. Sanderson. The first alarm, and the records would have gone up in a fine hot fire. You'd been purposely lax in making your reports to Washington. I volunteered to get the necessary documents myself—Hammy and I. That's why we bought the two fastest horses in town.

"And yesterday the wires went down in that landslip between Dos Vacas and Weaverville. We were waiting for some such chance as that. We knew you didn't put your records in the safe, Mr. Sanderson, at dinner time—you fellows had had your way in Dos Vacas so long that you'd grown careless. You left only that—well, that rather limited man-of-all-work, Otto, in charge; so I entertained Otto with the help of a quart of whisky while Hammy worked as he pleased. Doubtless Otto has some other story for it, but that is what happened. From your promptness in following our trail you must have found something wrong with your books shortly after we left Dos Vacas so hurriedly.

"You may be interested to know what happened afterward. We'd planned that split past Weaverville. There the roads fork and come together again. We knew that if we were tracked and followed you'd stop where the trails split for a consultation. You did, didn't you? Finally we decided on this last split at the forks above the lake—for the same purpose. We didn't intend to join up before we reached Carbonado. We'd made a mistake there. We didn't know this road was closed. That's a thing we hadn't foreseen—that and the barrier where my poor horse came to grief."

"But you carried the papers!" exclaimed the sheriff suddenly.

At this moment Henry, the tenderfoot, having completed the lacing of his left boot and found that he had missed an eyelet farther down, began unlacing. His face was turned downward and therefore out of sight both of the posse and of the boy watching above. Still, the boy saw a slight jerk in his movement. He himself was trembling in every limb, so that he had to catch at the wall for steadying support.

"Did I?" said the tenderfoot in a casual tone. "Follow that theory if you will."

"You were head devil and you had the best horse!" shot out Bob Sanderson.

"It is true I had the better horse," replied the tenderfoot. "It is equally true, as you will all allow, that the black which Hammy rode had the better rider. The rider makes all the difference. That's exactly why I chose the roan, though both were better than anything you had. While I'm conversing, let me mention that we discussed the question of trading horses before we came to the fork above the lake. Hammy's was the fresher—I'd ridden mine so badly. So he went on with his own horse."

"You're trying to make us think he carried the papers," interrupted the sheriff.

"Gentlemen in your position have been known to resort to physical torture in order to extract information," replied the tenderfoot. "I lack fortitude. Doubtless if you twist my arm or burn my feet or something you will make me say that I hid the papers in Weaverville or up there on the mountain—or right here," he added, fumbling with an eyelet. "But such a procedure would only delay you. The documents in question went to Carbonado with Hammy.

"Let's take the logic of the situation," he continued, pulling tight a thong. "I can't ride much. I can't shoot for cold beans. I don't know this country very well. Hammy can ride. He can shoot—well and very quickly. He has prospected every square mile of this country. Had you been in my position, Mister Sheriff, what would you have done? At the forks we were nearly safe anyhow. You wouldn't have dared ride straight into Carbonado after Hammy. Your man, Dutch Charley, couldn't have killed him anywhere in the jurisdiction of Carbonado and got off clean—as he might have done in your bailiwick or even in Weaverville. Then—I hit the barrier and my horse went bad. After which there was nothing to do but entertain you gentlemen by taking to the mountains and causing you to overlook the main show. I was determined that Hammy should have plenty of time. That's exactly why I asked the boy, whom I found keeping this house, if he'd seen anything of a man answering Hammy's description. The boy struck me as a young person accustomed to tell the truth. I even counseled him to be frank with you—and I presume he was."

The sheriff gurgled from his throat something the boy could not catch. Bob's mushy bulk had seemed fairly to be melting and he had sunk into a chair.

"And now," said Henry the tenderfoot, looking up from pulling the thongs tight in the last eyelet, "let us come down to business. Those papers include, as you know, the record of all the claims jumped by these deputies of yours here—the full record. The Three Stars, the Hattie French, the Buffalo Boy, for example. Chemical erasures are the easiest things for experts to prove in court. So are forgeries, especially when you have specimens of the forger's earlier and cruder work and a collection of his genuine handwriting. All those are in the bundle that Hammy carried to Carbonado. The specimens are mainly photographic copies from Phœnix."

"If you think you've got anything on me"—came from the mushy form of Bob.

"I am settling with the sheriff, Mr. Sanderson," said the tenderfoot. "You may ask, sheriff, where you come in. You didn't falsify any records—you had it done. But can we prove that? We can prove that in every case of a juggled claim your deputies here—and Dutch Charley, who is unaccountably missing—were the men who took possession and that you ordered them to do it. Further, we have living testimony. Really, you should have got Hammy. He has not only the documents but a memory. He's heard at the Little Texas some very indiscreet remarks—late at night—when the free drinks were coming fast. You admitted on at least one such occasion that you were walking over a powder mine—and a great deal else more specific. Others, plenty of others, will probably testify, once they know they're no longer in danger of their lives. Conspiracy will doubtless be the charge. And I must say that on that charge you're properly got.

"With the rest it's easier. Dutch Charley I've already mentioned. Then there's Skinny Frank Russel here, wanted in Indian Territory for ——"

"Damn you, don't you draw me in!" came in a low tone from Skinny, and his hand went to his hip. The sheriff gave a quick sweep of his arm, backhanded, which caught Skinny across the chest.

"Oh, just let him talk!" said the sheriff in a voice that gave an imitation of scorn.

"Thank you, Mister Sheriff," said the tenderfoot. He was shaping his boot on his calf now, preliminary to final tying. "I was afraid that some of your assistants might get impulsive."

He knotted the ends of the thongs and sat bending over, his elbows on his knees. For the first time he was looking the sheriff steadily in the eye.

"I've already made a bargain with you, though you don't know it. I've told you all this to warn you—in return for my life. Think, now! When at daylight I haven't appeared, of course they'll start straight down this road from Carbonado, looking for me—Hammy and United States Marshal McDevitt and the deputy marshals—all shooting men. Your jig's up. Your only sensible course of procedure is to scoop together such of your money as you can lay your hands on and vanish quietly from this country. The law—the real law—gets eventually into every camp. It's coming now into Dos Vacas. You're up against the United States Government, nobly assisted by the money devil which I represent. If you lick the marshals—well, some day you'll see the Seventh Cavalry cavorting across these passes. You can't beat that game, you know.

"Dutch Charley is missing, but Skinny Frank Russel here seems capable of doing a job of killing in a pinch. On the surface of things that looks easy. I am not certain just where the county line runs hereabouts. If this place happens to be out of your jurisdiction you simply carry me into your own county. Then I try to escape—I, a captured horse thief—I suppose horse stealing will be the charge. And you regrettably have to shoot me. The coroner's jury renders a verdict—justifiable homicide in the pursuance of duty as an officer, I suppose it will be, by way of variety.

"But with those documents and Hammy both safe in the hands of Marshal McDevitt in Carbonado the case assumes rather a different aspect. If you kill me under those circumstances the connection with your other operations becomes entirely too close. You merely turn a set of penitentiary offenses into one big hanging offense. Uncle Sam will see to that—again ably assisted by that money devil of Wall Street, New York, which I represent. No, shooting me in the existing circumstances can't possibly do you anything but harm.

"And in the meantime, gentlemen, the marshal's probably left Carbonado at dawn looking for me. That is, I believe, eighteen miles from here. Even in the state of the going, good horses, well ridden, ought to make the distance in two or three hours. I don't know whether they'll come by this road or by the other road to the forks. If it's the forks, you'll soon be cut off. The time is short. I suggest that you gentlemen withdraw for a consultation. As an evidence of good faith you might take my weapons along with you. I shouldn't know how to use them, anyhow, in a pinch. I carry them mainly as costume and stage property."

Tommy, trying to stifle the heavy breathing produced by the rapid pumpings of his own little heart, caught no more audible words from the kitchen, but only mutterings and trampings. In and out of his range of vision flashed the posse, gathering up coats and guns. The trampling retreated; the door slammed. Henry the tenderfoot sat alone, smiling to himself a smile that seemed rather set. A moment later he reached for the contents of his pockets, which the deputies had piled up on the table, took a cigarette, scratched a match on the sole of his boot and leaned backward with a sigh of satisfaction as he took the first long puff. He let his eyes idly follow the upward course of the smoke, then dropped them and seemed to fall into meditation.

Cautiously, lest he make a noise, the boy wriggled to the one little window of his room, which opened from a dormer in the roof onto the vista of the road and corral. The posse stood by the bars, gesticulating in hot earnest debate. All surrounded the sheriff as though he upheld one side of the argument. A moment later Bob, throwing off the sheriff's detaining hand, started on an awkward stumbling run for the stable. The rest looked after him; then Skinny Frank, too, broke and ran; then Tony. The sheriff stood alone for a moment, his eyes on the road. Finally, as though drawn by a magnet, he started for the stable in the trail of his deputies, and the nearer he got the faster he moved. He had not reached the door, however, before Bob Sanderson emerged, dragging after him a big raw-boned bay horse with a saddle thrown uncinched across his back. He had begun to reach for his cinches when the two deputies followed, leading their horses similarly accoutered; and now it was the sheriff with his horse. In a trembling, fumbling haste they bitted, cinched, threw rifles into scabbards, mounted, were riding on a dead run out of the corral in the direction of the forks. The house hid them.

Now, Tommy—walking, not creeping—dared venture downstairs. The tenderfoot was lighting a fresh cigarette.

"Good morning, Tommy," he said. "For though I've seen you before this morning, I was scarcely free to express myself. I suppose you are astonished to find me alone."

"Yes, sir—no, sir," replied Tommy, his face betraying slight confusion. "I—I was listening."

"You're a regular genuine boy, aren't you?" remarked Henry, smiling. "When I was a boy I used to have 'em too—peepholes and things."

At this invasion of his dearest secret the boy's look of confusion grew to a deep blush.

"They're gone," he said by way of changing the subject.

"Are you sure?" asked the tenderfoot. "I heard their hoofs, but I should like to be certain."

"Yes, sir. I saw them from the window. They're riding toward the forks."

Henry the tenderfoot rose at this.

"I think we'd better take a look outside," he said.

The swift dawn was turning into a clear sunrise. The claim and all that slope of the mountain lay still in shadow, but pink and golden light had touched the farther corner of the lake and was dancing in welcome of the kingly sun on the pass toward the forks.

"Up yonder," said the boy, "the road's in sight. Maybe we can spot 'em."

He had scarcely spoken when a galloping horse came into the field of vision. Another followed; then two more. They disappeared, hard ridden, about a pinnacle of rock.

"The clean-up of Dos Vacas is now, to all intents and purposes, completed," remarked Henry. "I wish, though, I could account for Dutch Charley, the killer."

"They sent him to Carbonado," said the boy. "They sent him to lay for you in the notch."

"Good! The marshals, as they leave Carbonado, will scoop him up first thing. Letting a murderer like that go loose on the community troubled my conscience. Observe the justly celebrated honor among thieves! These fellows have abandoned Dutch Charley without the ghost of a warning."

(Concluded on Page 135)

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

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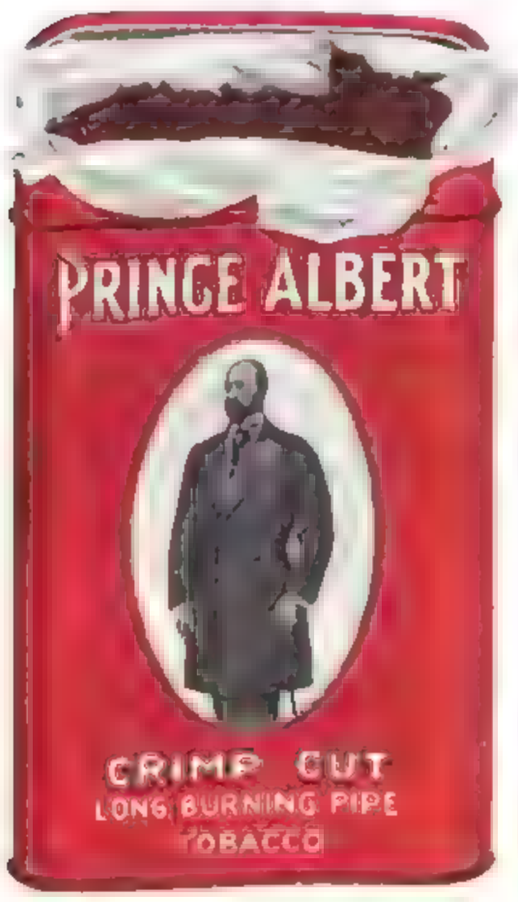
Tobacco Co

Wherever you alight, you'll find that pal ing it with Prince Albert is the great indoor and outdoor sport! Because P. A. is the national joy smoke! Awaiting your say-so, you'll find toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps Prince Albert in such perfect condition!



P. A. has such a joy'us way of making men glad about jimmy pipes!

To shoot it quick:—Prince Albert turns over a new leaf in your smoke-career! Shovels smokesorrows right out the attic airshaft and throws wide open the smoke-section-shutters! Talk about letting in a flood of smokesunshine! Bet your pet luckystone that the best you ever heard tell about can't hold a candle *with what Prince Albert will hand you* seven days out of every week! And, then, some-or.-the-side!

Smoking Prince Albert is just about twins with having the top time of your life on each fire-up! *It gives you a brand new idea of how delightful a pipe smoke really can be!* Such flavor and fragrance and coolness; such freedom from bite and parch! Prove out personally that Prince Albert's exclusive patented process *really does cut out bite and parch!*

Talk about ringing the bell every time you take *just one more little* smoke! You'll agree with your old fellow citizen, General Approval, that Prince Albert puts a man on the firing line with a jimmy pipe, *and keeps him there;* that it sends all previous smoke setto records to the rear-ranks; that it just slams in one good time on top of another so fast, so happy-like, you realize that heretofore you've been hunting regular-man-sport with the wrong ammunition!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Ex-Soldiers, Read This News:

NO more need for thick woolen socks! Nor for the heavy-soled army shoes. For there's no more tramping over all kinds of ground—no more long marches—the kind of work that taught so many Americans a new foot sensation.

Without the heavy woolen sock, and without the extra size shoe they required, how can the ex-soldier keep that wonderful "foot-unconsciousness"? Never by going back to those narrow, pointed shoes whose bone-bending rigidity was the cause of corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, callouses, fallen arches.

Men who *know* turn instinctively to the Educator—the shoe made, like the army shoe, to "let the feet grow as they should." And made also to give the good looks which well-dressed men require.

There is a pair waiting for every member of the family, each shoe bearing on the sole the famous word EDUCATOR. There can be no protection stronger than this mark; for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a *responsible manufacturer*. Get the whole family into Educators.

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A BOOK FOR FOOT SUFFERERS:

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet" contains pictures and facts which surprise people. Send for it today.

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Makers also of the Famous All-America Shoe for Men
"The Shoe that's Standardized"

Dull Calf Blucher Educator for Men

Black Kid Laced Educator for Women

Dull Calf or Brown Kid Laced Educator for Misses, Children and Infants

Unless branded on Sole it is not an Educator

Educators are Made for Men, Women and Children

(Concluded from Page 132)

They turned back to the house. And as they walked Tommy, the boy, seemed to be struggling with some shy emotion. He glanced at the tenderfoot now and then; the corners of his mouth quivered with the desire of speech; he restrained it, blushing. But when they reached the kitchen speech overflowed his lips:

"Maybe you'd better get down your package—from over the cupboard there."

The eyes and mouth of the tenderfoot flew open as though jerked by a string.

"You knew. You saw!"

"Yes, sir, I saw you put it there when I went out—when the sheriff came."

Henry the tenderfoot placed a chair before the cupboard, mounted, took down from its top a packet of the size of a large book, wrapped in newspapers and tied with string. He opened it to the expected papers, covered with print and writing, some old and some new—papers of all shapes and sizes.

"You knew?" he said as he fumbled through them; "all the time? And you didn't tell?"

"No, sir." The boy was shifting from foot to foot, blushing as though accused of some shameful act. Again he found hesitant speech. "Soon's I got back to the kitchen I looked at the cupboard and saw them. Once that fat Bob almost got those papers. He was looking for pepper—I stepped on Buck's foot so's he would holler. What made you leave 'em here?" he added.

The face of the stranger, drawn by a sleepless night of anxieties, freshened with a smile almost sentimental in its softness.

"Tommy," he said, "you're a brick. I took a chance. When you're older you're going to find that the unexpected is often the best thing to do. You heard me talking to the sheriff. All I told him was true—except one thing. I, not Hammy, carried the papers. I had the better horse and I ride better than the sheriff knows. Besides, I was boss of the job and it was up to me to take the main risk. When those crooks cornered me here, I was afraid to keep the package on me. I was sure I'd get lost on the mountain and they'd catch me—as they did. I thought you'd forget that minute when you left me alone. I calculated that I could come back here when Mister Sheriff and his merry men were gone, or after the marshals arrived, and get the papers.

"I overlooked one thing. I remembered it in the night out there on the mountain—and heavens, but I was anxious! I forgot you, Tommy. You see, I knew they wouldn't recognize this package on sight. After we left Dos Vacas I'd wrapped up those documents in old Carbonado newspapers. But you, Tommy—I'd forgotten that you'd know this kitchen like the back of your hand—and you'd spot the extraneous matter. But Lord! I never thought they'd seat me for examination right under the evidence in the case! I'm nearly dead of the strain. You saw that stage business with lacing my boots? I did it to make them keep looking downward. I never used such self-control in my life as I did to prevent myself from taking one glance at the top of your cupboard. Even after they left, I was afraid to look for fear someone was watching me. I had to light a cigarette and follow the smoke with my eyes. I almost had heart disease when I saw they were still there." He patted the papers.

"You're my fortune!" he said. "And my life, too, for that matter."

Then, his smile breaking out full, he looked at the boy.

"Tommy," he chuckled, "you thought I was a bandit or some species of hunted criminal when I dropped in on you last night, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy almost in a whisper.

"You know better now, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"They doubtless told you that they wanted something I was carrying?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you stand in with a dangerous outlaw and keep my secret?"

The boy shifted his feet. His hands wriggled and he looked down at the floor; but Henry could see the blushes chase each other across his forehead.

"I dunno," the boy managed to drag out. But his heart, now beating with trip-hammer force, might have said: "Because I liked you."

Henry, from the softness of his smile, seemed to understand that, for he followed his line of questioning no further.

"Well, Tommy," he said, "you've done a good night's work for yourself and family. What those crooks don't know about mining fills a dude tenderfoot expert from the East with scornful merriment. They don't know, for example, that they live on a mountain of zinc. They don't know that my claims are probably worth millions. I've a fat share in everything I stake for the firm and some of its fatness—oh, quite a slice—is coming to the father of young Thomas Duane. I foresee that you won't go to Carbonado this winter. I foresee your family moving to the thriving boom camp of Dos Vacas. Tommy, do you think your mother will like all the silk dresses she can possibly use, besides a private carriage or so?"

The tenderfoot was funning again, and Tommy could now look him in the face.

"Yes, sir!" said Tommy.

"And how would young Thomas Duane like a college education in the East?"

Tommy dropped his eyes again.

"I'd like it a lot," he managed to falter. "But," he hesitated, "I'd like one of those newfangled bicycles ——"

"Easiest thing in the world!" said the tenderfoot.

Tommy blushed again, and the tenderfoot, seeing that he was on the verge of another confidence, kept silence until it came out.

"You needn't 'a' worried, even if they had found the papers. I had 'em all covered from up there."

"You did? With what?"

"With dad's good ol' forty-five-caliber rifle. After I saw you were straight, they wouldn't 'a' laid a finger on you before I ——" The boy drew an imaginary bead and clicked his tongue.

The quiver of amusement, which in spite of himself rippled for an instant over the tenderfoot's face, turned to a well-managed expression of admiration as Tommy looked up at him with eyes innocent but fiery. It was perfectly evident that Tommy believed himself.

OUR DRIFTING RAILROADS

(Continued from Page 30)

Franklin K. Lane. After thorough and extended hearings this commission recommended wage advances based as far as possible upon its studies of increased living costs. This wage increase spread across the country came to a total figure of another $300,000,000 a year, and at the time it was awarded it was said by members of the wage commission that if they had granted all the increases asked for, the total railroad pay roll would have been set ahead at the rate of fully a billion dollars a year.

The scientific work of the wage commission brought little satisfaction, however, to many of the railroaders. For one thing—and a most important thing, if you please—it made radical upsets in many of the traditional relationships that had existed between various classes of railroad employees. Certain grades, or classes, were shot ahead of others, and the decision of the commission failed utterly to provide for some large classes of workers—notably the shopmen—wages that were comparable with those that they might receive from some of the war industries—shipyards, munition plants, and the like.

When these disgruntled classes of employees protested—and made not only vigorous protest but threats of political pressure the first Director General of Railroads yielded by taking the entire question out of the hands of the wage commission and placing it in the hands of a board of railway wages and working conditions, which was entirely of his own making. The methods of this board were in great contrast to the Lane commission, which it succeeded. It could merely make recommendations to the director general, which he could adopt or disregard as he saw fit. Just the number of reports that this made or to what extent the director general was governed by its recommendations has not been definitely known not outside the inner circles of the Railroad Administration at least. It held no public hearings, and though an agency of the Government it made no public report of its activities or its methods of reaching its decisions.

But the results of these decisions—one wage increase after another—are not hard to discover. For whereas in December, 1917—the final month of private operation—the wages paid to 1,703,748 railroaders came to about $153,000,000, in January, 1919—at the end of a year of government operation—this figure had increased to $230,800,589, distributed among 1,848,774 railroaders. And this difference of almost $78,000,000 between the two monthly pay rolls figures out at the rate of nearly $936,000,000 a year increase. Further increases, at the rate of another $65,000,000 a year, made since January last, bring the grand total to a billion dollars a year, which, oddly enough, is the exact figure the original Lane commission reported as representing all the wage increase demands of the railroaders that were made up on it—and of which it granted only a little less than one-third.

It is not fair to attribute all these wage increases to government operation. A large part of them would have had to be conceded by the private owners if they had remained in control of the roads. Yet I cannot believe that these would have reached anywhere near a billion dollars a year increase. Moreover, the end is not even in sight. As these paragraphs are being written the shop workers of the railroads are demanding fresh increases to a total amount in excess of $150,000,000 a year. They may receive them. If they do not they say they will surely strike, for they have frankly announced their discontent at receiving sixty-eight cents an hour while the shop workers in Uncle Josephus Daniels' navy yards, for instance, are receiving eighty-five. Nor is this all. Suppose that the shop workers do get their increase. In this event the trainmen announce that they are going to have still further advances—it seems that there is a delicate balance or proportion between their wages and those of the workers in the shops that is as the laws of the Medes and Persians and quite as impossible of upset.

To meet the demands of all the rank and file of the railroaders as they are being formulated at this very moment would cost our Uncle Samuel another $800,000,000—a cost that he would have to assess immediately upon his taxpayers either in the form of greatly increased rates or in some form of special taxes. No wonder the Administration down at Washington is anxious to get rid of the railroads, and as soon as possible.

One of the prime reasons for which government operation was originally urged was to secure labor content. In this the Railroad Administration has failed utterly and lamentably. It has done some things very well indeed. Its handling of the vast troop movement has been little short of brilliant. But in its relations with its employees it has been political, and so has muddled. It should have learned by this time that it takes something more than mere wage increases to make workers happy—whether they be railroad workers or not. Any man who has traveled on our roads during the past eighteen months can hardly fail to have observed that along with the steady deterioration in the equipment and the service and the interest and the enthusiasm of the men there has come a condition of discontent that can hardly be hidden. In the event of the return of the railroads to their private owners this will become one of the most serious problems to be dealt with.

There is one phase of the railroad-labor problem that rarely has received sufficient attention, either in earlier years from the private operators or more recently from the United States Railroad Administration. I am referring to the operating and executive officers, whose titles range all the way from trainmaster or division superintendent up to general superintendent or general manager or, in some cases, even vice president, and whose salaries have similarly ranged from $2000 or $2500 up to, say, $7500 or $8000. These men form the great middle class of railroad operation—standing between organized labor on the one hand and the fairly well-organized chief executives on the other. And just as the middle class in American citizenship seems to possess the great preponderance of national sentiment and patriotism as well as of creative ability, so does the middle class in the operation of American railroads possess by far the preponderance of railroad spirit and sentiment and creative ability. It is, in high fact, the driving force in our railroad operation. It has done much for the upbuilding of our railroads. Yet it is a force that has been almost entirely ignored by the Railroad Administration down at Washington.

Let me illustrate what I mean: A certain small railroad in an Eastern state—a line of about two hundred miles—has employed for some years a general manager at a salary of $6000 a year. It is a well-conducted road and the general manager has earned his salary, for his duties are many and constant. He not only operates the road but he maintains it, buys for it and even directs the securing of its traffic. He is a man who has worked day in and day out from eight o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night—and thought nothing of that whatsoever. Moreover, he is a man who has commanded the full respect of the men who work with and under him.

On this same small road there is a middle-aged conductor who each morning conducts the local up the line and each evening brings it back again. His tastes and his living conditions are simple. The pay of $125 to $135 a month which the road gave him up to two years or so ago was ample for his life—in a truly rural country. He was not only satisfied but happy, and a great booster for the road.

In the first two weeks of June last this conductor drew out—as his pay—$222, which was at a rate slightly below $6000 a year. Yet when Uncle Sam took over the road he refused to pay its general manager—the man who was responsible for the safe operation of the property—more than $3500 a year. The general manager resigned and promptly was engaged by a shipbuilding corporation at $8000 a year. Since then the road has worried along as best it might with inexperienced and highly incompetent executive direction, its equipment, right of way, discipline, morale and service steadily deteriorating. And the communities along its line, which are wholly dependent upon it for transportation service, have paid the price.

These incidents have been multiplied many times all the way across the face of the land. Engineers are receiving not only more pay than their master mechanics and trainmasters but in some cases more than their division superintendents. Frequently the same thing has been true of firemen as well as of conductors. The result of such a situation can easily be imagined. The natural grades of promotion have almost entirely disappeared. The boy learning to fire a locomotive and dreaming of the day when he should be superintendent of the division and on a fair road to the general managership has become a myth. The ultramodern engineer or fireman or conductor or brakeman has begun fairly to scorn the superintendent and his job, with what effect upon the discipline and morale can easily be imagined.

From where, then, can the railroad draw its valuable middle class of labor—its great sentimental and driving force? That is the very question that it began asking itself even before Uncle Sam stepped in and took control of it. It cannot look with large hopes to-day to the colleges and technical schools of the land. Long ago the well-trained and alert young men from these institutions began flocking in great numbers to other industries—the electrical, the automobile, the general industrial, mining, banking—but not to railroading. The railroad was forced to find its new minor executives in advancing members of its unorganized labor station agents, traffic men, and the like or in the very slight percentage of college graduates who still came to it generally because of sentiment or of close family connections. Its great virgin fields of raw executive material the men who actually run the trains were being closed to it, and even the station agents and telegraphers were binding themselves more and more closely together—in union and in brotherhood.

In fact it has already been suggested seriously that the minor executives bind

(Continued on Page 139

Everywhere on Everything

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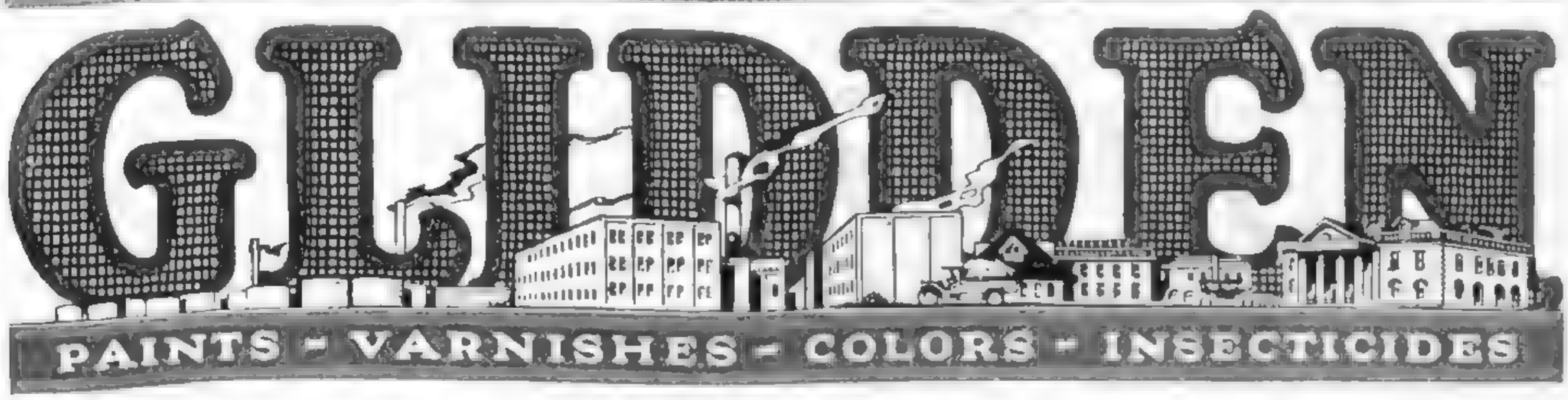

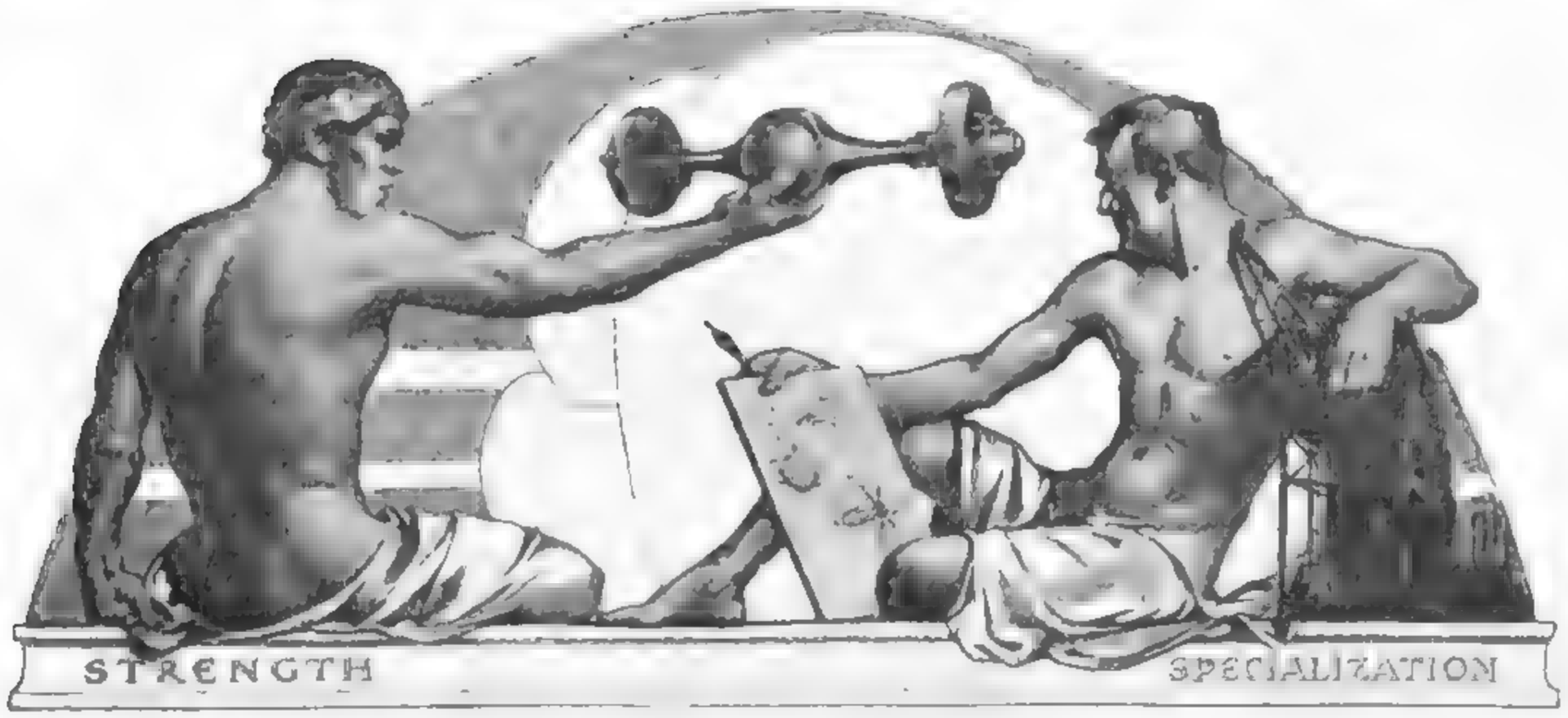

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THE work of the Specialist must be distinctly superior to justify Specialization.

In determining to Specialize—to devote the whole time and attention of this entire organization to the one thing—Motor Car Axles—we have assumed a distinct obligation to excel.

Problems of design, of materials, of workmanship, of methods have been met in this spirit.

And the product measures up to the obligation we assumed in Specializing in its production.

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The Columbia Axle Company
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

Columbia One-Piece Housing Axles

(Continued from Page 135)

themselves into a brotherhood, or guild, designed particularly for the protection of their salaries. Such a thing is not out of reason. The great middle classes of England already are defining themselves and forming a union, which in the first six weeks of its existence this summer gained more than 140,000 members. Such a thing is a possibility for the even greater middle class of the United States, which now finds itself being ground between two great millstones—labor on the one side, labor well protected and politically powerful through organization; and on the other, capital, also well organized and still possessing some distinct political power.

So has the middle class of our railroad operation been ground, and ground so fine that in these days of war-bride salaries more than one railroad executive of pretty good salary and caliber has thrown down his ancient job in disgust and gone to the shipyard or some other industrial concern with good wages and a quick recognition of merit. And the Federal Railroad Administration instead of recognizing and correcting this weakness has only succeeded in increasing this irritation, which was an outcropping of politics in the government operation of our railroads.

See how it came about: That portion of the rank and file of the railroaders which was organized—chiefly the engineers, firemen, brakemen, conductors, telegraphers and shopmen—was quickly recognized by the Administration; one might almost add, of course. Power of numbers, to say nothing of organization, does count—especially in matters political. And because power of numbers does count in matters political unorganized railroad labor was able for almost the first time in its life to obtain recognition, and at practically the same terms as organized.

The other millstone fared equally well. The United States Railroad Administration, with a few striking exceptions, recognized the high executives of the railroads, and recognized them well. It paid them salaries well in advance of any that the Government had ever paid its executives in the past, with the sole exception of the President himself. In fact so generous was it in the matter of these salaries that for a long time it kept that salary list as one of its prized secrets. I have called it generous just now, yet perhaps it would be better to say that for once in its life the Government was genuinely fair—it paid capable executives something approximating what capable executives would receive in private industry.

Yet Uncle Sam's generosity ceased when it came to the middle class of railroad personnel. Apparently it was nothing to him whether or not his roads were operated both capably and with a modicum of human understanding and sympathy. He kept his hands in his pockets, shook his head and said that this middle class—only 8000 or 10,000 all told, unorganized and of no political power whatsoever—could shift for itself. He could get along pretty well without it. If there was a price to pay for his penury he would pay it. So the old fellow argued. And let me complete the record by saying that he has paid the price.

The Fate of Rensselaer Falls

No fair man is going to deny labor—railroad labor least of all—its generous wage. Living costs have gone up. No one knows that better than the railroad, which finds its costs for fuel and raw material vastly increased. It is in the solution of the problem of the proper ratios—of labor to material and other costs—and of one class of labor to another that honesty as well as skill must play full part. The ratio completely fair, the total amount of necessary advances—no matter how great—must be borne. And no one then will bear them more willingly than Americans.

To help stem the tide of the vast advances, the Railroad Administration has made certain attempts at economies—with the result of still further deteriorating its already vitiated service—both freight and passenger. The war has been over many weeks and months now, but train service still is far from the prewar standards. Our town and our road are not the only ones that have suffered. A great equipment has been needed for the return movement of the troops—no doubt of that. But little attempt has been made to provide those trains that still are running with their prewar standards of equipment—despite the vast fare increases that have been made. Our passenger service is still meager.

In order to cope with the coming of the eight-hour law and to hold down the steady increases in the number of its employees as well as in their individual wages the Government has sought in the case of many small villages across the land to operate their stations with a single agent, who goes to work, say, at seven o'clock in the morning and quits at three o'clock in the afternoon. The late-afternoon trains and evening trains are then handled without agents, the train crews checking and loading and unloading the baggage and express and the passengers paying their fare after they have boarded the cars.

To say that this arrangement has proved unsatisfactory is putting the case mildly. Take the small village of Rensselaer Falls, in St. Lawrence County, in the northern portion of New York State: For fifty-eight years prior to the twenty-eighth of March last it had a station agent or railroad representative for all its passenger trains—morning, afternoon and evening. On the following day, in common with many hundreds of other little towns, it had the extra men withdrawn. Thereafter there was a man at the small yellow depot only from seven-forty-five in the morning until three-forty-five in the afternoon, after which passengers might shift for themselves.

Where are the Railroads Drifting?

Rensselaer Falls was indignant at the order. True, it was only a small town, but its station did a freight business of about $24,000 a year and a passenger traffic of some $4600 more, and the telegraph facilities that it afforded in its open hours were used about 600 times annually. It appealed to the Public Service Commission of New York. And that commission—come back into power in the situation—after a careful review of the situation ordered an agent maintained at the station during all the hours at which trains arrived and departed.

The report that accompanied this order is so pat to the present situation that I am taking the liberty of quoting a few paragraphs of it.

"There is no reason," it says, "by reason of changed conditions in the patronage of the office or in its receipts, for reducing the freight or passenger service which has existed for more than half a century. The only excuse offered by the Railroad Administration for its action is that the wages of the agent have increased so as to render it much more difficult to maintain the service for the hours during which it had previously been maintained. *This increase, however, was entirely voluntary on the part of the Railroad Administration.*"

The italics are my own. No one of course ever accuses a railroad commissioner—state or Federal—of voluntary humor.

"If this railroad commission"—the United States Railroad Administration—"sees fit to pay an exorbitant and extravagant price to the agent," the report continues, "it certainly cannot upon such voluntary action order the curtailment of service to the prejudice of the patrons of the office, especially where that service has been rendered for two generations and there is no diminution of patronage."

It certainly is a hot potato that the United States Railroad Administration is now trying to hold within its mouth.

Yet to whom shall that hot potato go? To whom shall our drifting railroads eventually drift?

Private ownership, said thirteen of the fourteen principal suggestions for the future conduct of our railroads as they were assembled by the United States Chamber of Commerce. But I notice that every one of the thirteen provides specifically that any return of the railroad properties shall be accompanied by safeguards for their future granted by Congress. The form of such safeguards varies, but the principle of protection which underlies them is the same. It would be the easiest thing in the world for Congress to return the roads to their old owners, without more than a mere enabling act. It would be quite as easy in fact for it to go much further and deliberately order that the old prewar rates be restored, knowing full well that the railroads could not restore their prewar labor and material costs. Yet the former of these steps would be almost as disastrous to the roads as the latter.

The prime safeguard would be for Congress to order, either on its own behalf or else through the medium of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which always has been very close to its heart, an immediate increase in rates—both freight and passenger—or, better still, a scientific and systematic and mobile and continuing adjustment of these to the rises in wages and other operating costs; or to the falls, if ever again there be any falls. If the Government retains the roads even another year I do not see how further large raises can be avoided; in fact five years ago I stated in the columns of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST that we were moving rapidly toward a first-class passenger fare of five cents a mile. I see no reason now for changing that prediction. The English railways already charge six cents and we are moving rapidly in their wake.

Rate increases are more easily suggested than accomplished—particularly when they are attempted by private corporations, without a sympathetic and thorough cooperation on the part of the Government. And because of the political conditions at present prevailing in this country this last is rarely possible.

"Government ownership and operation of the railroads have rendered the railroad companies incapable of resuming possession and operation of their properties," says Senator Albert B. Cummins, of Iowa, chairman of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, and one of the best-equipped transportation students in the country. "The so-called Federal control has not modified in any material respect the original problem."

To which I may perhaps be permitted to add the testimony of Mr. Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and a man whose honesty, ability and foresight stand high indeed.

"Undoubtedly," says Mr. Willard, "much that has been done for railroad employees under Federal control should have been and would have been done if the roads had remained in control of their owners, but however that may be the result has been to increase largely the cost of operating the railroads. It is estimated that if the business actually handled by the Baltimore and Ohio company in 1916 were to be handled again under existing conditions the amount paid to labor would be $45,000,000 greater than the amount that was actually paid in 1916, or about $12,000,000 more than the entire net revenue from the railroad operation of the company in that year. It is also estimated that because of the increased cost of labor, together with increased prices of materials, it would cost the Baltimore and Ohio fully $67,000,000 more to do the same business of 1916 over again than it actually cost in 1916—an increase of more than seventy-six per cent."

Protecting the Weak Sisters

"With the resumption of the operation of the property as one system and with the restoration to the Baltimore and Ohio lines of the business naturally tributary thereto and with the increase in volume of business to be expected with the return of normal peace conditions there will no doubt follow an improvement in operating results which should be reflected in net income, but it is clearly evident that railroad rates and charges must be increased substantially above the present basis in order to place operating revenues in proper relation to operating expenses."

Consider the question from still another angle: Here is a big New York banker-railroader, who recognizes quite fully Wall Street sentiment and all the good and all the evil that it may hold, and yet for a full dozen years past has made it a part of his job to travel wisely out into the country and study intimately its progress and development. He starts, quite naturally, with the financial aspects of the problem.

"We shall have to have first of all," says he, "an adequate system of financing as well as of operation that will provide the best methods of transportation, first for 100,000,000 people, then for 110,000,000, then for 125,000,000—and after all that for many, many millions more. One great weakness of so much of our railroad situation is that after all it has had so little foresight. For one reason or another our roads rarely were able to build for to-morrow; to meet to-day's imminent necessities was about all that they were able to accomplish. But the time has now come when to-morrow must be faced, must be fully anticipated and planned against.

"Yet, granted that the railroads at last receive something like real coöperation not only from the Federal Government but from the forty-eight state governments, which also serve as their masters—that does not by any means solve their financial problem. For very few of the individual companies can to-day finance by issuing stock. The total debt of our American roads, which is now in the hands of the public, is about $11,000,000,000; and the total stock about $6,000,000,000, which is far from a conservative ratio. Every addition to the existing securities forces this ratio out, even on the sound lines.

"This is critically accentuated in important individual companies, where the debt is frequently two and a half or three times the amount of the stock. Which brings us at once to the very pertinent question as to how our individual company whose stock is selling, say, at less than sixty or, for that matter, even below par, can be soundly financed without outside assistance. Yet are not these so-called weak lines as necessary for the service of millions of people as the strong lines for the service of other millions?"

I know what this New Yorker means. And—to speak quite frankly and by name—let us consider two or three roads that are sometimes classed—by the Street at least—as among the weaker sisters. Take Chicago Great Western: I have sometimes heard this system, connecting Chicago with Kansas City, Omaha, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, classed as superfluous. But I do not think any of the many intermediate towns that are wholly or chiefly dependent upon it for their very lifeblood of transportation would regard it as superfluous. Take the historic Wabash: Are you going to regard a railroad that stretches from New York to Kansas and has the short-line mileage between Detroit and St. Louis and Chicago as superfluous? Ask such important inland towns as Decatur, Indiana, or Hornell, New York, or Meadville, Pennsylvania, or Kent, Ohio, how they regard the importance of keeping Erie properly financed and in good service condition. Would Raleigh, North Carolina, have Seaboard relegated to a second-grade subsidiary road? I do not believe that these towns would care to share the transportation fate of our nice town.

One Popular Example

Yet, still speaking with utter frankness in open meeting, it is because of the weaker roads, of which these are but a few examples, that one hears talk of superseding the poorly organized government attempt at a singly operated national system, first with ten or a dozen regional railroads—localized monopolies, but under the strictest governmental supervision—and more latterly the scheme of consolidating the 2905 separate companies into from twelve to twenty huge competing companies. It is this last plan that enjoys the greatest favor at the moment. Senator Cummins advocates it; so does the powerful United States Chamber of Commerce at Washington.

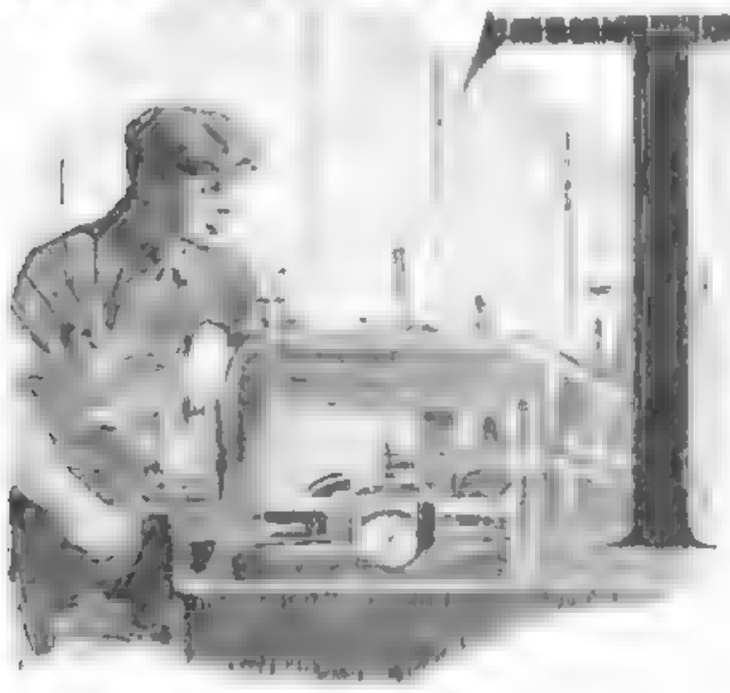
It has many elements of popularity; perhaps none more so than the descriptive adjective which qualifies it as being competitive. We Americans do like the competitive idea. Ofttimes in fact we cling to it when it is against all economic law and advantage—as in the cases of our local street-car lines, our telephones, and our rural churches—even though in the long run economic law usually conquers and forces monopoly. Therefore, from the beginning the very idea of the retention of the competitive system, under which our railroads were originally built up to a high degree of public utility, has as a big factor an inherent public favor.

Consider for a moment, if you will, how such a plan might work out. With the aid of an experienced and competent practical railroader I have been enabled to lay out a rough plan which would bring our railroads down to about fifteen or sixteen companies of a considerable size.

Starting from the east and working west we will eliminate New England for the moment and first consider the trunk-line territory—the regions east of Chicago and St. Louis and north of the Ohio. There are four great railroads there that with their own rails connect New York and Chicago—the New York Central, the Erie, the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore and Ohio. Suppose we retain all four of these important competitive roads and endeavor if possible to increase their competitive qualities.

(Concluded on Page 142)

STAR HACK



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(Concluded from Page 139)

Take New York State as a beginning: It contains a number of important individual smaller roads, the most of them tapping into the anthracite regions of Northeastern Pennsylvania. Here is the Delaware and Hudson. Quite logically it divides at Albany into two distinct railroads. We give the northern section to the New York Central, which it feeds; and the southern sections to the Erie, of which some of them were once almost a part.

The Lehigh Valley we shall also apportion off to the New York Central; perhaps with it some one of the Reading's stems down into Philadelphia so as to give the Vanderbilts a competitive entrance into that important industrial metropolis; perhaps, as well, another Reading link or two so as to bring New York Central into more direct connection with the easterly end of Western Maryland, a property in which it has been presumed to be taking more than ordinary interest.

Lackawanna we put into Erie; its accumulated wealth would be a very great help indeed in the upbuilding of a system which needs only capital to place it in a very strong position indeed. To its existing lines we group—in addition to the southerly portion of Delaware and Hudson, Nickel Plate, Hocking Valley, the Wheeling and Lake Erie and such of the Wabash lines as lie east of the Mississippi River, and so have developed a well-balanced and strongly located railroad system, of the trunk-line territory.

The Baltimore and Ohio already answers to both of these qualifications. Yet to it might come quite naturally and logically the New Jersey Central, the larger portion of the Reading; Bessemer and Lake Erie; Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh and even Chesapeake and Ohio, with the Clover Leaf a further possibility. The Pennsylvania is a system so exquisitely developed and rounded out that one wonders how it could receive additions, save an entrance into Detroit. And so in our scheme it gains but two important roads: the Pere Marquette and—in order to balance the Baltimore and Ohio acquisition of the Chesapeake and Ohio—the Norfolk and Western.

In the southeastern territory the problem of the two largest and richest competing systems—the Southern and the Atlantic Coast Line—is not very difficult. The Southern Railway, like the Pennsylvania, already is a well-located system and is becoming a well-developed one; and the community of ownership interests between the Atlantic Coast Line and the Louisville and Nashville make their physical union—along with the Atlantic and Western and the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis—almost a foregone fact. The Monon, connecting Louisville, might well fall to either of these great new major systems of the southeast, though it might continue to be shared as a neutral entrance to Chicago by both of them. Its ownership already is divided between the Southern and the Louisville and Nashville.

Dividing Up the Roads

Seaboard is a real problem. There are times when the maker of twelve to eighteen railroad systems for the entire United States is tempted to abandon it as a separate road and divide it between its competitors. But that destroys the very end toward which he moves, for as a purely competitive line Seaboard Air Line was built—and not so many years ago—and therefore there is little excuse for its existence in any other capacity; at least so long as we adopt the competitive idea as national railroad policy. So, for speculative purposes at least, suppose we give to it the Virginian, the Clinchfield, the Frisco from Birmingham to Memphis, and possibly the Mobile and Ohio—though there are controlling interests there that would stoutly oppose such a movement—and the Mississippi Central, and wish it luck in a somewhat circumscribed territory as compared with its two chief rivals. Central of Georgia would be a splendid acquisition to Seaboard, but that ancient and conservative property long ago was gained by Harriman to add to his Union Pacific and Illinois Central holdings.

Yet to add Central of Georgia to Illinois Central would seem at first to break the balance once again and give that road more than a fair advantage in the competitive situation. It might best be balanced perhaps by robbing Illinois Central of that strange arm that reaches at right angles to the rest of the property and straight west from Chicago to Omaha, the eastern terminal of the main line of the Union Pacific. Illinois Central would then devote itself entirely to its original purpose—the chief north-and-south line of a nation whose other main railroads run generally east and west—a cross-town line, if you please, joining the Great Lakes at their greatest industrial port with the southland and those two ports which to-day are competing for the water-haul traffic to the Panama Canal and the South Americas—New Orleans and Savannah.

In this phase of the scheme tradition breaks once again. The Union Pacific has always prided itself in the past upon its very aloofness from Chicago, the impartiality by which it serves and is served by the six important competing railroads that are connecting lines between its eastern terminal and the great city by Lake Michigan. Yet, as you shall presently see, we are planning to bring other through lines to the Pacific into Chicago. To-day there are already two: The Milwaukee and the Santa Fe.

With Southern Pacific brought into Chicago—say by the M. K. & T. and the Alton—the Burlington and Great Northern and Northwestern and Northern Pacific could hardly afford to remain aloof. On our map we have allotted it Chicago Great Western, which would bring it into Minneapolis and St. Paul as well as into Chicago itself. If, however, it should prefer to take unto itself the severed right arm of Illinois Central for that connecting link, Chicago Great Western might well fall to the lot of the so-called Gould roads—Missouri Pacific, Denver and Rio Grande and Western Pacific—and with them form still another through link from the shore of Lake Michigan to the west coast of the land.

New England a Problem

Our roads are going rapidly now. There are not many more to be dealt out. Kansas City Southern and the Wabash west of the Mississippi to the Milwaukee, perhaps the Gulf Coast Lines as well; the Iron Mountain, the Texas and Pacific and possibly the Chicago and Eastern Illinois to the Santa Fe. The Frisco would make a bully addition to the Burlington, which in the course of ordinary events might be expected to add the Colorado and Southern to itself, while the Northwestern is financially and physically capable of taking care of the Rock Island, including the El Paso and Southwestern, which now has its western terminal at Tucson, Arizona, and is forever ambitious of reaching the Pacific Coast—at San Diego or Los Angeles, or both. And in the long run it might be found best to retain Rock Island—and El Paso and Southwestern—to form a separate competitive system.

There you have it—fourteen or fifteen railroad systems—by retaining the Seaboard as a full competitor and eliminating New England. Of course in the long run New England could no more be eliminated than the city of New York or the city of Chicago. But it does present very special problems—and very perplexing ones. At first thought one is tempted to continue Mr. Mellen's excellent plan—now twelve or fifteen years old—as regarding all of industrial New England's railroads as a single great terminal yard for the railroads of the rest of the nation. But that would be robbing six of our forty-eight states of the competitive idea. So one picks up the railroad map once again, digs a bit into the transportation history of that tight little corner of the nation, and finding that the Boston and Albany has been part and parcel of the New York Central for nearly two decades now one does not hesitate to assign its ancient rival, the one-time Fitchburg connecting Troy with Boston by way of the Hoosac Tunnel to the Erie—which already has gained an entrance to Albany and Troy over the Delaware and Hudson. Perhaps it would be wise to allot the former Connecticut River Railroad to Erie; or else to New York Central, giving the Vanderbilts a line or two south in addition to the important industrial cities of Hartford and New Haven and Providence. Shall the Pennsylvania be given the Poughkeepsie Bridge route and the ancient New England Railroad that it fed? And what shall be done with the Ontario and Western, which though not in New England is a distinct part of its railroad problem? And what of the Rutland? Shall it, too, be given to the Erie?

To say that the New England map affords complications to the man who would try to introduce compulsory competition to every state of the Union is indeed putting the matter lightly. The more one considers it the more he becomes tempted to return to the Mellen plan—with the possible exceptions of the Boston and Albany and the Fitchburg, which by their locations are logical extensions of trunk-line systems lying to the west of the Hudson River. But the Mellen plan is monopoly—or dangerously near it.

It introduces the regional plan, and the regional plan is now in disfavor with private ownership. Competition is the god to whom we are now pledged, and competition is the thing that we are going to have—the next thing, at any rate, that we are going to have.

To say that a plan such as I have just outlined is chimerical is hardly fair. It is logically fair and fairly logical. But any man with a good map and a fair knowledge of the physical characteristics of our railroads and the cords—open and hidden—that bind certain of them together may be able to make one equally as good and equally as interesting, and be equally as sure of its adoption by the railroads. For though any man may make plans for our carriers, it is not every man that can force them to adopt such plans. Already some of them are showing restlessness at these consolidation schemes. Rich properties, such as the Union Pacific for instance, are displaying a growing disinclination to using the savings they have accumulated through thrift or the natural advantages of location toward pulling their weaker brethren out of the mire.

It matters not that the Federal Government is now preparing to reverse itself completely and not only permit but encourage or even demand railroad consolidations, which formerly it regarded as highly criminal and apparently second only to murder or to arson. The accumulated capital is the property of the railroads themselves, and they are apt to have a word or two to say on their own behalf before it is spent for them.

It is because there is governmental pressure, or at least a pressure from the outside which is encouraged by certain governmental agencies, for this sort of consolidation—the bringing of all our many, many separate railroads into twelve to eighteen great competitive companies—that some of our practical railroaders are now talking government guaranties; of some practical and fairly scientific form of control of both rates and expenses that will insure to the stockholders of the road an income of, say, six per cent on their investment. Such plans would also provide that in case Uncle Sam's regulatory boards failed to maintain the proper margin between outgo and income the old gentleman himself would dig down into his treasury and make good the dividends. Which is precisely what he has been doing for the past eighteen months—at his very great cost—and precisely the reason why he is now seeking to be rid of the growing burden upon his treasury of the railroads at this very time.

The Four Parties Concerned

But the railroaders themselves do not agree upon any guaranty plan. Some of the ablest of them are firmly opposed to even the fundamental idea of it and say that the giving out of government guaranties in any financial form would destroy initiative and those very benefits of competition whose fruit the nation has been missing for some eighteen months past. That fruit is service—good service—the sort of good service that the American railroads themselves long ago educated the American public into the expectation of receiving. It means prompt trains and sufficient trains and well-equipped trains, and efficient and cheerful and contented employees.

"We can give all these things," says a big railroad executive of my acquaintance, "in better measure than we gave in the days before the coming of the war, and will ask from the Federal Government no guaranties other than that of the fair deal—in rates and in the regulation of our practices."

Such talk sounds sensible. Unfortunately, however, controversy is bound to rise as to what constitutes the fair deal to the railroads. Statements and counter statements will be prepared and issued. There is a good deal of discrepancy at times even among the figures of the railroaders themselves, as well as among those of the various governmental authorities. And generally there is a large discrepancy between the two until the ordinary man—the man in the street, if you will—is not only at a loss which to believe but so distressed and confused in his own mind as to be quite unable to direct it in a definite direction in this huge and mightily perplexing railroad problem of ours. For if the men who have followed it closely all these years are unable to form a definite policy in their well-trained minds, what can you expect of him?

Yet it is this very man in the street who after all is the most vitally concerned in the proper solution of the problem. As I see it there are four great parties to the entire railroad controversy—the security holders, the employees, the patrons and the Government. Assuming that the first three of these classes are completely satisfied, the fourth has neither the necessity nor the right to step in. But when they fall apart it is the plain duty of the Government to assert its sovereign authority and to assume control—which of late it has been doing.

The right of the stockholder—or security holder of any sort—is to a fair rate of return on his money which has been honestly invested—and not one cent more. The right of the employee is to a fair living wage and decent working conditions. The right of the patron—the man in the street, we have just called him—is paramount to those of the two others. For transportation—his transportation as well as that of his 99,999,999 compatriots in the United States—is the lifeblood of the nation. It has made the nation; and in turn the nation cannot continue to progress unless its transportation progresses.

So it is that if the Government gives undue preference to either of the first two classes the third is bound to suffer—as very recently it has suffered. And prosperity pays the price of partiality. Again the problem of the ratio. The great sentiment in the railroad situation seems to sway—pendulumlike. For a time it has been away from private ownership. Government operation, if not government ownership, has been given a trial and it has not succeeded. It may not have scored a distinct and utter failure but at least it has not succeeded. And the pendulum once again swings toward private ownership and private operation.

Can Private Ownership Succeed?

As to how long it will remain on that side depends, in my opinion, quite largely upon private operation itself. If it is as wise as I believe it to be it will regard the experience of the past eighteen months not as a body blow but as an experience which chasteneth and from which it should in the long run receive decided benefit. For if private ownership believes that it can run the railroads just as it ran them in the days before the coming of the war it had best prepare itself for disillusionment of the most bitter kind.

It will have to be bigger and broader and better. It will have to be more foresighted—competing where competition is fair and keen and sportsmanlike but never forgetting that in their largest sense even the biggest of our railroads are hardly more than links in a national transportation scheme which may yet have to expand to international and intercontinental proportions. It will have to be more human—perhaps a little bit more generous too—both to its employees and to its patrons. For it must remember that the eyes of the many advocates of government ownership of our railroads—advocates who are more than a little discouraged at the failure of our first large experiment in government control to achieve success—will be fixed upon it. These men will not be generous. They will not always even be fair. And they will be forever awaiting their opportunity.

I believe myself that private ownership, properly conducted and given the fair opportunity which it craves, and which it certainly should receive both from the Federal and the state governments, can even yet make a success of our railroads. If it cannot we shall have to prepare for government ownership or at least near-government ownership. In which event, the sooner it comes the better. Our railroads have now drifted far too long a time.

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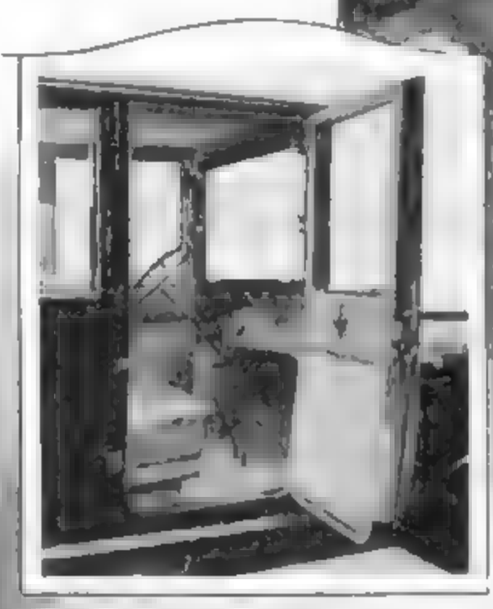

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TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 19)

entirely valueless as it would have no assets left which had not been transferred to Lallapaloosa. Stockholders who were dissatisfied could protest against the enabling resolution to be offered at the annual meeting of the stockholders of Horse's Neck to be held the following week at Wilmington, Delaware, and could avail themselves of the right to have their equity assessed under the laws of Delaware, but as the liabilities practically equaled the present value of the property that equity would naturally be highly problematical.

Now, as a matter of morals or of law the only thing that made the proposed reorganization unethical or inequitable was the single trifling fact that those responsible for it were the only ones who knew of the existence and proximity of the Amphalula vein. When a mining company, a railroad, an oil well or any other enterprise is down and out it is only fair that the majority stockholders, who are obliged to protect their investment, should have the right to call upon the rest to come forward and do their share or else drop out. A minority stockholder cannot appeal to any canon of fair play whereby he should be entitled to sit back and let the majority take all the risks and then claim his share of the profits. The imponderable element of injustice in the situation consisted in the suppression of a fact which the directors concealed but concerning which, however, they made no representation, false or otherwise. They were going to risk half a million dollars of their own money and they wanted the whole gamble for themselves. They sincerely felt that nobody else was entitled to take that risk with them. Once they had floated Horse's Neck they had come to look upon it as their own private affair. The minority had no rights which they, the majority, were bound to respect. The minority were nothing but a lot of piking gamblers, anyway, who bought or sold for a rise or fall of a few cents. They knew nothing of the property and cared less for its real value. They were merely traders and if they lost they forgot it or tried to. On the other hand Scherer, Hunn, Greenbaum & Beck were promoters, who contributed something to the economic advancement of the nation.

"Regarding my hat, which you suggested this morning should be pressed at a cost of fifty cents," remarked Mr. Tutt to Miss Wiggin when he returned to the office upon the adjournment of court in the afternoon and replaced that ancient object in its accustomed resting place—"regarding that precious hat of mine"—he eyed it affectionately—"I can only say that I would as soon send myself to a dry-cleaning establishment as to permit its profanation by the iron of a haberdasher."

Miss Wiggin laughed lightly.

"That doesn't explain your cryptic statement that it would probably cost you a hundred thousand dollars," she replied. "Still ——"

Mr. Tutt turned suddenly upon his heel and held her with an upraised hand, the bony wrist of which was encircled, after an intervening space of some five inches, by a frayed cuff confined with a black onyx button the size of a quarter.

"Behold," he cried in the deep resonant voice that he used in addressing juries at the climax of a peroration, "the integuments of my personality—the ancient habiliments of an honorable profession—the panoply of the legal warrior. Here, my corslet" he touched his dingy waistcoat with his left hand; "my greaves"—he brushed the baggy legs of his pantaloons; "my halberd"—he raised his old mahogany cane with its knot of yellow ivory; "my casque"—he indicated his ruffled stovepipe. "Arrayed in these I am Mr. Ephraim Tutt, attorney and counselor at law—the senior partner in Tutt & Tutt—a respected member of the bar duly accredited and authorized to practice before the Supreme Court of the State of New York, the Court of Appeals, the District Court of the United States, the Circuit Court of Appeals, the Supreme Court of the United States, the Court of Claims——"

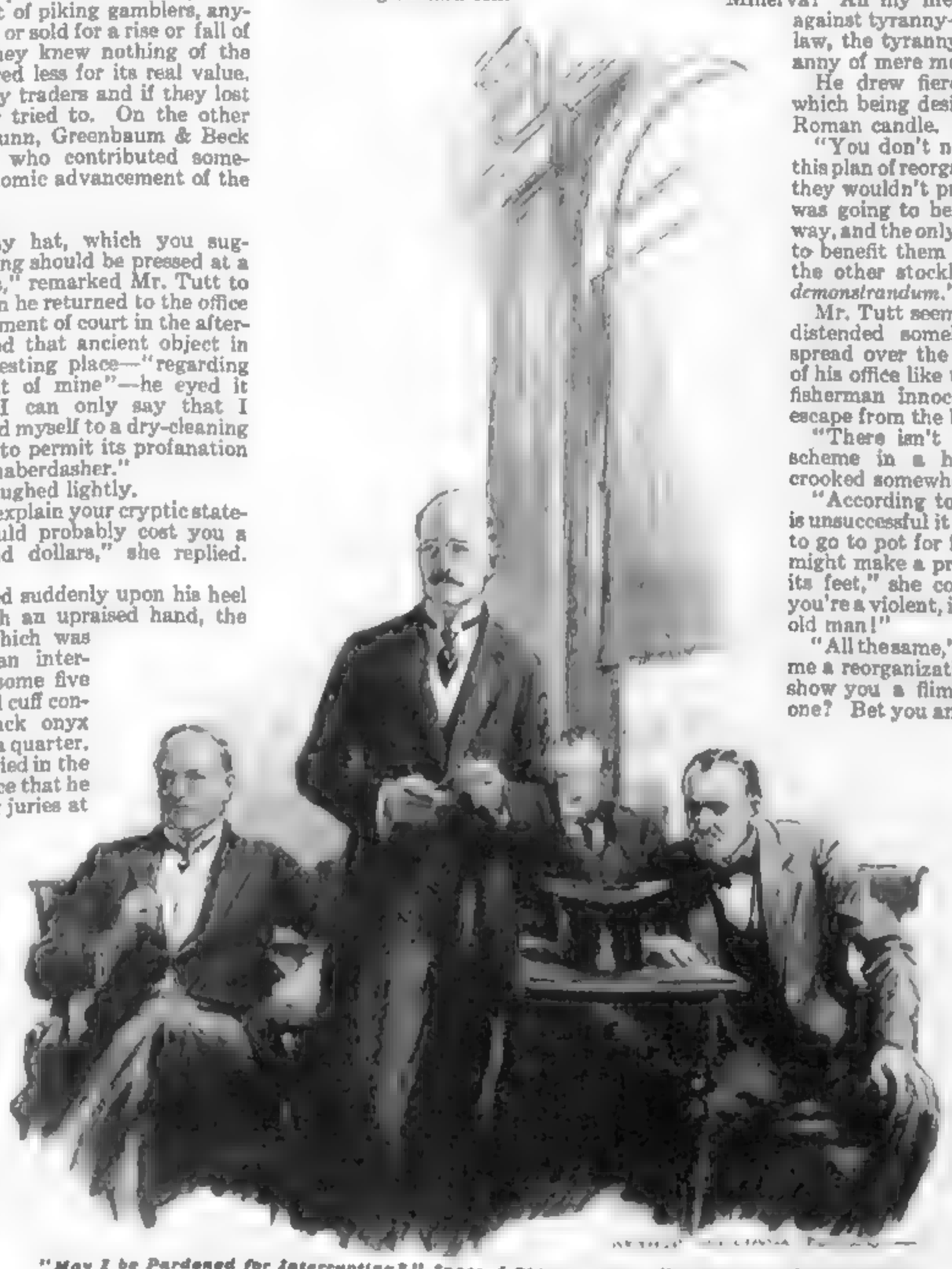
"—— the Police Court and the Coroner's Court," concluded Miss Wiggin, making him a mock curtsy.

"Without these indicia of my profession and my individuality I should be like David without his sling or Samson without his hair. I should be merely Tutt, a criminal lawyer—one of a multitude—regarded perhaps as a shyster. But in these robes of my high office I am a high priest of the law; just as you, my dear girl, are one of its many devoted and worthy priestesses. Can you imagine me going to court in a bowler hat or arguing to the jury in a cutaway coat or bobtail business suit? Can you picture Ephraim Tutt with his hair cut short or in an Ascot tie, any more than you can envisage him in riding breeches or wearing lilacs? No! There is but one Mr. Tutt, and these are his only garments. He who steals my hat may steal trash, but without it I should be like a disembodied spirit unable to return to my earthly dwelling place.

"A paltry hundred thousand?

"Nay, without my hat—my helmet!—I should be valueless to myself and everybody else; so estimate my worth and you can assay the value of my hat. What am I worth in your opinion?"

And then Miss Wiggin, having glanced cautiously if quickly round, made a most astonishing declaration.



"May I be Pardoned for Interrupting?" Sneered Chippingham. "I Think the Court Should be Informed at the Outset That This Man, Barrows, is a Notorious ex-Convict"

"Just about a million times more than anybody else in the whole world, you old dear!" she whispered; and rising upon her toes she kissed his wrinkled cheek.

"Dear me! You really mustn't do that!" gasped Mr. Tutt.

"Well," she retorted, "you can discharge me if you like. But first sit down, light a cigar and let me tell you something."

Mr. Tutt did as he was bid, chuckling.

"Well," said Miss Wiggin, "there is such a thing as Horse's Neck Extension after all!"

"Um—you don't say?" he answered, struggling to make his stogy draw.

"And it has an office with about a hundred other corporations of various kinds—most of them with names that sound like the zoo—Yellow Wildcat, Jumping Leapfrog, and that sort of thing. It seems Horse's Neck is played out and they are going to reorganize it ——"

"Who are?" demanded her employer, suddenly sitting erect.

"Scherer, Hunn, Greenbaum & Beck."

"The dickens they are!" he ejaculated. "That bunch of pirates? Not if I know it!"

"Why not?"

"Reorganize! Reorganize? Reorganization is my middle name!" cried Mr. Tutt. "So Scherer, Hunn, Greenbaum & Beck are going to reorganize something, are they? Let 'em try! Not so long as I've got my hat!"

"This is all very enigmatical to me," replied Miss Wiggin. "But then, I'm only a woman. Aren't they all right? Why shouldn't they reorganize a mine if it's exhausted?"

"If it's exhausted why do they want to reorganize it?" he demanded, climbing to his feet. "Let me tell you something, Minerva! All my life I've been fighting against tyranny—the tyranny of the law, the tyranny of power, the tyranny of mere money."

He drew fiercely on his stogy, which being desiccated flared like a Roman candle.

"You don't need to tell me what this plan of reorganization is; because they wouldn't propose one unless it was going to benefit them in some way, and the only way it can be made to benefit them is at the expense of the other stockholders. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*"

Mr. Tutt seemed to have become distended somehow and to have spread over the entire wall surface of his office like the genie which the fisherman innocently permitted to escape from the bottle.

"There isn't one reorganization scheme in a hundred that isn't crooked somewhere."

"According to that, if a business is unsuccessful it ought to be allowed to go to pot for fear that somebody might make a profit in putting it on its feet," she countered. "I think you're a violent, irascible, prejudiced old man!"

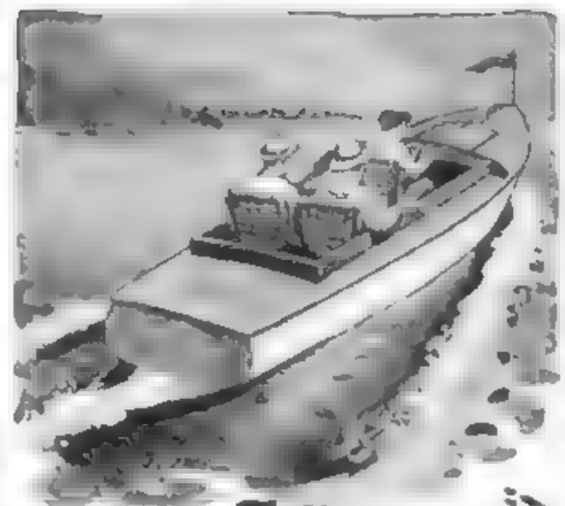
"All the same," he retorted, "show me a reorganization scheme and I'll show you a flimflam! What's this one? Bet you anything you like it's as crooked as a ram's horn. I don't have to hear about it. Don't want to read the plan. But I'll bust it—higher than Hades. See if I don't!"

He spat the remaining filaments of his stogy from the window and fished out another.

"How do we come into it, anyhow?" he demanded.

"Doctor—I mean Mister Barrows," replied Miss Wiggin.

"Oh, yes. Of course. Well,



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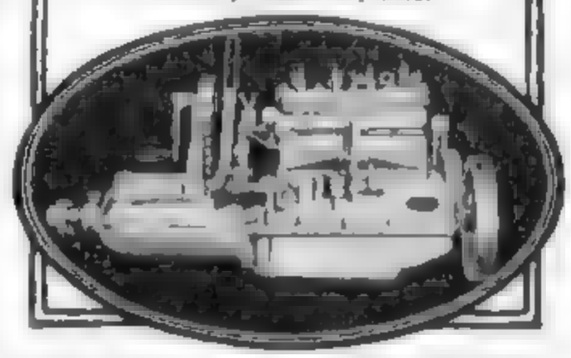

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you send for him to come down here and sign the papers."

"What papers?"

"The complaint and order to show cause."

"But there isn't any."

"There will be, all right, by the time he gets here."

Miss Wiggin looked first puzzled and then pained.

"I don't understand," she said rather stiffly. "Do you mean that the firm of Tutt & Tutt is going to engage in the enterprise of trying to break up a plan of reorganization without knowing what it is? Won't you lay us all open to the accusation of being strikers?"

Mr. Tutt's ordinarily brown complexion became slightly tinged with purple.

"Let the court decide!" he cried hotly. "You say Scherer, Hunn, Greenbaum & Beck are proposing to reorganize a mining company? You admit we hold some of the stock? Well—as the natural-born and perennial champion of the outraged minority—I'm going to attack it, and bust it, and raise heck with it—on general principles. I'm going to throw that damned old hat of mine into the ring, my child, and play hell with everything."

And with a cluck Mr. Tutt leaned over, produced a dingy bottle wrapped in a coat of many colors and poured himself out a glass of malt extract.

When Mr. Greenbaum was summoned to the telephone and informed by Mr. Elderberry in disgruntled tones that somebody had just served upon him an order to show cause why the proposed reorganization of Horse's Neck Extension should not be set aside and enjoined, he not only became instantly annoyed but highly excited.

"What!" he almost screamed.

"I'll read it to you, if you don't believe it!" said Mr. Elderberry.

"'United States District Court, Southern District of New York, Edward V. Barrows, Complainant, against Horse's Neck Extension Mining Company, Defendant.

"'Upon the subpœna herein and the complaint duly verified the nineteenth day of February, 1919, and the affidavit of Ephraim Tutt and ——'"

"Who in hell is Tutt?" shouted Greenbaum, interrupting.

"I don't know," retorted Elderberry; "or Barrows either."

"Well, skip all the legal rot and get to the point," directed Greenbaum.

"'Ordered—ordered, that the defendant, Horse's Neck Extension Mining Company, show cause at a stated term to be held in and for ——'"

"I said to cut the legal rot!"

"Um—um—'why an injunction order should not be issued herein pending the trial of this action and enjoining the defendant from disposing of its assets and for the appointment of a receiver of the assets of the defendant corporation; and why the complainant should not have such other, further and different relief as may be equitable.'"

There was a long pause during which Mr. Elderberry was under a convincing delusion that he could actually hear the thoughts that were rattling round in Mr. Greenbaum's brain.

"You there?" he inquired presently.

"Oh, yes, I'm here!" retorted Greenbaum. "This is the devil of a note! Have you spoken to Chippingham?"

"Yes."

"What does he say?"

"He says it's awkward. They have got hold somewhere of one of our old circulars of 1914 in which the property is described as worth about ten million dollars—that was during the boom, you remember—and they claim we are selling it to ourselves for less than one million and that on its face it's a fraud on the minority stockholders who can't afford to buy stock in the new corporation—as of course it would be if the mine was really worth ten million or anything like it."

"Did we really ever get out any circular like that?" demanded Greenbaum in a protesting voice. "I don't recall any."

"That was when we were making a market for the stock," Elderberry reminded him. "We couldn't say enough. Honestly, to look at the thing now is enough to make you sick!"

"Well, it's just a hold-up—that's what it is. Some crook like this Tutt or this Barrows has found out about Amphalula and is bringing a strike suit. You'll have to call a meeting right away. I'd like to strangle all these shyster lawyers!"

And it never occurred to Mr. Greenbaum that the possible existence of the Amphalula vein was what in fact made the order to show cause justifiable—his actual ground of complaint being that anybody should, as he assumed, have found out about it in defiance of his plans.

"Yeronner," said Attendant Mike Horan as he helped Judge Pollak into his black bombazine gown in his chambers in the old Post-Office Building on the morning of the return day, "there's a great bunch out there in the court room waitin' for ye, an' no mistake!"

"Indeed!" remarked His Honor. "And who are they? What is the case?"

"Hanged if I know," answered Mike, snipping a piece of fluff off his judgeship's shoulder. "There's a white-bearded old guy, two or three swell gents with tall hats, Counselor Tutt and an attorney named Chippingham, besides that pretty Miss Wiggin; and they ain't speakin' none to one another, neither."

"It must be that mining-reorganization case," answered the judge. "Well, it's time to go in."

They walked down the dirty marble corridor and entered the court room, while the clerk rapped on the railing.

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! All persons having any business to do with the District Court of the United States draw near, give your attention and you will be heard," he intoned with unctuous authority.

The bunch rose and made obeisance.

"Good morning," said the judge pleasantly, sitting down with a side switch of the bombazine. "Barrows against the—er er—Horse's Neck Mining Company. Do you represent the complainant, Mr. Tutt?"

"I do," answered Mr. Tutt with great dignity. "Your Honor, this is a motion for an order to show cause why an injunction *pendente lite* should not issue restraining the sale of the assets of this corporation to another in fraud of its minority stockholders and for a receiver. My client, an aged man living upon his farm in the northern part of the state, is the owner of one hundred thousand shares in the Horse's Neck Mining Company of the par value of one hundred thousand dollars. He has owned these securities for many years. They represent his entire capital. He is a bona fide stockholder ——"

"May I be pardoned for interrupting?" sneered Chippingham, springing to his feet. "I think the court should be informed at the outset that this man, Barrows, is a notorious ex-convict."

Judge Pollak raised his eyebrows.

"This is an outrage!" thundered Mr. Tutt, his form rising ceilingward. "My client—like all of us—has had his misfortunes, but they are happily a thing of the past; he has the same rights as if he were an archbishop, the president of a university or—a judge of this honorable court."

"We are sitting in equity," remarked His Honor. "The question of *bona fides* is a vital one. Is the complainant an ex-convict?"

"This is the complainant, sir," cried Mr. Tutt, indicating old Doc, now for the first time in his life smartly arrayed in a new checked suit, red tie, patent-leather shoes and suède gloves, and with his beard neatly trimmed. "This is the unfortunate man whose honest savings of a lifetime are being wrested from him by an unscrupulous group of manipulators who—in my opinion—are more deserving of confinement behind prison walls than he ever was."

The gentlemen with the tall hats bit their lips and showed signs of poorly suppressed agitation.

"But is your client an ex-convict, Mr. Tutt?" repeated the judge quietly.

"Yes, Your Honor, he is."

"When and how did he become possessed of his stock?"

Mr. Tutt turned to Doc with an air of ineffectually striving to master his righteous indignation.

"Tell the court, Mr. Barrows," he cried, "in your own words."

Doc Barrows wonderingly rose.

"If you please, sir," he began, "it's quite a long story. You see, I was the owner of all the stock of The Chicago Water Front and Terminal Company—there was a flaw in the title deed which I can explain to you privately if you wish—and when I was—er—visiting—up on the Hudson—I met a man there who was the owner of a hundred thousand shares of Horse's Neck, and we agreed to exchange."

(Continued on Page 149)

Three great fears that haunt the fireside

THREE great fears walk with men from their offices to their homes, and sit with them by their firesides at night.

They are as old as the race; and yet new in the experience of every individual member of it.

They break rudely into conversations of husbands and wives, causing sudden silences. They thrust themselves between the faces of men and their little ones with quick stabs of apprehension.

Three gnawing fears:

—*the fear of the loss of health*
—*the fear of the loss of the job*
—*the fear of a dependent old age.*

Youth laughs at all three fears. Health seems boundless then; the job a mere game; and old age lost in the far, dim future.

The fear that seems foolish at 21 is very real at 35

BUT many a man comes to himself with a start in his early thirties or forties.

"I am not progressing as fast as I ought," he says to himself. "Other men are passing me." And he begins to ask very earnestly: "Where am I going to be ten years from now?"

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For years the Institute has devoted itself exclusively to the single work of training men for higher executive positions in business—the positions that demand a knowledge of the fundamentals that underlie all business—the positions which banish the fear of the loss of a job or dependent old age. The Institute offers no training for specialized tasks of narrow opportunity. It has only one Course of executive training.

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Investigation is easy

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The woman who really wants a bed that adds beauty to the room, can now gratify her desire in these beautiful new Simmons patterns.

HERETOFORE, when she bought a metal bed it was because of its sanitary character and in spite of the way it looked in the room.

But now, with the new Simmons designs to choose from, she can have all the sanitary advantages of metal and all the charm of present-day decorative feeling.

What could be more charming than the Simmons Twin Beds illustrated above, for instance (No. 1809)—an example of perhaps a dozen different styles that she will find in the stores of prominent merchants?

Long ago the Simmons Company recognized the possibilities of fine designing in beds, but they were hampered by the limitations of old-style tubing.

What they needed was a tubing truly seamless and smooth all *over*—in contrast to the unsightly seam and roughness of the old gas pipe idea in iron tubing.

The need led to an *invention*—the Simmons Seamless Steel Tubing, entirely free from seam and without a roughness to mar its polish or spoil the perfect finish of the enamel.

All these new beds are made of the Simmons Square Seamless Steel Tubing and you will note their perfect finish the minute you examine the enamel.

You have choice of Ivory and all the Decorative Colors—as well as Hardwood effects, Mahogany, Oak, and Circassian Walnut.

And as to size, your choice of Twin Beds (as illustrated) or Double Width. The Simmons Company was one of the first advocates of the Twin Bed Idea, now generally adopted everywhere.

Beds Built for Sleep—that is the Simmons principle and has been for twenty-five years.

That principle produced the Simmons Pressed Steel Corner Locks, that hold the bed square and firm—prevent rattle and squeak, give the nerves a chance to relax and invite deep repose.

It produced the Simmons Springs—for no one can sleep soundly on a spring that sags or humps or loses its resiliency.

Your choice of two types—

THE SLUMBER KING—a spring composed of flexible steel strips with spirals of high-test spring wire; so combined that the spring action is equal in all directions. Regular finish, silver gray oxidized—rustproof.

THE MOUNT VERNON—the Simmons improvement on the box spring idea. Finish, oxidized copper—rustproof

You will find these new Simmons Beds in all the leading stores—and with them Brass Beds by Simmons Company.

Also some notable Cribs for Children—*Built for Sleep*, which is even more important for the growing child than for the adult.

Simmons Beds cost little, if any, more than old-style beds.

If you have any trouble in finding them, a post card to us will bring you the names of Simmons merchants near your home.

SIMMONS COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA NEWARK, NEW JERSEY MONTREAL, CANADA

SIMMONS BEDS-*Built for Sleep*

(Continued from Page 148)

The judge tried to hide a slight smile.

"I see," he replied pleasantly. "And what was the man's name?"

"Oscar Bloom, sir."

The gentlemen with the tall hats exchanged agitated glances.

"Do you know how he got his stock?"

"No, sir."

"That is all. Go on, Mr. Tutt."

Doc sat down while Mr. Tutt again unhooked his lank form.

"To resume where I was interrupted, Your Honor, the directors controlling a majority of the stock of this corporation, the capital of which is ten millions of dollars, have made a contract to sell all of its properties to another corporation, organized by themselves and capitalized for one million, for the sum of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars! It is true that in their plan of reorganization they offer to permit any stockholder in the old corporation to subscribe for stock in the new at par -thus at first glance placing all upon what seems to be an equality; but any stockholder who does not see fit to subscribe or cannot afford to do so is wiped out, for there will be nothing left in the way of assets in Horse's Neck after the transfer is completed. Now these gentlemen have underwritten the stock in the new Lallapaloosa Company at fifty cents upon the dollar, and if this nefarious deal is permitted to go through they will thus acquire a property worth ten millions for five hundred thousand dollars, of which they will use only one hundred and twenty-five thousand in payment of old indebtedness. In effect, they confiscate the equity of all the minority stockholders in Horse's Neck who cannot afford to subscribe for stock in Lallapaloosa." He turned upon the uncomfortable tall hats with an arraigning eye.

"In the criminal courts, Your Honor, such a conspiracy would be properly described as grand larceny; in Wall Street perchance it may be viewed as high finance. But so long as there are courts of equity such a wrong upon a helpless stockholder will not go unrebuked. Have I made myself clear to Your Honor?"

Judge Pollak looked interested. He was a man famous for his protection of helpless minorities and his court had been selected by Mr. Tutt on this account.

"If the facts are as you state them, Mr. Tutt," he answered seriously, "the plan on its face would seem to be inequitable. If the property is worth ten million the consideration is palpably inadequate. Your client's equity, worth on that basis at least one hundred thousand dollars, would be entirely destroyed without any redress."

"Your Honor," burst out Mr. Chippingham, whose bald head had been bobbing about in excited contiguity with the tall hats, "this is a most misleading statement. The assets of Horse's Neck aren't worth a hundred thousand dollars. And if any of the minority don't want to come into the reorganization—and I assure Your Honor that we would welcome their participation—they can have their equity appraised under the laws of Delaware and the finding becomes a lien on the assets even after they have been transferred."

"What relief does that give a man like Mr. Barrows?" shouted Mr. Tutt. "He can't afford to go down to Wilmington with a carload of books and a corps of experts to prove the value of Horse's Neck. It would cost him more than his stock is worth!"

"That remedy is not exclusive, in any event," declared the judge. "If this complainant is going to be defrauded I will enjoin this contract *pendente lite* and appoint a receiver."

"Your Honor!" protested Chippingham in great agony. "It is not the fact that this mine is worth ten million. It isn't worth at the most more than one hundred thousand. It is full of water, the machinery is rusted and falling to pieces and the workings are practically exhausted. The only way to rehabilitate this property is for everybody to come in and put up enough money by subscribing to the stock of the new corporation to pump it out, buy new engines and start producing again. Is it fair to the majority, who are willing to go on, put up more money, and make an attempt to save the property, to have this complainant—an ex-convict who never paid a cent for his stock, dug up from heaven knows where—enjoin their contract and throw the corporation into the hands of a receiver? This is nothing but a strike suit. I repeat—a strike suit!"

He glowered breathless at his adversary.

"Oh! Oh!" groaned Mr. Tutt in horrified tones.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" expostulated the court. "This will not do!"

"I beg pardon —of the court," stammered Mr. Chippingham.

"Your Honor," mourned Mr. Tutt, "I have practiced here for thirty years and this is the first time I have ever been insulted in open court A strike suit? I hold in my hand" he waved it threateningly at the tall hats "a circular issued by these directors less than five years ago, in which they give the itemized value of this property as ten million dollars. Shortly after that circular was issued the stock sold in the open market at one dollar and ninety cents a share. In two years it sank to ten cents a share. Will a little water, a little rust, a little trouble with labor reduce the value of a great property like this from ten millions of dollars to one hundred thousand—one per cent of its appraised value? Either"—he fixed Chippingham with an exultant and terrifying glance—"they were lying then or they are lying now!"

"Let me look at that circular," directed Judge Pollak. He took it from Mr. Tutt's eager hand, glanced through it and turned sharply upon the quaking Chippingham.

"How long have you been attorney for Scherer, Hunn, Greenbaum & Beck?"

"Twelve years, Your Honor "

"Who is Wilson W. Elderberry?"

"He is the secretary of the Horse's Neck Extension, Your Honor."

"Is he in court?"

From a distant corner Mr. Elderberry bashfully rose.

"Come here!" ordered the court. And the Pooh Bah of the Scherer-Hunn-Greenbaum-Beck enterprises came cringing to the bar.

"Did you sign this circular in 1914?" demanded Judge Pollak.

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Were the statements contained in it true?"

Elderberry squirmed.

"Ye-es, Your Honor. That is—they were to the best of my knowledge and belief. I was, of course, obliged to take what information was at hand—and—er—and ——"

"Did you sign the other circular, issued last month, to the effect that the mine was practically valueless?"

"Yes, sir." Elderberry studiously examined the moldings on the cornice of the judge's canopy.

"Um!" remarked the court significantly.

There was a flurry among the tall hats. Then Mr. Greenbaum sprang to his feet.

"If you please, Your Honor," he announced, staccato, "we entirely disavow Mr. Elderberry's circular of 1914. It was issued without our knowledge or authority. It is no evidence that the mine was worth ten millions or any other amount at that time."

"Oh! Oh!" choked Mr. Tutt, while Miss Wiggin giggled delightedly into her brief case.

Judge Pollak bent upon Mr. Greenbaum a withering glance.

"Did your firm sell any of its holdings in Horse's Neck after the issuance of that circular?"

Greenbaum hesitated. He would have liked to wring that judge's neck.

"Why—how do I know? We may have."

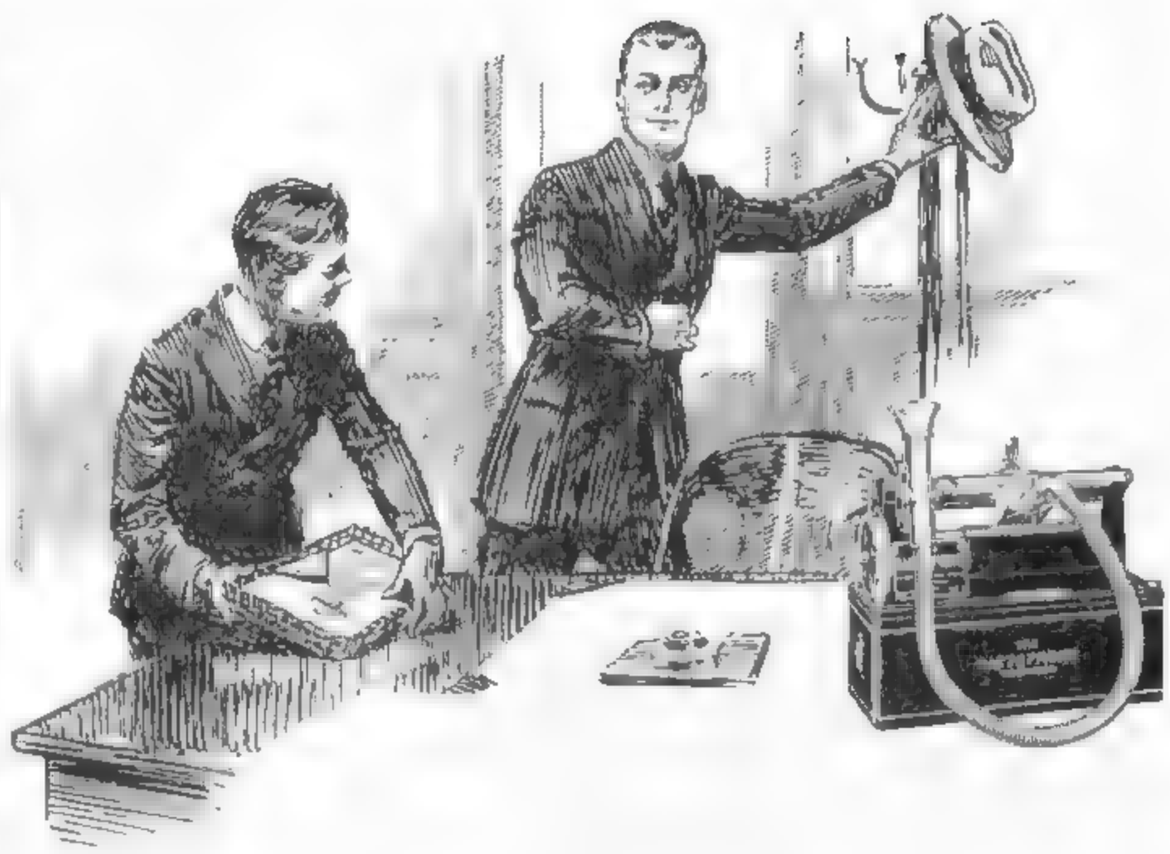
"Did you?"

"Say 'yes,' for God's sake," hissed Chippingham, "or you'll land in the pen!"

"I am informed that we did," answered Greenbaum defiantly. "That is, I don't say we did. Very likely we did. Our books would show. But I repeat—we disavow this circular and we deny any responsibility for this man, Elderberry."

This man, Elderberry, who for twelve long years had writhed under the biting lash of his employer's tongue, hating him with a hatred known only to those in subordinate positions who are bribed to suffer the "whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely," quivered and saw red. He was going to be made the goat! They expected him to take all the responsibility and give them a clean slate! The nerve of it! To hell with them! Suddenly he began to cry, shockingly, with deep stertorous suspirations.

"No—you won't!" he hiccuped. "You shan't lay the blame on me! I'll tell the truth, I will! I won't stand for it! Your Honor, they want to reorganize Horse's Neck because they think there's a vein in Amphalula that crosses one of the old workings and that it'll make the property worth millions and millions!"



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VESTS

Utter silence descended upon the court room—a silence broken only by the slow ticktack of the self-winding clock on the rear wall and the whine of the electric cars on Park Row. One of the tall hats crept quietly to the door and vanished. The others sat like images.

Then the court said very quietly: "I will adjourn this matter for one week. I need not point out that what has occurred has a very grave interpretation. Adjourn court!"

Old Doc Barrows, the two Tutts and Miss Wiggin were sitting in Mr. Tutt's office an hour later when Willie announced that Mr. Tobias Greenbaum was outside and would like an interview.

"Send him in!" directed Mr. Tutt, winking at Miss Wiggin.

Mr. Greenbaum entered, frowning and without salutation, while Doc partially rose, moved by the acquired instinct of disciplinary politeness, then changed his mind and sat down again.

"See here," snarled Greenbaum. "You sure have made a most awful hash of this business. I don't want to argue about it. We could go ahead and beat you, but Pollak is prejudiced and will probably give you your injunction and appoint a receiver. If he does, that will knock the whole property higher than a kite. Nobody would ever buy stock in it or even finance it. Now how much do you want to call off your suit?"

"Have a stogy?" asked Mr. Tutt politely.

"Nope."

"We want exactly one hundred thousand dollars."

Greenbaum laughed derisively.

"A hundred thousand fiddlesticks! This old jailbird swindled another crook, Bloom ——"

"Oh, Bloom was a crook too, was he?" chuckled Mr. Tutt. "He worked for your firm, didn't he?"

"That's nothing to do with it!" retorted Greenbaum angrily. "Your swindling client traded some bum stock in a fake corporation for Bloom's stock, which he received for bona fide services ——"

"Like Elderberry's?" inquired Tutt innocently.

"Your man never paid a cent for his holdings. That alone would throw him out of court. The mine isn't worth a cent without the Amphalula vein. We're taking a big chance. You've got us down and we've got to pay; but we'll pay only ten thousand dollars—that's final."

"I ain't any more of a swindler than you be!" said Doc with plaintive indignation.

"What do you wish to do, Mr. Barrows?" asked Mr. Tutt, turning to him deferentially.

"I leave it entirely to you, Mr. Tutt. It's your stock; I gave it all to you months ago."

"Then," answered Mr. Tutt with fine scorn, "I shall tell this miserable cheating rogue and rascal either to pay you a hundred thousand dollars or go to hell."

Mr. Tobias Greenbaum clenched his fists and cast a black glance upon the group.

"You can wreck this corporation if you choose, you bunch of dirty blackmailers, but you'll get not a cent more than ten thousand. For the last time, will you take it or not?"

Mr. Tutt rose and pointed toward the door.

"Kindly remove yourself before I call the police," he said coldly. "I advise the firm of Scherer, Hunn, Greenbaum & Beck to retain criminal counsel. Your ten thousand may come in handy for that purpose."

Mr. Tobias Greenbaum went.

"And now, Miss Wiggin, how about a cup of tea?" said Mr. Tutt.

The firm of Tutt & Tutt claimed to be the only law firm in the city of New York which still maintained the historic English custom of having tea at five o'clock. Whether the claim had any foundation or not the tea was none the less an institution, undoubtedly generating a friendly, sociable atmosphere throughout the office; and now William pulled aside the screen in the corner and disclosed the gate-leg table over which Miss Wiggin exercised her daily prerogative. Soon the room was filled with the comfortable odor of Pekoe, of muffins toasted upon an electric heater, of cigarettes and stogies. Yet there was, and had been ever since their conversation about the hat, a certain restraint between Miss Wiggin and Mr. Tutt, rising presumably out of her suggestion that his course savored of blackmail, however justified it had afterward turned out to be.

"My, isn't this nice!" murmured Doc, trying unsuccessfully to eat a muffin, drink his tea and do justice to a stogy at the same time. "It's so homy now, isn't it?"

"Doc," answered Mr. Tutt, "did you really want that ten thousand?"

"Me?" repeated Doc vaguely. "Why, I told you I gave that stock to you long ago. It isn't mine any longer. Besides, I don't want any money. I'm perfectly happy as I am."

Mr. Tutt laughed genially.

"Oh, well," he said, "it's no matter who owns it. Elderberry just telephoned me that he had received a telegram from the Amphalula that the vein had definitely run out. It's all over including the shouting."

"Elderberry telephoned you?" queried Miss Wiggin in astonishment.

"Yes, Elderberry. You see, he's done, he says, with Scherer, Hunn, Greenbaum & Beck. Wants to turn state's evidence and put 'em all in jail. I've said I'd help him."

"Then why didn't you take the ten thousand and call it quits while the getting was good?" demanded his partner icily.

"Because I knew I'd never get the ten anyway," replied Mr. Tutt. "Greenbaum would have learned about the vein on his return to the office."

"Well, I must be getting along back to Cayuga!" mumbled Doc. "This has been a very pleasant trip very pleasant; and quite—quite—exciting. I ——"

"What I'd like to know, Mr. Tutt," interrupted Miss Wiggin, "is how you justify your course in this matter. When you attempted to block this proposed reorganization you knew nothing about the Elderberry circular of 1914 valuing the property at ten million, or of the Amphalula vein. On its face you were attempting to wreck a perfectly honest piece of financiering, and unless it was a strike suit—which I hope and pray it wasn't ——"

"Strike suit!" protested Mr. Tutt with a slight twinkle in his eye. "How can you suggest such a thing! Didn't the events demonstrate the wisdom of my judgment?"

"But you didn't know what was going to happen when you began your suit!" she argued firmly. "I hate to say it, but I should think that if everything had not come out just as it has your motives might easily have been misconstrued."

"It was a matter of principle with me, my dear," declared Mr. Tutt. "Just to show there's no ill feeling, won't you give me another cup of tea?"

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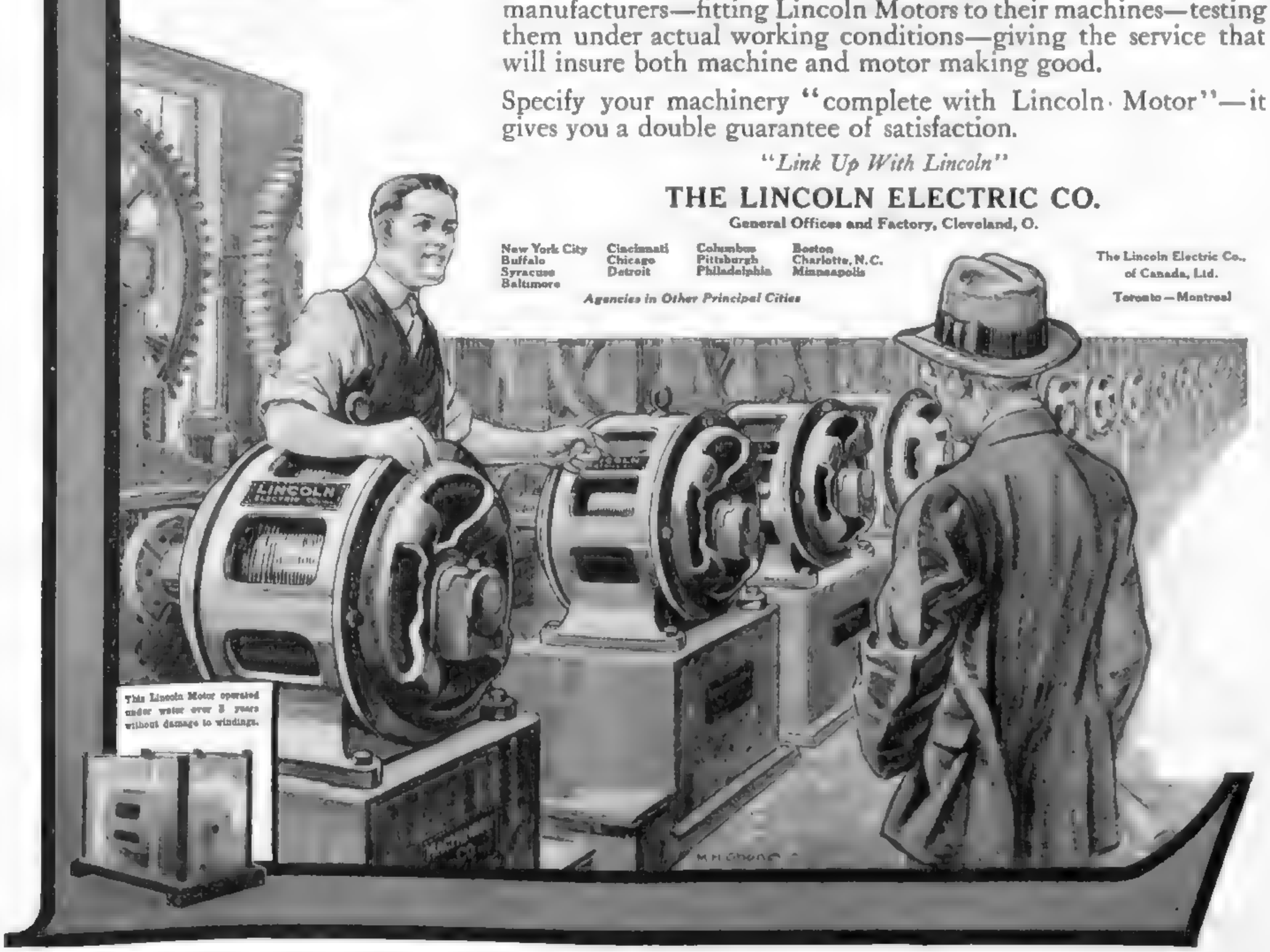

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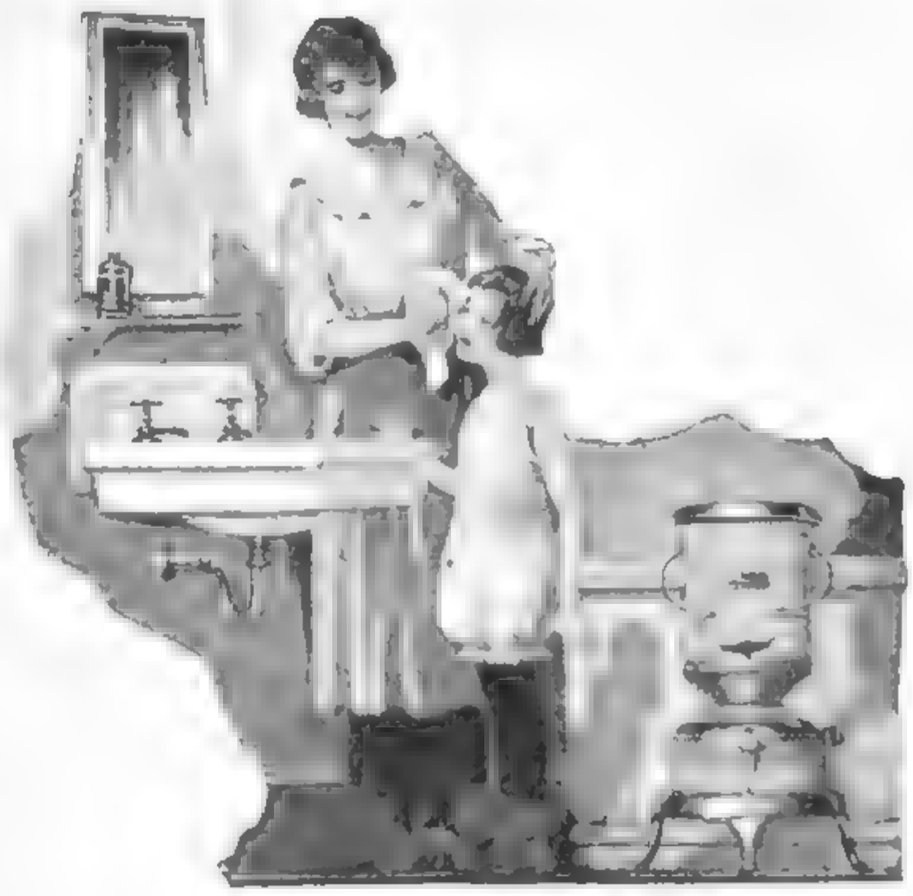
OIL HEATERS



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STRICTLY ACCORDING TO PLAN

(Continued from Page 16)

her first name—which was Fanny—he made one of the two greatest surmises that a man ever makes in his life—and set himself out to verify suspicions.

"I think she loves me," he said to old Martin one night.

They were walking through the park after dinner, and if you had been there, silently following, hearing all and saying nothing, I think you would have thought again that this was Youth and Age in front of you, especially when you noticed how Youth seemed to be walking on its toes, as though at any moment it might break into a gallop, while Age plodded along, chewing the cud of reflection, and first looking at Youth and then at the stars, as though he were saying, "Oh, Lord, it's the sweetness of life! I know, for once upon a time a woman loved me, too—yes, once upon a time."

"What does she look like?" he asked aloud.

"She's not as tall as I am," began Mel confidently enough, "and she has the queenliest little walk you ever saw." Old Martin nodded, his glance far away. "And her voice, it's like a silver bell, and when she laughs—it tinkles! Roses and peaches and cream and strawberries and moonlight and snow and fire—and spunky? Gee, but she's spunky! And say, I'm sure she loves me! Oh, I'm sure she does!"

"What makes you think so?" the other almost jealously asked.

"Oh, I don't know! But she seems to be so happy when she's with me. She—she gets excited and she—she rubs my arm."

For some strange reason old Martin drew a sigh.

"Miss Van Dam still away?" he asked.

"Yes; she's trying a new sanitarium some place on Long Island. She's a sort of a nut, I think, for sanitariums. Goes to rest her nerves, she says. From what I hear, I guess she's pretty high-strung." And as though to the music of doleful viols and sorrowing bagpipes, he slowly repeated, "Yes, sir, pretty high-strung, I—guess."

"How's the business getting on?" asked Martin.

"Oh, all right," said the other absently. "You know, Martin," he added in a voice that meant something, "when I get rich, things are going to be different."

"In what way?"

"Well, for one thing, she won't have to stand that old woman's bullyragging a day longer than she wants to—millions or no millions. I don't believe she'll get a cent myself. It'll go to endow some hospital or sanitarium. 'In memory of Cornelia Van Dam'—you know the way they do it. But when I get rich ——"

He was silent then for a time; and old Martin was silent, too, their feet stepping slowly over the concrete walks of the park, but their spirits faring forth into the land of dreams, one soaring into the sunrise of the future, the other winging into the sunset of the past.

The next time he saw Fanny, Melville said to her, "I wish I was rich."

"Why?" she asked, all innocence in a moment.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. But letting it out in a rush, he added, "For one thing, I'd ask you to marry me."

For a time he was afraid to look at her, but when he did he made the discovery that Eve, too, can have her dreams as well as Adam. She caught his glance and looked away, but a moment later Melville's heart did the triple somersault over the elephants, for as they walked along Fanny rubbed his arm a little between her palms and hummed a tune that had such sweetness and sadness in it that it made Mel blow his nose.

"But it won't be long now," he said. "Of course I never expect to be rich like your aunt."

"Oh, she ——"

"But we made nearly a thousand dollars last month; and in a few years I expect to be making anywhere from twenty-five to fifty thousand a year—that is, of course, if we keep on doing as we are doing now."

"I think that's wonderful!" she told him.

"It's easy enough, too, when you know how," he continued; and not without pride he told her of his motto and how it was proving a beacon light and a compass to guide him over a trackless sea into the sweet harbor of prosperity.

"I think that's wonderful!" she said again. "Do you know, I admire strong men. I think all girls do."

He didn't say anything, but he promised himself to give her constant cause for admiration.

"You've no idea," she said, "how these few hours now and then—how much they mean to me. Poor Aunt Cornelia! Of course she doesn't mean it, but oh, she's something terrible at times!"

For the first time in her life she heard a young man groaning to himself.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

As though she didn't know!

"Can you cook?" he answered.

"I can make fudge and boil eggs and things like that. Why?"

As though she didn't know!

"Can you sew?"

"I made a sweater once, but I couldn't—it wasn't a very good one. Why?"

"We shall have to wait," groaned Melville again, speaking to himself. "You see, dear," he explained, "all the money we make these first few years we've got to put it back in the business. And it keeps my mind so occupied—building up the organization and getting things started—that I know I would only make you unhappy. But in a few years I'll be making all the money we can spend—and if you can wait till then ——"

"I don't mind," she said in a low voice, and rubbed his arm again. "Besides, it will give us time enough to know our own minds. Perhaps when you're rich you won't like me." You ought to have heard him then. Oh, how he carried on!

VI

MISS VAN DAM had gone away for a month, being hot on the trail of a very fine sanitarium in West Virginia where they cured complaints like hers. Louis XVIII had driven her to the station in the family victoria, looking so noble in his flat-top hat and buckskin breeches that a man from Mars might well have wondered which of these two was the most favored of the gods—the rosy-cheeked driver on the high seat or the drawn-faced little figure who sat behind him, holding her jointed parasol over her glossy brown bangs and looking more than ever as though she had just been shedding scalding tears.

But the servants whom she left behind—they weren't shedding any tears.

Fanny was in charge of the house, and after she had attended to the daily commissary and had written a daily report to her aunt, she gave herself up to that pleasant pastime that has kept the gentlemen in a violent state of commotion ever since this wild and woolly world began to wag—that is to say, she dreamed and dreamed; and *nota bene*, if you please, that all her dreams were of her future husband.

Now just so long as mortals are what they are—temporarily at least removed from the spirit world—dreams are only interesting in so far as they are connected with material events. So one by one Miss Fanny's dreams came true.

"I think we'll go to the Benmore Roof to-night," she dreamed one morning. "I'll wear the blue silk with the braid and the pumps with the beads."

Which ended that. They went to the Benmore Roof that night.

It was long after midnight when Mel's taxi stopped in front of the house on West Fiftieth Street.

"I'll see you to-morrow night?" she said, one foot feeling for the step.

Poor Mel! You will find a question mark at the end of her speech, but that is a rhetorical flourish, pure and simple; for any man who has ever courted a girl will understand that Fanny didn't put any question mark there whatsoever, even though for politeness' sake she seemed to raise her voice a little.

Poor Mel! The things he longed to say!

"Now look here, Fanny, dear," he wanted to plead with her, tears of entreaty in the poor fellow's voice, "this won't do, you know. Strictly according to plan—that's the motto, you know. Don't you remember how you said, 'I think that's wonderful'? Every night now for the last two weeks you've kept me scratching gravel. I'm losing my sleep. I'm losing my time. I'm losing my grip. Why, yesterday morning I overslept myself a couple of hours! And Oscar doesn't know what to make of it at all.

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In Round Steak	7 Lbs.	In Hubbard Squash	65 Lbs.
In Hens' Eggs	7 Doz.	In Young Chicken	20 Lbs.
In Cabbage	55 Lbs.	In String Beans	36 Lbs.

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In Quaker Oats	35c	In Hens' Eggs	$3.12
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In Veal or Lamb	3.12	In Potatoes	65c

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You ought to see the way he stares at me when he thinks I'm not looking—as though he were wondering whether I was trying to throw him down."

That's one of the things that Melville longed to say to Fanny as she was getting out of the car, one hand on the door, one foot feeling for the step. But how can a young man speak like that to a girl, especially when an attentive chauffeur is sitting on the front seat of the taxi—a fellow with a decidedly low expression and a cauliflower ear?

"And here's another thing, Fanny dear," he longed to say to her: "Please understand that this is said in all kindness, but I really can't afford it—the way we're doing. That dinner check to-night, for instance, was nearly eighteen dollars, the tickets were seven-seventy and I have still to settle with this engaging gentleman on the front seat. In a few years from now I wouldn't mind it, but Oscar and I agreed that all the profits should go back into the business until we were on a strong financial basis. So, don't you see, sweetheart, we must cut this out, or we shall be poor people all our lives and never have anything?"

Yes, that's another of the things that he longed to say to her, but any son who was born of Adam can tell the people whether or not he said it.

"I'll see you to-morrow night?" said Fanny, one foot feeling for the step.

"To-morrow night, yes. Good-by, dear," said Mel, affecting nonchalance for the benefit of the cauliflower ear; but when the taxi started off again for his boarding house on the next block, Mel groaned so loudly that the chauffeur uneasily wondered whether his gears were grinding again, but he wouldn't have wondered if he could have seen Master Mel with his face like the topmost figure on a totem pole, repeating that sad unsweet refrain, "Oh, damn! Damn! Damn!"

And yet, no sooner had duty ceased to wave the red flag, no sooner had reason returned to the guard house than Melville began to moon over the girl who had just left him—quite in the immemorial manner. How sweet she had looked that night! What sweet she had looked that night! What glances of love she had given him! What a sense of humor she had!

He recalled one of her sayings: "Troubles never come singly, as the man said when his wife died and the hen began to lay away from home."

Mel chuckled over that again and promised himself to let the trade chuckle over it on the morrow. A chum! A thoroughbred! A queen! Some day, please God, there would be a palace for her—and half a dozen little princes and princesses playing round the fountain in the courtyard.

But the sweetest dreams must come to an end, even as the milkman shatters more idyls than he will ever know.

"What's the matter, Melville?" asked old Martin a few nights later.

"Matter? Matter?" groaned poor Mel, and then burst out all in a mouthful. "It's all over between Fanny and me!"

They were walking through the park—Youth and Age again—and if you had been there, silently following, you might have thought that Youth had been eating the withered leaves of the wild-cherry tree, so mournful and moody his glance, so listless the lift of his feet. Old Martin walked on as ever, chewing the cud of reflection; but, still assuming that you had been there, I think it might have occurred to you that in his manner was just a trace of that dreadful satisfaction that Age sometimes seems to feel when watching Youth engaged in that immemorial pastime which is sometimes known as taking its bumps.

"What was the matter?" he asked.

"Matter? Why, hang it, everything was the matter!" burst out Mel in another bitter mouthful. "She was taking all my time, all my thoughts—everything! I couldn't think of another blessed thing. It was sickening—sickening! Why, last week I didn't take fifty dollars' worth of orders! Up nearly all night. No good next day. Didn't want to go out when I got to the office. Just wanted to sit and stare out of the window like a—like a—like a moonstruck calf! Sssssssssssss!"

This, you will note, was a hiss of derision being delivered by Melville Mason, a spectator, and directed at the recent antics of one Melville Mason, an unconscious actor in the greatest drama that Life has in its repertoire.

"Now I'm over it," he continued, "I have to laugh." He gave old Martin a sample of his laughter—two syllables—short but awe-inspiring; and then he made a blowing noise as though he were trying to cool himself by the process of forced draft.

"I'm through with her," he savagely repeated, "through forever!" But when Martin looked at him two big tears were trembling in Melville's eyes. They hung there for a doleful moment and then went rolling fatly down his cheeks.

Old Martin said nothing, but his glance was far away, as though he were winging back to that golden sunset where fancies take—they say—their fondest flights. Circling there among the opals, he had a curious thought.

"No, Mel, my boy," he thought, "you aren't through with her, as you call it, until she either dies or marries someone else. And even then, I'm not so sure you're through. If she dies, you may start again in heaven; and if she marries someone else, you may start again in hell."

It was, as you will see, a curious thought and it made old Martin blink for a moment, as though it had smacked him hard between the eyes.

"Cheap stuff," he thought, and sheepishly returned to calmer question and answer.

"Did you have a quarrel?" he asked.

"Well, hardly a quarrel. But she wants me to get a car. She doesn't come right out and say so, you understand, but you've no idea the way a girl can hint at a thing."

Old Martin turned his face away and silently laughed at the moon—a laugh that had a lot of mouth in it and might perhaps be better called grimacing.

"So I finally said to her, 'Now look here! The way things are going on we won't be able to get married for a hundred years. I think we'd better call the whole thing off—for a while anyway.'"

"What did she say to that?"

"She left me cold!"

"Left you cold?"

"Yes, left me cold! We were going past a store and she said 'Excuse me.' I thought she had gone in to buy something, but after I had hung round for half an hour I took a tumble. I've often told you how spunky she is, but if she thinks I'm going crawling after her now on my hands and knees she's got another guess coming. Thank the Lord, it's over—that's what I say! And now I can put my mind on my work once more and whack away at it good and proper—strictly according to plan—and get results again."

At half past nine that night Mel went to his room exactly according to old schedule. With an air that was almost luxury he wound his watch seventeen movements of the ratchet, said to himself "My, this is like old times," set the alarm clock for a quarter to six, put his coat and waistcoat on their regular hanger, placed his collar on the right-hand side of his dresser, hung his necktie over the electric-light bracket, put his shoes under the bed with their toes pointing in, drew off his right sock, said "Hang it, I'm through with her forever"—the last word nearly shouted, obtained a strangle hold on his left sock, caught himself groaning with a contorted face that would have made his fortune under the late Phineas Barnum, passionately referred to himself as a certain sort of a fool, put his right sock on again, drew on his shoes, gave expression to a number of strange dry sounds that shook him from cellar to cornice, blew his nose, put on his collar, tie, waistcoat, coat, hat and—hurrying down the street—he went straight to the house where Fanny lived.

"Miss Saunders is out to-night, sir," said the Iron Duke, "and 'asn't yet returned. Any message that you would like to leave, sir?"

"No," said Mel. He imagined her out visiting friends, enjoying herself, singing, dancing, perhaps even laughing about the fool who had loved her. The mantle of tragedy fell upon his shoulders.

"Or you might tell her this," he said to the butler. "Tell her that I am leaving town to-morrow and don't know when I'll be back." Which he justified to himself by thinking, "I expect to run over to Newark to-morrow afternoon and I don't know whether I shall be back at four, or five."

"Yes, sir," said the Iron Duke, respectfully regretful. "I will tell her that."

As Mel turned back to his boarding house he felt the cold perspiration on his forehead, like the sweat on an ice-water pitcher on the Fourth of July.

"Phew!" he thought. "That was a narrow escape! I nearly weakened then! I guess it was meant to be—that we should have this split—or she wouldn't have been out. Well, if it's fate, there's no use fighting against it. I'll get a good night's rest and see how many records I can break to-morrow selling jam."

At half past ten the next morning, pursuing this laudable ambition, he was talking to a possible customer.

"Why for should I buy chem from you when I am suited so well elsewhere?" demanded this possible customer, folding his arms and frowning.

Mel didn't say anything; in fact, he didn't seem to be listening. A child came in for a quart of beans, and when she had gone the storekeeper noticed with surprise that Master Mel had gone as well.

"That drummer fellow, I do not think he was feeling well," said the astonished storekeeper. "At least he is the first drummer fellow who ever walked out on me!"

At the nearest hotel Mel took a taxi—and perhaps you can guess his destination. In front of the house where Fanny lived, Louis XVIII was perched on the throne of the plum-colored victoria.

"The old lady's back again," thought Mel. "Maybe I'd better wait till she goes out."

But just as he was passing the steps the door opened a few inches and the Iron Duke looked down at him, somewhat resembling a very narrow picture in a very long panel. That was peculiar enough in itself, but the expression of the butler was even more peculiar, seeming to say to Mel, "Begging your pardon and looking through the glass, sir, I saw you coming down the street, but when you saw the 'earse you 'esitated. If you will pardon the liberty, sir, if I were you I would come in for 'alf a moment. There is something here well worthy of a call."

Thus encouraged, Mel went up the steps.

"Miss Saunders in?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the butler in a low voice. "Won't you step in, sir?"

He closed the door behind Mel without a sound. This done, he bowed in a very courtly manner and disappeared so quietly that had you been there you might have wondered if he had vanished into mist.

Mel had hardly come through the door when he heard a shrill voice raised in temper in the next room.

"Oh, you thought so, did you? You thought so! Well, I never thought that I should live to see the day when you would stand in front of me as bold as brass and lie to me like that!"

There was no answer but a subdued sob.

"I hate a liar!" continued the shrill voice. "My father used to say that a liar is worse than a thief. You can lock up from a liar, but you can't lock up from a thief!"

"She's got that mixed," thought Mel, his wonder growing.

"I—I didn't tell you a lie," said a sobbing voice.

At the sound of that voice Mel felt a wave of heat go over him as though a boiler grating had suddenly opened under him, and his scalp prickled as though invisible hands were pulling at his hair.

"You did! You did! Don't you dare to stand there and tell me you didn't, you good-for-nothing madam! To think of all the brazen deceit I have taken from you! To think ——"

This, however, was as far as the last of the Van Dams thought—or at least it was as far as she thought at that particular moment. Mel appeared in the doorway as a thundercloud sometimes appears in a corner of the horizon, and as equally ominous of tempest and thunder.

"Fanny ——" he said.

He didn't speak very loudly, for all his ominous appearance, not feeling free to trust his voice just then with unlimited credit, but, oh, how surely she heard him!

"Do you want me?" he asked more gently still.

She almost had to grope for him, so blinded by tears were her eyes.

"She—she says I changed her medicine." Her arms were round his shoulders, her cheek against his breast.

Mel turned to the old maid, and though he tried to look ferocious he found he couldn't, so palpably false were her glossy brown bangs, so pathetic in its violence the expression in her eyes, as though she had just been shedding scalding tears.

"But you can't stand this, you know," he said to Fanny, continuing his thoughts aloud. Her hat was on the table. He reached over and put it on her with clumsy

(Concluded on Page 157)

Automatic Lowering Flour Bin—saves climbing and heavy lifting. Costs us extra, annually, **$52,000** more than ordinary bins.

Automatic Base Shelf Extender. Opening door brings pots and pans within reach. Costs us extra, annually, **$9,000**

Porcelliron Work Table and Dust-proof Base Top beneath it. Base Top costs us extra, annually, **$14,250**

Dovetail Construction, $7,500 extra, annually. *Anti-proof Casters,* $3,000 extra, annually. *Glass Knobs,* $2,250 extra, annually.

These $100,000.00 Improvements Explain Sellers Leadership

WHY do so many women prefer the Sellers? For the answer you have merely to see the cabinet. You need merely check over the many definite and exclusive improvements which have been developed in the great Sellers factories.

By improvements we do not mean trivial changes made solely for selling purposes. These Sellers developments are *major improvements*—things women have *always missed*—things of which *no other cabinet* can boast—and without which we believe *no* cabinet can ever *fully* serve its purpose.

To produce this beautiful cabinet costs us *over $100,000.00 annually* for extras—improvements like the famous Automatic Lowering Flour Bin—the Automatic Base Shelf Extender—the Dust-proof Base Top beneath the Porcelliron Work Table. A few of these long-needed improvements are illustrated at the right. Please bear in mind that they are *exclusive* Sellers conceptions—*combined in no other cabinet.* In all, there are 15 of these long wanted improvements.

Because of these special features the Sellers offers you utmost kitchen convenience. Without them, you will admit, no cabinet can ever fully satisfy you.

Go see this beautiful Sellers cabinet. You will quickly concede its superiority. Yet the cost of the Sellers is no more than the cost of *any* good cabinet. For this *extra* convenience you pay nothing. And your local dealer will gladly arrange terms to suit your income. Why be without?

Beautifully Colored Booklet Free

Our new Sellers Book clearly describes the Sellers and pictures its many unusual conveniences in charming colors. It is an education in what your Kitchen Cabinet should be. By all means read it. We will send you a complimentary copy upon receipt of your request.

G. I. SELLERS & SONS CO., Elwood, Indiana

Canadian Factory: Sellers Kitchen Cabinet Co. of Canada—Southampton, Ontario, Can.

SELLERS KITCHEN CABINETS

"The Best Servant in Your House"

Forty-eight motor car manufacturers have voted for Neverleek Top Material

WHO could be better judges of automobile materials and equipment than the makers of high-grade cars? Take a vote as to their opinion of top materials. Forty-eight of the most progressive have already cast their decision for Neverleek Top Material. They use Neverleek on their own cars, staking their reputation for service quality on its worth. They pay more for Neverleek because they know it adds to the permanent beauty and value of the cars in which they take pride.

Since Neverleek Top Material has been used, the top has become a distinctive part of the fine motor car. The well-cut open top, with graceful lines and plate glass window, is handsome in itself and harmonizes with the body design. It affords ample protection without unwieldy weight. Neverleek was the first material created especially for motor car top service. It has been imitated but never approached in quality. Seven years of faithful service have borne out the Neverleek guarantee.

Neverleek withstands any climate—even extreme dryness where ordinary coated materials quickly crumble. Neverleek retains its richness and color—it will not fade or crack.

When you buy a new car, it is worth while to be sure that it has a top of Neverleek. If your old car needs a new top, any good topmaker will be glad to recover with Neverleek. Samples and illustrated booklet mailed on request.

F. S. CARR COMPANY

31 Beach Street, Boston, Mass. 969 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

NEVERLEEK

TOP MATERIAL

TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFF

AMERICAN
BELL
BIDDLE
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CLEVELAND
CLYDE
COMET
CRAWFORD
CUNNINGHAM
DANIELS
DORIS
ELGIN
ELCAR
FRANKLIN
GLIDE
GRANT
HATFIELD
HAYNES
HOLMES
HUPMOBILE
JORDAN
KING
KLINE
LEXINGTON
MARMON
McFARLAN
MAIBOHM
MITCHELL
MOON
MOORE
NATIONAL
OWEN-MAGNETIC
PAIGE
PAN-AMERICAN
PEERLESS
PIEDMONT
ROAMER
SAXON
SCRIPPS-BOOTH (Model G)
STANDARD
STEARNS-KNIGHT
STEPHENS
STUTZ
TEMPLAR
VELIE
WESTCOTT

Concluded from Page 154

tenderness, placing it at a rakish angle over one eye.

"Let's go," said he.

"Aunty ——"

As though the word touched a spring, the old lady broke into speech:

"Don't you dare to speak to me! Don't you ever dare to speak to me again, you bold, brazen, good-for-nothing! Don't you ever dare!"

"Let's go," repeated Mel, this time in a whisper.

And like another Paul and Virginia dodging the storm—they went.

VII

THEY went downtown for the license. Fanny didn't say anything when Mel told her where they were going, though her eyes grew starry and she glanced at him in such a way that he whispered, "Don't look at me like that, honey, or I shall have to kiss you in front of all these people." She turned her glance away, secretly exulting in her power.

"I shall look at him like that again," she promised herself, "as soon as I get him alone."

They decided that she should stay with friends that night and that on the next day they should look for a house somewhere within commuting distance of New York. She was sick of the city, she said—for which Mel didn't blame her—and she wanted a place where she could get on friendly terms with trees and roses and hollyhocks and foxgloves and such sundry items as robins playing tug of war with worms, and kittens in a basket at the foot of the attic stairs.

"I must run up and see Oscar too in the morning," said Mel with a guilty start. "I was nearly forgetting him."

Oscar, he found, was having the blues.

"The bank telephoned yesterday," he said. "I swear I don't know what we are going to do. Things are in a bad way here."

Even then he was a sport. He didn't say that practically all the firm's troubles were due to his partner; that Mel had drawn money from the firm when he ought to have left it in the bank; that he had fallen down on his orders, fallen down on his office work, fallen down on his estimate of receipts and expenses, fallen down on practically every plan they had made.

"My Uncle Otto has money and would pull us out of this, I think," he said with increasing gloom. "But Uncle Otto is a hog. He would want at least one half the business."

Melville made a clean breast of it then.

"I thought it was a girl," said Oscar, shaking his hand when he had finished. "So now you are going to marry her! I bet she is a fine one, eh?"

"The best God ever made!" said Mel, speaking as though he were praying. "And now let's go and see this uncle of yours and find out if he wants to buy my interest in the business. I've got to have a steady income from now on and I think I know a place downtown where I can land a job."

As a matter of fact old Philander B. nearly fell on Melville's neck when he called and applied for his old position. The Old Man could tell a tale of inefficient secretaries that would bring tears to the eyes of a snow man.

"I shall have to have more money, though," said Mel decisively. "You know the way everything's gone up. Besides, I'm getting married this afternoon and that makes a difference too."

It was the last time that he ever spoke quite like that—the last time that he was ever quite so curt in his speech, so brusque in his manner, so obviously a graduate of the finishing school of Mars. For one thing, the Old Man gave him a check for a wedding present—and such a check it was! That tamed him quite a little.

"And I'll pay you seventy-five dollars a week till you make your first increase of the national census," growled the Old Man, thinking perhaps to encourage the country's supply of efficient secretaries, "and after that a hundred."

This was in the early part of May. It was just a year later that Mel qualified for his hundred.

"Isn't it a wonderful baby!" he whispered in awe, presenting the unusual spectacle of a father admiring his first-born son. "We'll have to try to save a little every year, so that when he's old enough we can send him to college."

"There's plenty of time for that," smiled Fanny.

"Yes, I know, dear, but it's sort of nice—don't you think—to start making plans?"

The word roused a vague memory in his mind and gradually the old phrase returned to him:

"Strictly according to plan."

Troubled a little, he looked round the room and then he looked out at the lawn and the street below.

"Second-rate," he told himself as he looked at the room, and "second-rate" he repeated as he looked at the street outside. "And I who was going to be a rich man! I who was going to have my twenty-five to fifty thousand a year—strictly according to plan!"

Unconsciously his glance lifted to the horizon, to the clouds, the distant fields with their growing crops, the hills fringed with trees, the majesty of the distance.

"Nothing second-rate there," he told himself. "And nothing second-rate there, either," he proudly repeated, looking back at Fanny and Little Mel.

Dimly then at first he began to see it. The budding leaves whispered it to him, the neighbors' children playing outside shouted it to him, the rows of growing crops mutely told him, too; and so did the dew on the grass, the robins building their nest in the maple, the spirea bush standing like a snow bride on the lawn; and finally the never-ending miracle of life and love that had happened so recently in that room.

"Strictly according to plan," thought Mel, his eyes round with wonder. "Why, when you come to think of it, that's the motto on which everything is made; not only cars and buildings and money and jam factories and things like that, but the stars and the sun—the whole green world and everything on it!" He suddenly knelt by the side of the bed, his eyes suspiciously blinking, his arms round his two most precious ones.

"My plan was all right till it struck a bigger one," he thought, and then more slowly, more surely, as though to the music of invisible choirs, "The best of all," said Father Mel. "Thank God, it did!" quoth he.

Over 2000 Patients to every Dentist

There are about 43,000 dentists in the United States to take care of the teeth of 100,000,000 people—over 2,000 patients to each dentist.

Sound teeth a requisite to good health

LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

The improper or careless use of the tooth brush often causes irritation or bleeding gums.

To prevent infection—to render the entire mouth clean and to remove all irritating particles from between the teeth—rinse the mouth with Listerine.

It leaves a delightfully refreshing sense of cleanliness.

Manufactured only by
Lambert Pharmacal Company
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Men of 45
Need Better Baked Beans

To get a zestful sauce our scientific cooks tested 856 recipes

Every bean is fitted to digest, yet the beans are uncrisped and unbroken

IN boyhood one could digest beans badly baked. And any hearty food was enjoyable.

But beans for indoor men must be fitted to digest. And they must be made inviting, like Van Camp's.

A Four-Year Dish

In the Van Camp kitchens, college-trained cooks spent four years to perfect baked beans. They compared 856 blends to get the ideal sauce.

Now each lot of beans is analyzed. The water used is freed from minerals to insure a tender skin.

The baking is done in modern steam ovens, so high heat cannot crisp or burst beans. They are baked for hours there, until every granule is fitted to digest.

The sauce is baked with them, so every atom shares its inviting zest.

Let Men Try Them

Hotels and restaurants all over America are buying Van Camp's to please men. Let the man in your home enjoy them.

He will get beans mellow, nutty and whole. He will get a delicious tang. And the beans will not tax the stomach.

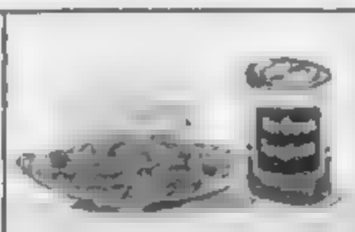
You will save work and fuel. You will have a dish of meat-like nutrition to serve at a moment's notice. You will cut down meat bills by making beans more popular.

Order a few cans now.

VAN CAMP'S
Pork and Beans
Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Van Camp's Soups —18 Kinds

Based on famous French recipes, but each perfected by countless scientific tests.



Van Camp's Spaghetti

A recipe so highly perfected that we value it at $500,000.

Van Camp's Peanut Butter

Made from blended peanuts with every skin, every bitter germ removed.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 34)

It was news to her that New York stores provided facilities to enable their workers to save money. But it was true, nevertheless, that this concern did operate a branch of a big New York bank, and any amount of money from five cents up was accepted for deposit.

She learned that the Mutual Aid Association was governed entirely by the workers themselves. All matters of information concerning the society were posted regularly, so that every employee at all times might know the exact state of affairs of the association. The dues were never to exceed ten cents a week, and each girl, after being in the company's service three months, was given an insurance policy for five hundred dollars, which insurance is increased one hundred dollars a year until it reaches a total of three thousand dollars. This information was read aloud to Mary's mother and greatly interested the elder Mrs. Jones, whose struggles with life's vicissitudes had rendered her appreciative of any and all safeguards.

Our youthful aspirant skipped hastily through the paragraphs devoted to a description of the summer camp that the company maintains for its women employees. She was satisfied with storing in her memory that the rates for board were moderate and the railway fare to the vacation house was not excessive. However, vacations were a long way off while other matters were pressing. The comments in the manual now turned to such things as the treatment of customers and the store's information bureau. The prospective employee was told how important it was that courtesy and accuracy should be observed in directing customers where to find merchandise. It was pointed out that the shopper might ask for leather goods, and in such case it was necessary to inquire as to what kind of articles were wanted. Pocketbooks and traveling bags are both made of leather, but are sold in different departments on different floors. Each girl who has not memorized the store directory should consult her handbook containing an alphabetical list of articles and departments. The rules stated that under no circumstance should the salesgirl resort to guessing and thereby jeopardize the good will of a customer.

Special notice was included to exercise care in making promises of delivery and other matters so that no disappointments would result from any failure to fulfill the assurance that was given. Other instructions imparted knowledge as to what must be done in case a customer is taken ill suddenly, and how the sick person should be sent in a wheel chair to the emergency hospital.

Following these directions, Mary read with wonder of the services the store is prepared to render its customers. One department is equipped to purchase railroad, steamship and theater tickets; issue and cash express orders; conduct a post office; send telegrams; procure hotel reservations; arrange special tours; and act as agent for express and transfer companies—all free of charge. If a non-English-speaking customer happens to come in an interpreter is always available to make known the stranger's wishes. Should a patron desire advice in shopping there is a personal service bureau ready to render assistance.

The remainder of the manual contained instructions that were not plain to a novice like Mary. Much detail dealt with the work of cashiers and checkers and told how to mark and stamp sales checks, how to make change quickly and how to use the carriers. In order to encourage accuracy premiums were offered for the detection of errors, and it was particularly stated that no money given for these rewards is deducted from the salary of any clerk, so that no employee should hesitate to report an error through fear that some fellow worker might be injured.

Two further points were of interest to her. One explained the arrangements that were made to permit any employee to shop and contained the good news that a discount would be allowed on all purchases. The other suggestion pertained to the company's publicity and stated that, since the permanent success of the store depended largely upon the truth and correctness of the firm's advertisements, the company would pay one dollar to each employee who would first call the attention of the manager's office to any exaggeration, mistake in printed price, grammatical error, false statement or misspelled word that appeared in any newspaper or other announcement. Having mastered all the rules and regulations that were understandable, our prospective saleslady called it a day's work and retired that night with the happy thought of a great adventure well begun.

When Mary arrived at the store in the morning she was sent up to school, where thirty minutes were devoted to a study of the company's rules and policies, after which an hour was taken up by lessons in store system. Next she was sent to the head of the contingent force, a trained teacher, upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of properly placing each new girl in the department for which she is best qualified. About fifty girls were already in the contingent department, and she learned that frequently a whole month is devoted to this work by a new girl. She soon discovered the basis of the plan that is followed. Each new employee is tried out in different departments during their time of contingent service.

One girl called Jerry, who had already sold everything from notions to wicker furniture, enlightened Mary on many points. She told her that much depended on the impression a girl made on the department head. But she explained that different departments required different mental and physical types. In order to sell veiling the girl had to be rather tall on account of the height of the counters, and must have an attractive face and well-manicured hands, because she had continually to hold the veilings over her face to display them properly. She said only special types could sell evening gowns; and as for suits, she knew as a fact that only last week, out of ten contingent girls who were sent down to work in a suit sale but three of them were recommended by the department head as being qualified for that kind of selling.

Mary was sent to the hosiery department to gain her first experience, and when she went to lunch two hours later she was very proud of the fact that she had really made some splendid sales. Sitting beside her at the lunch table was a little girl about her own age, who had formerly worked in a hat factory on Houston Street. This young lady was quite disturbed over the fact that her work had appeared to be unsatisfactory, and she had been sent to the employment manager's office to explain her trouble.

She had told the manager frankly that she did find it hard to keep her stock in order, but that there wasn't a girl in the department who kept the buttons and hooks and eyes in better shape than herself. She saw to it that in her stock none was missing. That night, on the way out, Mary met the same little girl and found her very happy over the fact that she had been transferred to a department where she had lots of sewing to do—and she just loved to sew. The cloud in her young life had disappeared, for she no longer had to keep stock.

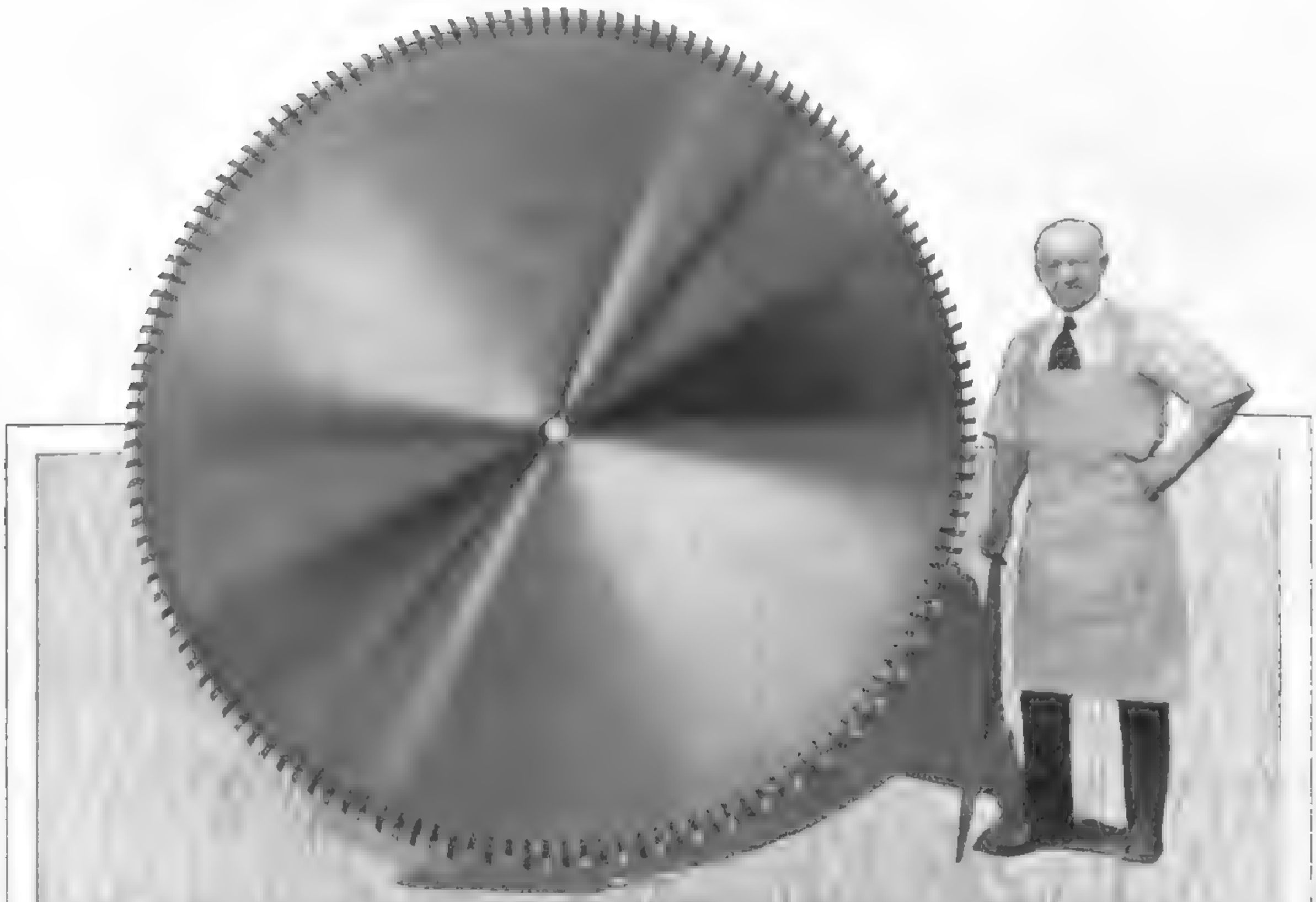
Three weeks passed before Mary finally left the contingent department and was given a regular job selling cretonnes and similar draperies. Already she had attended one lecture at the Museum of Art, where with a group of her fellow workers she had heard a wonderful talk on interior decoration. Her friend Jerry had been placed in the yarn department and had just returned from Philadelphia, where she and other girls selling yarns had been taken to visit a great mill where yarns like those sold in the store were manufactured.

Mary now has her insurance policy and is a full-fledged salesgirl. Only the other day the buyer for her department told me that the Jones girl knew more about cretonnes and the patterns printed on them than he did himself. He stated further that several customers had commented on the girl's unusual knowledge concerning interior decorations and mentioned that everything was being done to encourage her interest and enthusiasm.

The employment manager, who was standing beside us, smiled and remarked that "the further we go in this business of making a real science of salesmanship, the more girls we will have like Mary, who is handling the things she appreciates and is doing the work she enjoys."

The manager went on to tell me how one girl may possess an active mind and yet be

(Concluded on Page 161)



THE LARGEST CIRCULAR SAW
In Use in The World is a SIMONDS

This one, an Inserted Tooth Cut-Off Saw, 96 inches in diameter, is now in use in Oregon. Naturally Simonds makes the Big Saws because they make the Better Ones. And it is our own steel quality that's responsible.

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"MADE RIGHT SINCE 1832"

Simonds Manufacturing Company, Fitchburg, Massachusetts

Chicago, Ill. Portland, Ore. New York City Vancouver, B. C. New Orleans, La. Montreal, Que.
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DURABLE
DURHAM
TRADE MARK
HOSIERY

Durable-DURHAM Hosiery is a product of industrial democracy—never of Child Labor. We have no strikes or lockouts.

True Value in Hosiery is Measured by the Extra Wear it Gives

It is one thing to get good looking hosiery—and quite another to get hosiery with long-wearing value. You get both when you buy Durable-DURHAM.

To know the true value of this serviceable hosiery is to save on your stocking expense. Not only money saved with fewer new pairs to buy—but the time and trouble of darning is avoided.

Millions of housewives have learned that Durable-DURHAM is the right hosiery for every member of the family. It wears longer because it is made stronger. The Durham dyes do not fade and the stockings keep a long-lasting good appearance.

Best of all, Durable-DURHAM is reasonably priced.

Ask your dealer to show you the styles for every member of the family. The children's stockings are strongly doubly reinforced. Styles for men and women include all fashionable colors and come in all weights from the lightest lisle to the thick, warm, fleecy lined hosiery for winter wear.

Every pair of Durable-DURHAM Hosiery is extra strongly reinforced. The legs are full length, tops wide and elastic, soles and toes are smooth, seamless and even. And the sizes are accurately marked.

Look for the trademark ticket attached to each pair. You should be able to buy Durable-DURHAM Hosiery at any dealer's. If you do not find it, please write our sales department, 88 Leonard Street, New York, giving us the name of your dealer.

DURHAM HOSIERY MILLS, Durham, N. C.
Sales Office, 88 Leonard St., New York

DURABLE
DURHAM HOSIERY
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN
Made Strongest Where the Wear is Hardest

(Concluded from Page 158)

clumsy with her fingers. She should never be put to doing things that require manual dexterity. On the other hand, there are girls who are mentally slow but very nimble with their fingers, and such girls fail quickly in jobs that necessitate brisk thought. In other words, the mental and physical agility of the individual must be determined and the job fitted to the person, not the person to the job.

Later, as I walked through the store's restaurant, where Mary and all the other five thousand or more employees ate their noonday meal, I marveled at the immensity of these great commercial establishments. Here we found an equipment to feed thousands of workers, in addition to the hundreds of customers who eat in a public restaurant on the same floor. The average check of the salesgirls is fourteen cents.

In answer to my question concerning the benefits that were resulting from the application of more modern methods to the employment and placement of help, the manager replied that there were six principal lines of endeavor, all of which were acting to reduce the labor turnover in big department stores.

First, there were the efforts to establish ideal conditions. This work provided food for employees at cost and a roof garden or recreation room for all the workers.

Second, there was the establishment of a minimum wage in every department. Two years ago there were jobs that paid only eight dollars a week; now the minimum wage of all, even packers, is fourteen dollars. No juniors are employed unless they live at home.

Third, the days have been shortened. The closing hour in Fifth Avenue stores is now five-thirty in the winter and five o'clock in the summer. This change has brought in girls who formerly would work only in offices because they objected to the longer hours.

Fourth, we have the plan of group insurance, which forms a tie with the home of the employee.

Fifth, there is the understanding that any employee may have a hearing at any time, and the additional ruling that requires all persons before leaving the company to have their pay slips approved by the employment manager. This provides an opportunity to find out what the trouble really is. In many cases the difficulty can be straightened out and the worker saved for the company. If a girl has been offended by some male employee the two are brought together and the man may have to leave instead of the girl. If the matter is trivial the whole difficulty may be smoothed over. This plan of requiring everyone to report before leaving the company's service often provides a record that shows up an inefficient or overbearing department head.

Sixth and last, there is the plan of having department meetings, where the workers are encouraged to discuss matters honestly and frankly. These meetings uncover many ills that would not otherwise have come to light.

It has been shown clearly in many instances that employees will talk more freely when they have the moral support of their fellow workers.

One big store employs thirty women to operate the elevators. Recently a stranger stopped in and pressed a slip of paper into the hand of each elevator girl. The note stated that a job with record wages was waiting for each operator in a downtown office building. This act of polite robbery was immediately exposed at a meeting of all the elevator operators; and notwithstanding the higher wages offered, the store lost but two of its women.

In concluding my look-in on department stores, I carried away somewhat of a different idea of the business from what I had held before. Many of the men and women who were drawing fancy salaries as expert buyers started as messengers. The most valued buyer in one of the two largest stores in New York once was an orphan lad running about the city streets, practically without home or friends. A man became interested in the boy and procured a job for him as a store messenger.

When we realize that a big retail establishment with a pay roll of five thousand workers is actually the equivalent of a city of eighteen thousand people, so far as the number of breadwinners is concerned, it is easier to comprehend the ramifications of such a business and to understand the need for methods that are the last word in scientific completeness.

Perhaps it is this newer conception of things that is causing the progressive stores to reach out to the colleges for material on which to build a highly trained personnel. On the other hand, as time passes college men and women will look upon the big department store as an increasing field of opportunity. The fact that one large retail establishment in New York already has a special squad of college men, representing ten different colleges, is but a criterion of what is to come.

A Poor Sign

FIGHTING ended in November, but every month of this calendar year our exports have been much higher than in the corresponding month last year, until in June they reached the prodigious total of nine hundred and eighteen million dollars, or more than double the total of June, 1918, when the war was at its height.

It is a sign of a poor situation—to wit, the impoverishment of Europe, for the great bulk of these exports go there. Meanwhile European exchange has been pretty steadily falling, which means that it takes more and more European money to buy a dollar's worth of American goods. The fall in exchange is another sign of European impoverishment. If, in spite of that progressive handicap, Europe keeps on buying enormous quantities of goods here it shows how hard up for goods she is. Mostly we are selling her the goods on credit and must continue indefinitely to sell on credit.

Our own industries are keyed up to and stimulated by these great exports, but the present credit arrangement—an exchange of government I O U's—is running out, and foreign exchange seems minded to keep on falling. Our position cannot be fully sound and satisfactory until the export situation is on a healthier basis. A really healthy basis means industrial revival all along the line on the Continent, so that Europe can more nearly supply her own needs. Normally we congratulate ourselves on a balance of trade in our favor, and a normal balance is a good thing. June's balance of more than six hundred million dollars is as much as a healthy balance ought to come to in a year.

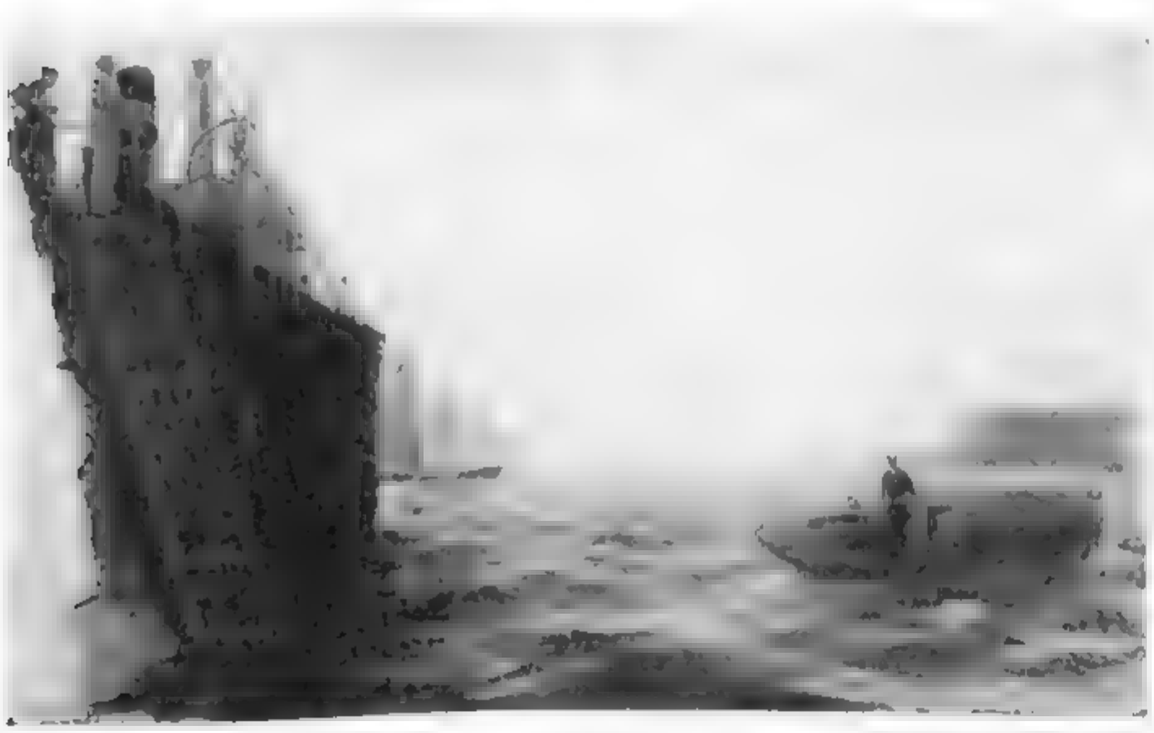
An Extraordinary

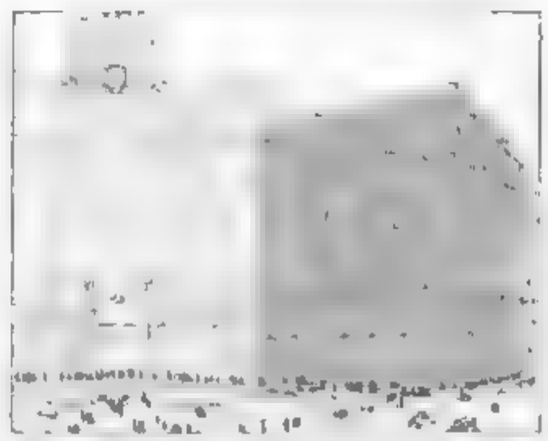
WELCOME

¶ What is easily recognized as the Cleveland spirit greets the visitor to the sixth city. ¶ He is made to feel Cleveland's bigness, enterprise, optimism. ¶ It is fitting then that this hotel, the first part of the new $1,000,000,000 civic group, should express the full buoyant Cleveland welcome with an all-inclusive hospitality. ¶ Even several million dollars' worth of creature comforts does not compass our best endeavor. ¶ For we surround busy people with modern and scientific aids devised to help make each day fruitful in the extreme.

Cleveland's largest hotel, facing on Public Square, at the intersection of the city's main thoroughfares. The hotel nearest the downtown stations of principal railroad and steamship lines. Directly adjoining location of projected Union Station. One thousand rooms and baths. Every room with full outside exposure. Single rooms can be arranged en suite. Servidor service. Special Sample Accommodations. Washed Air Ventilation. Circulating Ice Water.

Hotel Cleveland *Ohio*





Perspective of new Cleveland Union Station showing how it will directly adjoin this hotel

Remove Corns with Freezone

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for a few nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

Beautify One Room

Get one packet of **Moore Push-Pins** (Glass Heads, Steel Points), and one packet of Moore Push-less Hangers and then

A Packet Should Be in Every Room

hang every picture in any one room of your house. You will be surprised to learn how easy it is to use them and how much better your pictures, pennants, draperies, etc., will appear. No ugly wires will show, and you won't injure walls, woodwork, or wall paper.

Sold by hardware, stationery, drug and photo supply stores everywhere **10c** per pkt

Moore Push-Pin Co., 125 Berkley St., Philadelphia

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We pay hundreds of our subscription workers a dollar an hour spare time! For eight hours a day they earn

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Let us tell you how your commissions and salary as a representative of The Curtis Publications will equal $30, $50, $150 over $4.00 a month, depending upon the amount of time you can give. For full information mail this coupon now.

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BIRTH AND DEATH IN INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 17)

Besides, the more big companies a state can inveigle to seek charters from its bounteous store the more chance it has of collecting inheritance taxes. A man may live in one state and own stock in a company operating in a second state which is chartered in still a third state. When the man dies three states will proceed to collect inheritance taxes from his heirs. One may believe in the principle of the inheritance tax without subscribing to this robber-baron practice.

Now that the war is over and the Capital Issues Committee has ceased to restrict the issue of new securities there has been a flood of new corporations in nearly all the states, exceeding even that of the great trust-forming era of 1898–1900. Especially in New York the office of the secretary of state is being literally stormed by new enterprises clamoring for birth. At the time this article was written the applications were running more than ninety a day, and had reached one hundred in a single day, a record number and one which far exceeds the physical limitations of the parent itself.

New York naturally has the largest number of corporations in its files of any of the commonwealths. It was the first American state to create corporations. Then, too, it has the largest population, the greatest wealth and the leading financial center. It is only since 1901 that the state has kept track of the number of corporate creations. Since then about 130,000 separate companies have gone forth, and it is estimated that the total number in the records, both alive and dead, is approximately 250,000. Of these perhaps forty or fifty thousand are dead.

What There Is in a Name

Now the situation in New York is one of extraordinary difficulty because there is no way of clearing out the dead names. Duplication of names is absolutely forbidden by law and nearly every conceivable name has long ago been taken. Scores of legitimate enterprises are "wedged"—to use the language of the employees of the secretary of state—in a single day. It is exactly as if parents could not give children the names they desired, not even the last name, because some person of whom they had never heard and who died fifty years before had used the same cognomen.

At the present time there is a great rush of new companies to engage in foreign trade or foreign finance, and security companies formed by banks or other financial interests are multiplying with great rapidity. Naturally a large number of these want to incorporate in New York. To begin with, their chief office is most commonly in New York City, and it seems natural that purely financial enterprises should incorporate in the state containing the financial center. Lacking a Federal or national incorporation law a New York State corporation is naturally better known abroad than one whose charter comes from a small or sparsely settled state which probably the banker in Montevideo or Vladivostok has never heard of.

Now one of the first duties of the organizers of a new company is to choose a name as appropriate, dignified, impressive and weighty as possible. It should set forth the company's business and at the same time afford as much free advertising as possible. So in the case of a foreign-trade company or securities company the organizers incline toward American, National, International, General, Standard, New York, Metropolitan, Consolidated, and the like. It never seems to occur to them that anyone else has used the name, and it is a shock to be told they cannot have it.

Now a very great deal may depend upon a name, upon a catch word or phrase. Millions have been made or lost by a name. But it has become impossible, almost, to secure one in New York. Anything that would naturally occur has already been used an incredibly large number of times. I went through the records myself and found that the word American had been used more than two thousand times even prior to 1898. Of course all the real activity has come since that time, but I had seen enough.

Lawyers and the corporation companies that make a business of securing charters were long ago notified of the situation and told to submit in every case a long list of names in order of preference. Recently out of a list of thirty-eight names only one was available. The lawyers themselves have but little comprehension of the situation, and the average promoter has none. All the names in mythology were long ago used up and even most of the family names. Even where street names are used they are often found to have been preëmpted, though companies owning a building and using the number of a street, say on East Forty-Third Street, usually get through.

One firm recently submitted thirty names for a company desiring to incorporate for construction and improvement work in New York City, and out of the thirty just one was found that could be used. Among the names submitted were the Metropolitan Construction Company, the Metropolitan Realty Company, Metropolitan Realty and Improvement Company, Manhattan Improvement Company, Gotham Construction Company, Knickerbocker Improvement Company, Estates Realty Company and Acme Realty and Improvement Company, every one of which had previously been overdone and was unavailable.

After the incorporators have been turned down a dozen times or more and see each of their pet names go by the board they begin to manufacture titles. The most recent practice is to coin a word out of the initials of the incorporators.

Whenever an application comes in, the records for a century or more must be searched, though the searchers may be morally certain that the name has been used before. The names are contained in great books through which the searchers go with marvelous rapidity. Just short of 74,000 separate searches were made last year. Five searchers are kept constantly busy. It is said that thirty to fifty searchers could be used if there were any way of putting them on the books at once.

When Chauncey M. Depew, for so many years president of the New York Central Railroad, was Secretary of State of New York in the '60's he wrote out many of the incorporation papers and letters himself in longhand. Now there are thirty or forty clerks and it is estimated that fully 65,000 communications, letters, telegrams and telephone calls regarding the names, addresses, incorporators, existence or nonexistence of corporations will be answered in the course of this year.

The whole trend of industry is recognizable from the applications for charters. For several years after the panic of 1907 applications fell off. They took a big jump in 1915 and 1916. Then they fell off after we entered the war and the big jump did not come until the armistice was signed. During the war a great increase in dye and munition companies was shown. Recently applications for real estate, aëroplane, candy, navigation, foreign trade and security companies have been significantly large. In the early part of this year any number of candy concerns either increased their capital or were incorporated, evidently to take the place of alcohol.

Fads in Business Enterprises

The increase in real-estate concerns is noted in New Jersey and other states as well, and shows that business men are preparing to meet the demand for buildings and homes. Perhaps the most picturesque development is the steady increase in motion-picture companies, most of them with astounding names, such as The Solitary Sin, Step-In, All the King's Horses, and the like. The motion-picture business seems to be constantly changing, with new plays, new stars, new managements, rearrangements of stars and managers and the like. Each such shift apparently means a new corporation.

New business enterprises, like fashions, seem to run in fads. At least the names do. Names spring into sudden popularity. During the war there was a great demand for titles containing the words "liberty" and "allied," and now the trend is toward "victory" and "overseas."

Incorporators are often bitterly disappointed when told they cannot take a certain name and are not satisfied with a letter or telegram. They visit Albany in person and glower threateningly upon Frank S. Sharp, the head of the Corporation Bureau, telling him that they will go to Mr. Hugo, the secretary of state, or to the governor. Mr. Sharp is a quiet scholarly man, but any rude persons who try to disturb the legal existence of his family of two hundred and fifty thousand persons, regarding which his knowledge is encyclopedic, by threats and the like are pretty certain after a very brief interview to forget all about their intention of going over his head. Even the oldest and feeblest corporate existence is safe in his hands.

The difficulty in getting names at once descriptive and acceptable often works a real hardship. Even companies which are incorporated in other states run into the same difficulty. As a rule a foreign company cannot enforce its contracts in the courts of a state unless it either is registered there or operates through a subsidiary domestic company. Any number of enterprises have been started in a small way in Michigan, Ohio or Illinois without any thought of ever doing business in New York.

Naturally the organizers of such a concern did not have the New York records searched back to be sure that no NewYork company which died in 1840 had ever used the same name, any more than your parents would have searched the records of New South Wales since the beginning of that colony to be sure that no one had ever been named John before giving you that handle. Such a search was about the last thing that the organizers of a little machine shop which started out in a small way in Ohio twenty-five years ago ever thought of. They would as soon have invited the Sultan of Zanzibar to become a director.

Corporations That Refuse to Die

But the little machine shop in Ohio has now become a great national industry. It is a national advertiser, with millions invested in a trade name and selling a special product. Naturally it wants to do business in New York. But it cannot register there, because its name conflicts with that of a company which died perhaps seventy years ago. Of course it would be easy enough to do business under a new name, but then all the advantages of its trade name would be lost.

A most curious instance, or series of instances, of this kind of wedging has risen in the case of automobile companies formed in Middle Western States and desiring to do business in New York. The distinctive and important feature in such a case is, of course, the name of the car. Suppose Detroit turns out a car known the world over as the African. Like other automobile companies the African sells its famous motor through distributors or agencies in the leading cities. The custom is for these local people to form a separate company in their own state. Suppose for advertising purposes and with the full consent of the parent company in Detroit they put the name of this renowned world-beater in the title of their corporation. All goes well for a while.

Then it is discovered that the distributors are not selling so many cars as the Detroit company expected. The contract ends, say, in three years in mutual dissatisfaction. Detroit says that New York selling agents are no good. New York says the car is no good. There is a row and break-up. New distributors are immediately appointed and a new contract made. But to their dismay the new agents find they cannot use the word African. It has been preëmpted, they are told by the unfeeling Mr. Sharp or one of his employees. They telegraph Detroit.

"But that is absurd," replies Detroit. "We have broken with the other people. They have no right to our name. Tell them to dissolve, and form a new company of your own."

"Go to the devil," calmly reply the old agents. "We have a perfect legal right to this name. We haven't the slightest intention of dissolving. This company may become valuable sometime. Of course if you want to buy out our stock that would be different."

To the writer of this article, who is neither a lawyer nor a legislator nor even a politician, it might seem simple enough to clear the carcasses from the corporate records. Messrs. Hugo and Sharp have tried hard enough. But any such effort reckons without the lawyer, legislator and politician. They are horrified at the idea of taking a corporation's life. Just because you haven't heard from it since 1851 and merely because it hasn't paid its annual taxes in three-quarters of a century proves nothing

(Continued on Page 165

RESEARCH

This laboratory, recently completed and equipped with every facility known to modern science, is dedicated to American Industry.

Its purpose is to develop new uses for Zinc—uses that will prove advantageous to manufacturers, improving their products and simplifying their methods and processes.

Our further expansion depends upon our greater usefulness to other industries. Zinc is the solution of many of their problems and we, therefore, feel a direct responsibility in helping to solve them.

To our command of the country's richest ore deposits, our extensive facilities for converting this ore to useful purposes, and our seventy years of experience in Zinc manufacture, we have added this research laboratory. It is at the service of all manufacturers who use or could use Zinc products.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY, *160 Front Street*, New York
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CHICAGO: Mineral Point Zinc Company, 1111 Marquette Building
PITTSBURGH: The New Jersey Zinc Co. (of Pa.) Oliver Building

Manufacturers of Zinc Oxide, Spelter, Spiegeleisen, Lithopone, Sulphuric Acid, Rolled Zinc Strips and Plates, Zinc Dust, Salt Cake and Zinc Chloride

The world's standard for Zinc products

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To be hole-ly satisfied, insist on the hole

Like doughnuts and Chinese money, all genuine Life Savers have a hole in the center. Not a dimple or an almost-hole, but a hole that goes clear through. That hole is a patented feature. It is your assurance that you are getting real, honest-to-goodness

LIFE SAVERS

THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

Genuine Life Savers have only purest flavorings. They sell so fast they do not lose their delightful flavor and freshness. Far more Life Savers are sold than all imitations combined.

Life Savers are made with such care that they cost the dealer more than any other mint.

Consequently, some dealers try to sell you the imitations on which their profit is larger—and then charge you as much as you pay for *genuine Life Savers*.

To be *sure* of uniform goodness, purity and freshness, insist on The Candy Mint with the Hole.

Nickel a pack everywhere.

MINT PRODUCTS COMPANY
New York **Montreal**

Four Holesome Flavors:
PEP-O-MINT
WINT-O GREEN
CL-O-VE
LIC-O-RICE
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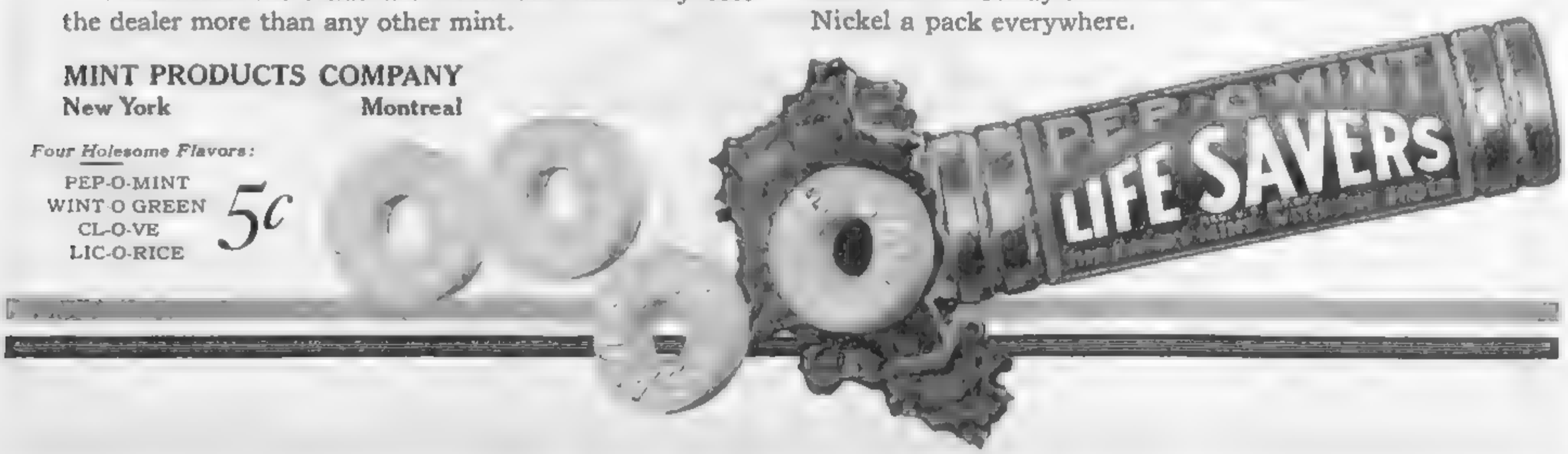


(Continued from Page 162

to their judicial minds. They are afraid the great-grandchildren of the original incorporators might rise up to curse them—and vote against them.

There are practical difficulties in the way, to be sure. It was first proposed to write to all companies that had not paid their taxes, but the trouble with that scheme is that so many companies have been formed by dummy incorporators, by lawyers' clerks and the like, that most of the letters would come back unanswered. It was then proposed to publish in newspapers in each county the names of companies that had not paid their taxes and have the district attorneys apply to the courts for a cancellation of charters after a certain day had passed. But the legislature discovered that this would involve many thousands of dollars in legal and clerical expenses and refused to make the appropriation.

Not until the lawyers of the state reach an actual impasse and find it literally impossible to form corporations is it likely that the legislature will act. How nearly this point has been reached is indicated by the fact that quite a lively business has sprung up recently in purchasing dead companies solely for the use of their names. There are important business enterprises that simply must have a certain name and that are determined to incorporate in the state. If it can be proved by supporting affidavits of the directors that a company is dead and if all the directors, stockholders and the like are entirely willing—then the thing can be accomplished perhaps without a purchase.

The Business of Buying Titles

Recently a large oil company from another state was wedged out of even registering its name because of an old company of similar name which died in 1879. Only one of the incorporators or directors was alive and he had forgotten why or how the company had died. Often in such cases it is better to buy out the remaining stockholders if they can be found.

As high as five hundred dollars is paid for an especially desired name, even though the company may have been utterly worthless for many years. One of the largest of the corporation companies, which makes a specialty of attending to the details of incorporation for lawyers, has circularized its clients, offering to buy the titles of corporations in New York, Delaware or other states which are not transacting business and do not expect to resume. It asks especially for manufacturing, mining, real estate, oil or export corporations containing as part of the corporate title such words as American, National, International, New York, and the like. It says that in all probability it can promptly and advantageously sell titles, and promises that all communications shall be considered confidential.

Now, of course, a corporate charter is not subject to barter and sale. It can be granted only by the sovereign state, and the right to revoke or change it belongs solely to the state. But if you buy the outstanding stock you have acquired the charter for all practical purposes, and with the charter the name. A few ignorant lawyers have failed to make this distinction and have bought merely the charter without taking the trouble to purchase the stock. Then they have gone to the secretary of state's office, shaken the charter in the face of the officials and demanded the use of the name, only to be laughed out of the building. To buy the charter of a dead company without acquiring the stock is probably the acme of being a sucker, and to sell the same is the apotheosis of the art of disposing of gold bricks.

Few lawyers are as ignorant as this, but many are unable to make out incorporation papers correctly. Fully one-third of all the incorporation papers sent to Albany have to be returned to the lawyers who made them out, because of errors. This is not surprising because incorporation has become a highly specialized branch of the law. It is easy enough to get a charter somewhere, but with so many different states to choose from the lawyer is puzzled where to go, and the name situation in New York adds to his difficulties. Besides, the corporation law in New York is vastly more complicated than elsewhere. There are nearly ten different kinds of banking companies, a dozen different kinds of insurance companies, ten different kinds of transportation companies, and so on through the list.

A lawyer is told by certain business interests to form a company. He is told to hurry up because they want to get their charter at once. The lawyer sits up most of the night working on the application because the organizers are coming at ten o'clock the next morning to sign up. He has no time to consider the fine points of corporate classification or the scores of different types of corporations, so he puts in everything he can think of. He knows the more different kinds of business his company is empowered to do and the greater its powers the better his clients will like it. Thus he shoves in everything he can think of and trusts to the secretary of state's office to cut out what is *ultra vires*, or unlawful. Which of course it does.

Naturally this situation has given rise to specialists—in other words, to corporation companies—which know where to incorporate, the quickest time in which it can be done, what names are available, exactly what can and what cannot be put into a charter and all the other details. In New York City even the most prominent corporation lawyers often employ these corporation companies for much of their work, and many of the very large new corporations are put through by these concerns.

A lawyer on a trip to Atlantic City recently met one of his clients, a prominent financier, at the resort, and was told by the financier that he must have a company formed for a certain purpose immediately. The lawyer was on a vacation and did not want to work, and he didn't have to.

He telephoned the secretary of a corporation company in New York and in less than two hours received a message in reply, to the effect that the company had been formed in a distant state, had an office and was all ready to do business. On another similar occasion it was necessary for the corporation company to exchange forty-two telegrams with its various agents in the state capitols before it got what it wanted.

Sometimes it takes days or even weeks, because of the complications over names and the necessity of registering a new enterprise in every state where it is hoped to do business. But in the end the corporation company usually finds a way out.

One of the most curious facts brought out by the experience of these corporation companies is the overenthusiasm of the promoter.

"A promoter has a patent, an invention or a lease," said the officer of one of these concerns. "He finds someone to put up enough money for the lawyer's fee and the state-incorporation fee. But he can't hold this person who puts up the money very long. The company must be formed at once. The main thing seems to be to get it started. So everything must be done in a few minutes for fear the backer who put up the few thousands necessary to start with might back out. Probably the chief motive is to get his money anyway. Then that is the end of it. Nothing more is ever done with the company. Or else it was all a promoter's dream. It was a crazy, romantic idea, that was all."

Fly-by-Night Promotions

In another place I was actually shown a safe entirely full of minute books of new corporations which the organizers had never even taken the trouble to carry away. In each case they had spent hundreds, perhaps thousands of dollars on lawyers', state and other fees and then had immediately abandoned their child on the very doorstep of life.

Comparatively few of the more notorious get-rich-quick promotions seek New York charters. The taxes are too high and the laws are relatively strict as such things go. It is said that the number of dead mining companies in the New York files is relatively small. Of course some unscrupulous promotions seek out expensive states like New York—or even others that are more severe—for the prestige involved. But in the main the fly-by-nighters go to the comparatively few states where the fees are of the bargain variety and restrictions nil.

New Jersey was the first state to make a real bid for corporate charters, and most of the industrial trusts of the period of 1898–1900 were organized in New Jersey. James B. Dill, who organized the United States Steel Corporation, was the first person, as far as can be learned, who appreciated the revenue advantages that might be gained by a state in granting charters, and he was largely instrumental in drawing up the famous New Jersey law of 1888. Even today there are probably more than a thousand great New Jersey corporations that do

Two Works of Fame — from a Single Name

ONE a world-famous development in artillery—the other a world-famous application of the Cushion Principle to motor truck travel—enduringly perfected in the Diamond T.

"But", says some reader, "everybody knows what Hotchkiss Drive is". Wrong—not even present Diamond T owners really *know* how much they owe to the unique feature perfected in the rear-spring design of

"THE NATION'S FREIGHT CAR"

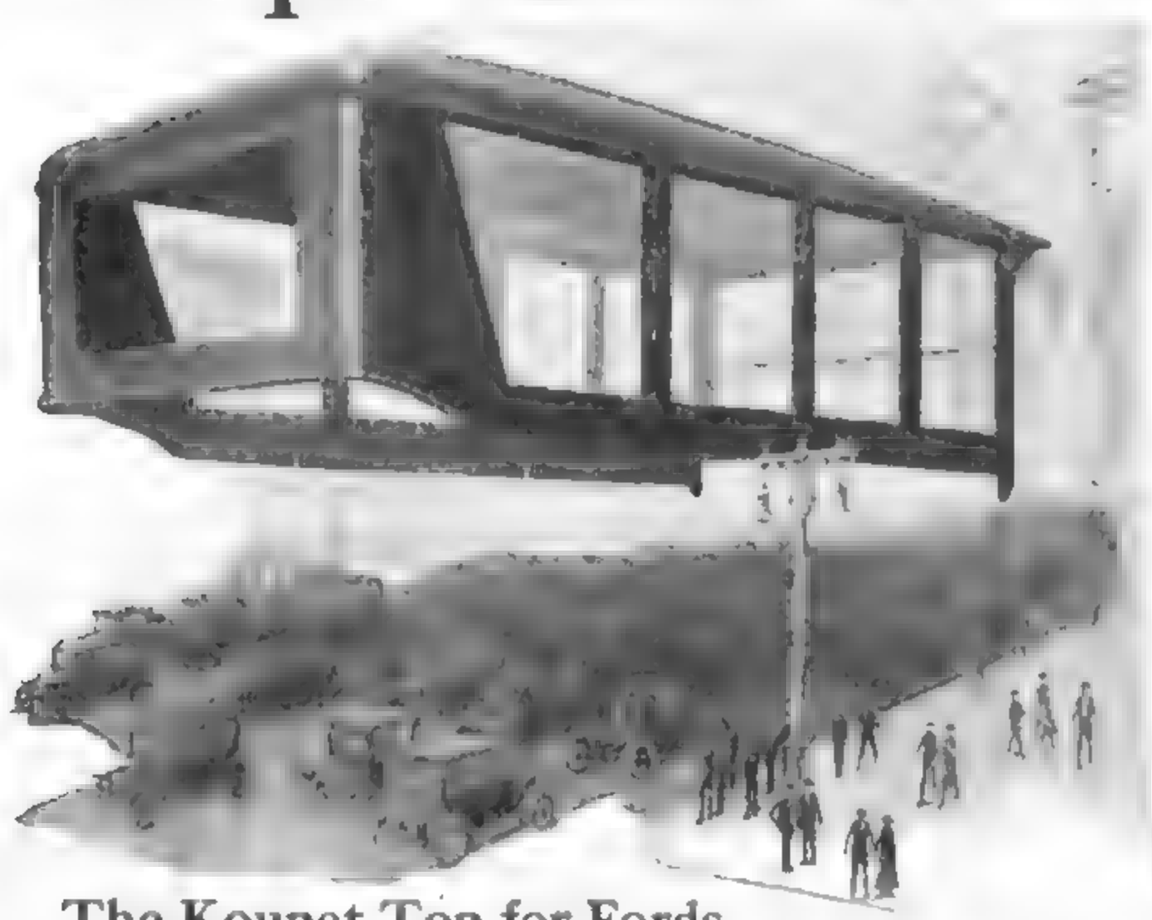
because the inside story of it has never before been completely told. How the weight, noise and cumbersomeness of ordinary truck suspension have been replaced, in Diamond T Trucks, by a simplicity that revolutionizes fuel and tire mileage—makes a piece of transportation romance as fascinating as fiction. To the prospective owner of a truck it is particularly a collection of facts profitable to know. Facts that tell the WHY of low-cost, unlimited-life Diamond T service, and the exclusive driving principle which *saves the load from the road.*

ASK FOR the full story, "THE FAMOUS DRIVE THAT CAME FROM A FAMOUS GUN," on your business stationery, please. If you are really interested in tangible truck economy, your request will pay big.

DIAMOND T MOTOR CAR COMPANY

4519 West 26th St. Chicago, Ill.

Tops them all—



The Koupet Top for Fords is an outstanding *achievement*

Touring Fords, and Ford Roadsters—for business, for pleasure—in cities, in towns, all over the country everywhere—it's *now* The Koupet Top for Fords.. And the sooner you get *your* Ford under a Koupet Top—the more days of joy, the more hours of pleasure, the more years of service—you'll have from that dandy thoroughbred of a car.

Folks who've bought Koupet Tops for their Fords, say they wouldn't part with them for twice their cost.

At once it *adds* a value, much beyond its own mere price, to your Ford. It gives Ford owners *perfection* of open-air-but-weather-proof closed top.

The Koupet Top

TRADE MARK

The Koupet Top mounts on the body of your Ford with handsome conformity in fit, design and finish. It is *substantial*. It becomes a *part of your car*. In every detail of workmanship, The Koupet Top is built to *wear*—screwed, bolted and hinged together—sits firm, rides quietly. Doors conveniently open with car doors, as *one*. Instead of "dropping" one-half of glass pane for ventilation, all glass in Koupet doors is split lengthwise, exposed edges ground; one piece sliding forward or rearward in a metal channel. Opens and shuts easily, quickly. No bothersome catches.

Full and Perfect Ventilation

Double-ventilating windshield—of plate glass, with exposed edge ground—is joined snug and close into front frame. Automatic stop lock hinges, hold upper and lower wind shield panes at desired angle.

Let in the pure fresh air.

Keep out the dust, wind, rain, sleet, snow. Adjust the door ventilation to stay open an inch or as wide as you like. Remove door panels entirely when desired.

Clear open view all around.

Ride through windy rain and driving sleet or snow—and see out in all directions—front, sides, and through full road vision glass in rear. Drip troughs keep the glass clear.

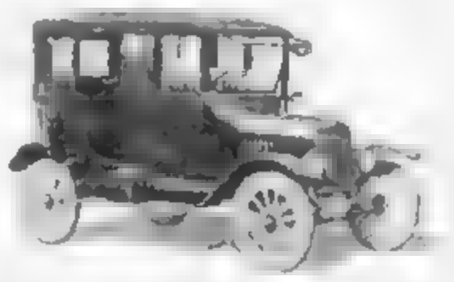
There is much more to tell you, and show you, about the comfort, appearance, quality and convenience of the Koupet Top.

Like your Ford itself, The Koupet Top is a *very great value at a very moderate price*. For we have been 62 years in the vehicle building business. This wide experience together with the fact that we produce tops in great volume enables us to *build well* and to sell our output at the *lowest possible price*.

Koupet Top for Ford Roadsters **$55.00**

Koupet Top for Touring Car **$75.00**

F. O. B. Belleville, Ill.



With complete, plain Chart Diagram—for setting up and mounting Koupet Top on your Ford.

See the Koupet Top Dealer in your town

He will show you The Koupet Top actually on the Ford—and quote you prices delivered and installed. Then you will realize that Koupet Top is a *tops-them-all* value at a *rock-bottom* price. *See Koupet Top—today.*

If you do not know of your local Koupet Top dealer, write us for his name—and for Koupet Top Booklet.

Koupet Auto Top Co., Dept. 21, Belleville, Ill.

a national or international business, mostly outside the state, but that are obliged to maintain their main offices in one or two buildings in Hoboken or Jersey City.

New Jersey, however, is no longer a haven for those who want easy corporation laws. The fees are high as compared with newer rivals, and its laws are no longer of the easy variety. It has no appeal to the great combinations of capital that are seeking new charters, and never did appeal much to the get-rich-quick promotions. Its files, however, are still perhaps the most interesting of any state, because in them are to be found the original charters of our greatest combinations of capital, such as the United States Steel Corporation and the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

The manager of the bureau, Mr. Transue, took from the files the charter of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the famous parent company, or trust, and handed it to me. I took it out of the room and carried it to Mr. Transue's desk, where we examined it at leisure. It is written in longhand and is beginning to yellow a bit, but with its signatures of the great founders of that company is more impressive than if it were a fresh typewritten document.

I must confess to a queer sensation as I turned the leaves over carelessly enough, slapping them down upon the desk, and realized that but for these sheets of paper the most famous corporation and combination of capital in the world could never have been born and would not now exist. For a charter is more than a mere birth certificate. To a corporation it is what the Constitution is to the United States.

New Jersey is one of the states that automatically clear the dead corporations out of their records. If taxes are not paid for two consecutive years the governor declares the charter forfeited. It may be revived by paying up back taxes, but it is said that not more than twenty-five or thirty out of more than a thousand are reinstated each year. At present there are about eighteen thousand live companies in the compact well-ordered New Jersey records. How many have died is probably unknown exactly, though a book has been published by the state giving a complete list of companies down to 1911, both alive and dead.

A few years ago an attempt was made to analyze all the companies in the state that had passed away, but the task was found to be too gigantic. Though the total number of companies, both alive and dead, is small as compared with the New York files, I counted one hundred beginning with the word "automatic," two hundred "Atlantic," four hundred "United States," five hundred "national" and one thousand "American," down to 1911 alone.

Who's Who Among Cats and Dogs

Of course there may be companies of the same name in different states. In consequence bankers, brokers, lawyers, publishers and others who have occasion to handle or mention more or less worthless securities should always be extremely careful to know the state in which a company was incorporated. Not long ago a well-known magazine published quite an impressive list of get-rich-quick promotions, and had apologies on its hands for several months afterward because reputable companies found themselves in the list. Of course what the compiler had in mind was companies of the same name in other states.

To find whether any given company is in existence there is no certain method except to write to the secretary of state in which it was chartered. Investors who have bought an interest in a partnership have on occasion written to the secretaries of state of every state in the Union in an effort to obtain information concerning their investment; naturally without any success, for a partnership, unlike a stock company, does not require a state charter. The office of every secretary of state is besieged daily with inquiries from investors who desire to know whether a given company has any life in it. A considerable part of the 65,000 answers to communications that the New York office will handle this year is of that nature.

Aside from the New Jersey book published in 1911 and two volumes issued by a New York broker the writer has been unable to find any book that gives the names of obsolete, dead and worthless securities. The two books put out by the broker contain altogether perhaps 50,000 names. One was issued in 1904 and the other in 1911. Thus there has been no book of the sort published in eight or nine years. There are a few mining directories that contain the names of many dead mining companies, but with the exception of a copper handbook the writer has never been able to learn from the dealers whom he has consulted that any of these directories is satisfactory.

Usually if an individual or an estate finds dubious stocks among its resources about which it can glean no information in the regular current investor's manuals it makes inquiry of a broker in outside or miscellaneous securities. An effort may be made to sell the stock on the New York curb or other similar market; or at one of the auction rooms for securities in the larger cities. Usually the report comes back that the stock is worthless, and that is generally correct.

In most of the larger cities there are investigators who make a business of running down unlisted and uncurrent stocks, the securities of close companies—which are just as likely to be valuable as worthless—and all manner of dubious promotions. I have seen the files of three of these investigators in New York City alone, each containing 100,000 cards or more. In addition there are the rather mysterious brokers in obsolete securities. These men will actually buy what seem to be worthless securities, and their explanation is that no one can be sure that a stock or bond is worthless. In other words, out of many hundreds of millions of dollars of par values they now and then strike a gold nugget.

Collectors of Antique Stocks

It is not the purpose of this article to describe in detail the peculiar and somewhat amusing business of buying and selling cats and dogs, or obsolete securities, except to say that paper of this description can usually be sold if the quantity is great enough. An investor might be dismayed to find that a thousand-dollar bond is worth only fifty cents, but if he has a thousand of these bonds the five hundred dollars which he can sell them for is not to be despised. Usually a regular broker can discover for you one of these mysterious persons who is willing to buy practically worthless securities.

But despite a few books that only skim the surface and despite the investigators and brokers in obsolete stuff the effort on the part of bankers, brokers, lawyers and investors to investigate the millions of dubious and mostly dead stocks still remains a heart-breaking task. Information is scattered all over the country and is of the hardest to get. A large and well-known brokerage firm with many branches recently sent a special representative to all the branch offices to urge the managers not to write or wire into the main office for information concerning unknown stocks.

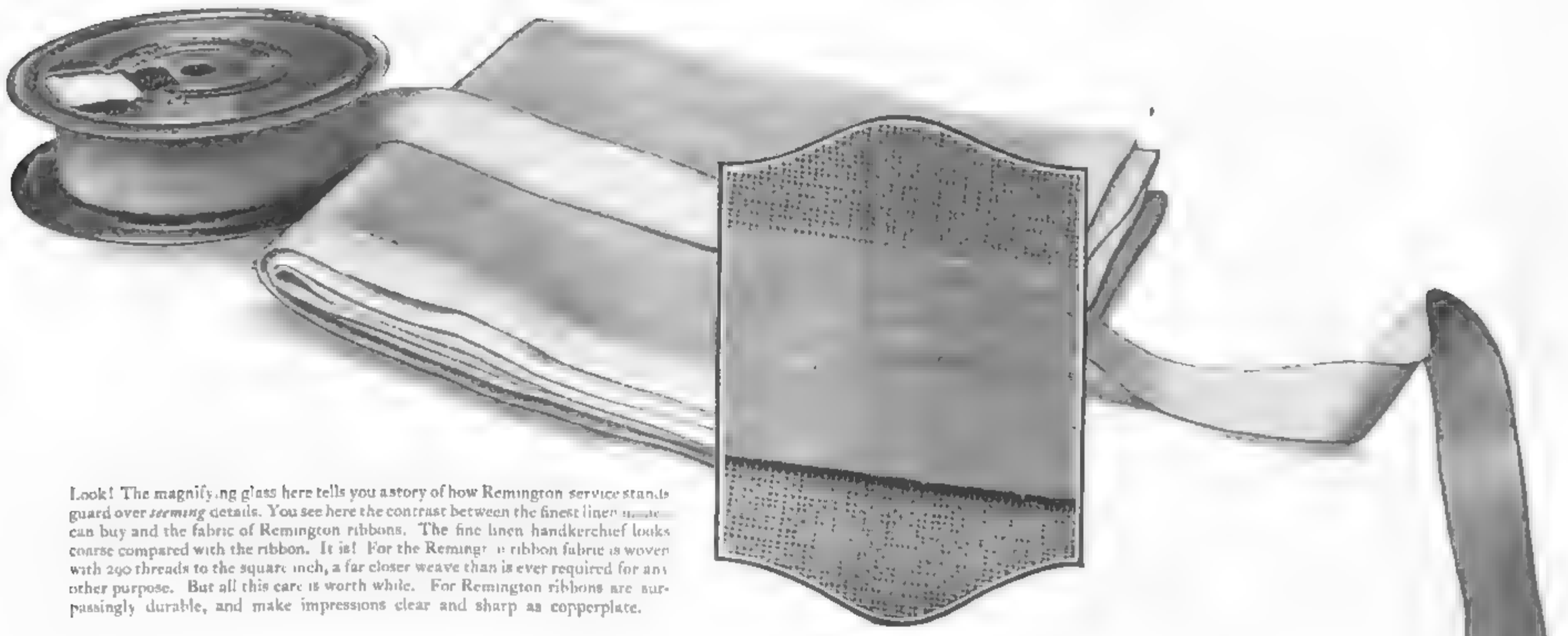
"If you haven't the information in your own files," said the visitor to the branch manager, "don't go any further, because you are taking up all the time of our statistical department looking up cats and dogs when they might be writing out reports on valuable securities."

Possibly the most interesting list of miscellaneous securities is that maintained in New York City by the chief examiner for the State Transfer Tax Department. Every estate above a certain size in the state must pay an inheritance tax, and heirs in other states must pay a tax upon stocks of New York corporations. The chief examiner has a card index of 150,000 securities with the prices at which they have sold at various times or an appraisal put upon them. To this list he adds 250 to 300 names a day.

He follows the prices made upon more than a score of stock exchanges in different cities and also auction sales in five cities. He files new incorporations, subscribes for all the reference books and also for a service that contains all the known and advertised bids and offers of brokers for stocks in the various cities. He keeps in his card index, naturally, all the appraisals that have been made since the state has an inheritance tax. Not a day passes but the chief examiner of this department is asked by brokers if he has ever had occasion to appraise a certain stock regarding which they can learn nothing.

Yet even this tremendous list, gathered indefatigably from both first and second hand sources, does little more than touch the subject. Hardly a day passes that something new and unheard-of fails to show up; in fact, there are days when a dozen batches of unknown securities bob up.

(Concluded on Page 169)



Look! The magnifying glass here tells you a story of how Remington service stands guard over *seeming* details. You see here the contrast between the finest linen handkerchief you can buy and the fabric of Remington ribbons. The fine linen handkerchief looks coarse compared with the ribbon. It is! For the Remington ribbon fabric is woven with 290 threads to the square inch, a far closer weave than is ever required for any other purpose. But all this care is worth while. For Remington ribbons are surpassingly durable, and make impressions clear and sharp as copperplate.

What's in a Typewriter Ribbon?

The answer largely decides "How do your letters look?"

TO your unseen customers your letters are You!

As "you" say your good mornings in scattered cities, how do *you* look? Are "you" clean cut, the way the real *you* looks? Or slightly fuzzy?

You agree then, don't you, that the quality of your typewriter ribbons is more than a small detail? That it is really a considerable problem? That your business letters deserve Paragon Ribbons—made by Remington workmen in a Remington factory?

Something else important:—

The first cost of a typewriter looks large. It deserves thought. It always gets it. The "supply" cost of a typewriter *is* large. During its life a typewriter uses in supplies an amount at least equal to its first cost. Typewriter supplies deserve thought. Do they always get it?

You will grant that purchasing agents who spend upward of $3,000 a year on typewriter ribbons alone must give real thought to ribbon-buying.

Here is what Paragon Ribbons give such buyers—and will give you:—

Clean-cut, sharp impressions. Lasting impressions from ink which will stand any test paper will stand. Letters whose appearance is worthy of their message—and your signature. Ribbons in every wanted color and many variations in two colors.

EVEN if it happens that you are not already enjoying the dollars and cents time savings given by Remington Typewriters you can still have Paragon Ribbons, made by Remington workmen in a Remington factory. For we make ribbons for all machines.

Of course the exacting care bestowed on the manufacture of ribbons is but typical of the larger phases of Remington service.

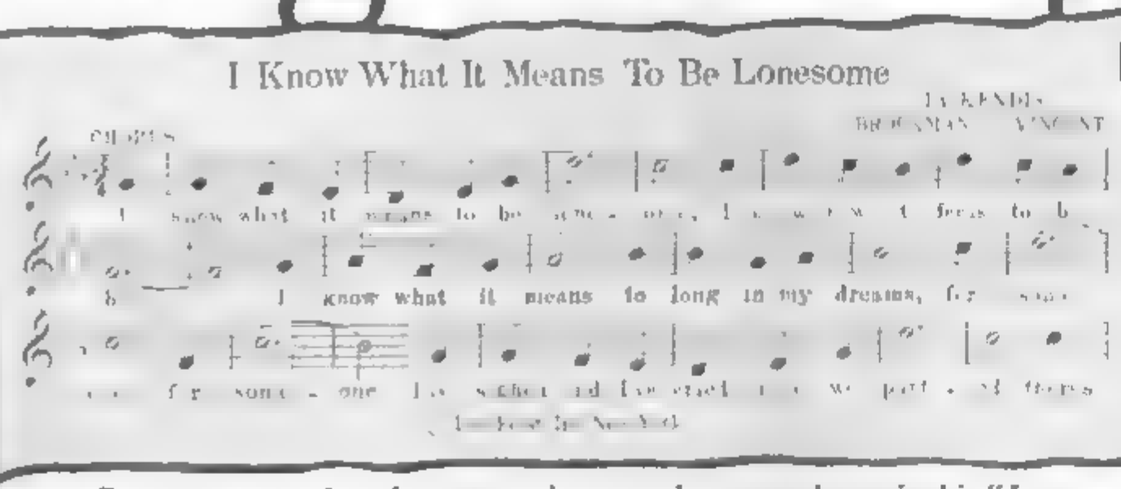
The Remington Salesman who brings these ribbons will give you also the forward Remington thought on every clerical office problem, including billing, ledger posting, statement writing, all kinds of statistical and form writing—and plain letter writing. In 177 American cities that helpful business co-operator—the Remington Salesman—is as near as your telephone.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY, *Incorporated*
374 Broadway, New York — Branches Everywhere

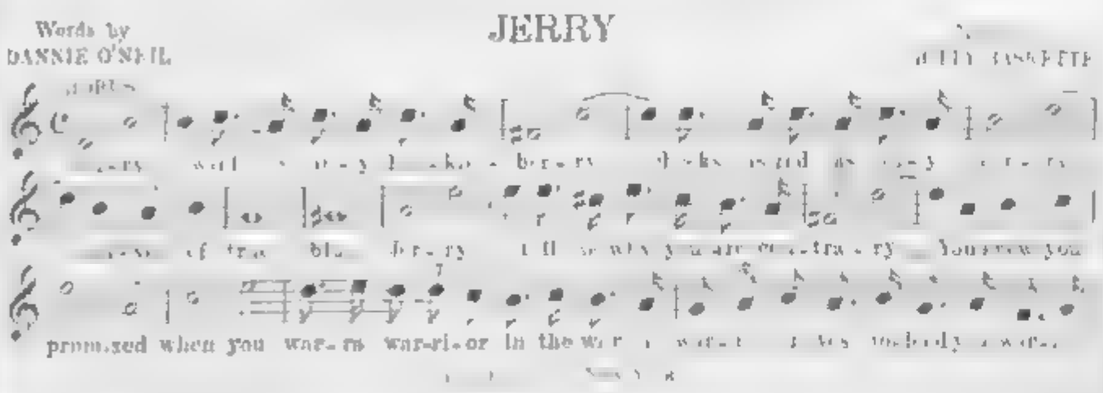
We always have openings for competent, high grade stenographers.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITERS

Signal Song Successes



Great company for a lonesome piano or a lonesome heart is this "Lonesome" song. There never was a sweeter, prettier melody. Nor a sentiment more human. You'll love its memory-awakening, heart-warming charm. Get it today for your piano, phonograph or player piano.



You don't have to be Irish to love this song—though if you are, of course, you'll love it more. A sweet little love ballad with a rare captivating Irish tune and frank true-blue Irish words. Try it—buy it—today.

I Am Always Building
Castles In The Air
Music by A. FRED PHILLIPS
I am always building pretty castles in the air
when the sun is always blooming, But then the clouds come back and spoil the
shadows there, filling all my castles in the air
© Leo. Feist, Inc. New York

You ARE building castles in the air if you think your piano is up-to-date without a copy of this pretty new song-hit—everybody everywhere is singing and dancing "Castles in the Air."

Ragging The Chopsticks
First you play this way, Try it once again, And you'll find you have
goes like this, and it goes like that, If you follow me you will get
with two fingers just like fiddle-sticks, Tick-a-tick-tick
© Leo. Feist,

You've heard "Chopsticks" dozens of times—the way every kid plays it. But you never heard it ragged and sung and enjoyed until this new song-hit spread itself over the country. "Ragging the Chopsticks" is a *hit!* Get it today.

Whenever you go where music is played ask to hear these Four Feist Hits:—

"Jerry"
"Castles In the Air"
"Ragging the Chopsticks"
"I Know What It Means to Be Lonesome"

HELLO, music lovers! Here are four messages for you from Song Headquarters! Sh--h-h-- they're in code—you'll have to take them to your piano and decipher them on the key-board with your melody finger. You'll know then that they're messages of joy 'cause they're SONGS—great songs—wonderful new hits just out but already loved and played and danced from the finest jazz palace on Broadway to the humble piano in Home, Sweet Home. These four songs are the biggest instantaneous successes in years—get the complete sheet music today for your piano, a record for your phonograph or a roll for your player piano.

Music On Sale Now

at all music and department stores or at any Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory or Kraft Store.

Other Big Feist Song Hits:—

"Anything Is Nice If It Comes From Dixieland"
"Alabama Lullaby"
"Friends" "Chong"
"Dan Dee Dum"
"At The High Brown Babies' Ball"
"Hawaiian Lullaby"
"Jazzola" "Ja-Da"
"Good-Bye Wild Women"
"Johnny's In Town"
"In the Old Sweet Way"
"Moonlight Down In Dixie"
"Salvation Lassie of Mine"
"The Rose of No Man's Land"

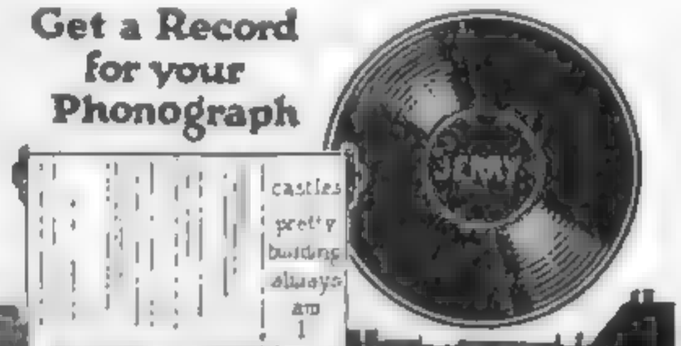
15c a copy, any 7 for $1.00, postpaid. Band or orchestra, 25c each. Male or mixed voices, 15c each

Ask Your Dealer for a copy of Feist's new booklet "Songs for Song Lovers"—in it you'll find a Song for every occasion. If not at your dealer's send us his name with a two cent stamp and we will supply you direct.

LEO FEIST, Inc., Feist Building, New York

CANADA: 195 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT.

Get a Record for your Phonograph



Get a Roll for your Player Piano

(Concluded from Page 166)

There remains only one resource: The unknown stocks and bonds are referred to a special investigator, whose method is first to secure from the secretary of state the names of the incorporators and directors, and then by correspondence or by reference to representatives in other states and cities to obtain from one or more of these such facts as are available. In the case of a close company formed by a few men there may never have been a sale of the stock. Then all that can be done is to value the stock on the basis of the balance sheet.

Naturally the state authorities seek to give as high a value as possible to every item in order to collect as large taxes as possible. Often weeks and months are spent in seeking values. Even then practically no estate passes through their hands that does not contain securities for which no value can be found by these ruthless and faithful minions of the tax laws. I was shown the appraisal of the estate of a wealthy broker. The total was about $9,000,000, but there were eighteen pages of absolutely worthless securities; each page containing perhaps fifty items—that is, fifty separate stocks.

Only in these sketchy but convincing ways is it possible even to suggest the extent to which corporations die. Nor can there be any doubt that they expire more rapidly than the natural normal biological processes of industry warrant. The gates are open far too wide to the promoter and crazy enthusiast.

It seems absurd that we should rely upon the Post Office Department to protect innocent investors rather than upon the sovereign power that gives the promotions their life to begin with. Instead of stopping unscrupulous promotions at their source we wait until all the harm has been done, and then the Post Office Department investigates and perhaps after several years jails the promoter.

It is true that many states have blue-sky laws, but as one observer expresses it the promoter can always find a hole in the fence if he walks far enough. The blue-sky laws are not uniform, to begin with; and at least half the states have none. Illinois, for example, has severe laws of this sort; but a man can sell worthless securities to Illinois farmers from a New York office, and the Illinois laws can't touch him. If it is proved that he has been using the mails to defraud the Post Office gets after him in course of time, but that doesn't help his victim.

Where Laxity Has Become Chaos

Very few of our states require the organizers of a corporation to make any statement as to the relation of the assets or property to the stock and bonds being issued or any sort of balance sheet or subsequent annual report. Indeed the states that are popular for incorporation purposes do not require anything. Those that are very strict are naturally avoided by shady promotions. It is not to be presumed, of course, that mere reports will ever wholly protect the investor. Unscrupulous and inefficient managers can ruin any enterprise, no matter under what law it is formed.

But the present laxity has become chaos. A uniform state law containing the best features of all the present and proposed laws seems to be an impossibility because the small states that are feathering their nests with absurdly lax laws would lose out entirely. If the laws in all the states were uniform corporations would obtain their charters only from the largest and most financially prominent states. The smaller states will fight such a reform to the death.

Many students of the subject urge a Federal incorporation law with a licensing feature forbidding any concern to do an interstate business that fails to subscribe to the regulations of the Federal enactment. There is little chance at present of Congress freeing itself enough from local state interests to pass such a law, but the evils of the present system point ever more surely to a Federal law as the only way out.

Prof. Henry R. Seager, who has studied this subject closely, urges a Federal law that among other features would require every application for a charter to be accompanied by an appraisal of the assets personally subscribed to by all the incorporators, officers and directors, who could later be held personally responsible for the accuracy of the same unless they could prove they had been themselves deceived. Another feature he suggests is that every corporation—except those under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission be compelled to file annually with the Federal Trade Commission a balance sheet showing the financial results for the year, with the difference between assets and liabilities at the end of the year plainly marked, and the whole signed by the officers and directors, who should be held personally liable for the accuracy of the statement.

In order that the number of corporations should not become so great as to make the operation of the law unwieldy and unmanageable Professor Seager urges that no charter be given a company with less than $100,000 capital. The majority of companies formed under state laws have less than this amount. Seager's argument is that these small companies might just as well be partnerships as corporations.

There are, of course, two great—and several minor—advantages that the corporation possesses over the partnership: The limited liability of the owners and the greater ease in obtaining capital. Seager maintains that the vast majority of companies are so small that the real motive must be to escape liability rather than to raise capital.

Corporations Versus Partnerships

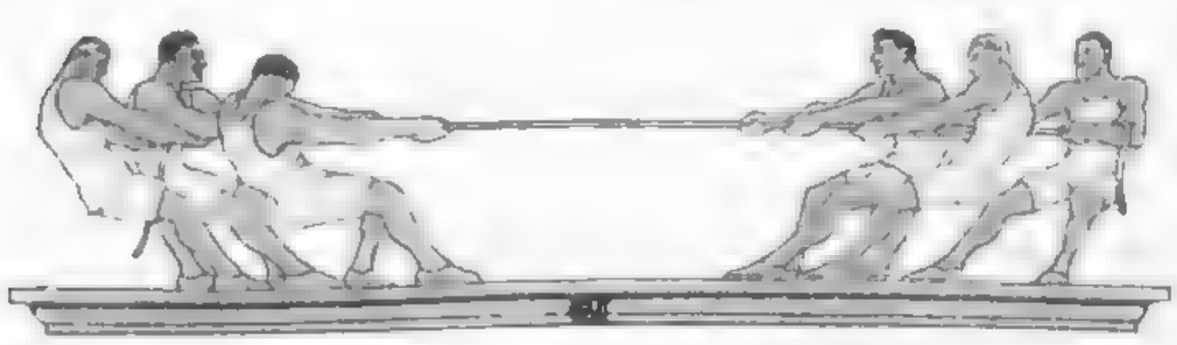
He believes that the privilege of incorporation is being abused by the swarms of tiny concerns that essentially are private enterprises anyway and that, he urges, should be required to stay under the private legal form, the partnership. It is true, of course, that the overwhelming majority of all corporations are tiny private concerns, with a capital of $5000, $10,000 and the like, that never seek funds from investors at large.

One place where Professor Seager has recently set forth his views is the Unpopular Review, and though it is a very bad pun it is none the less true that these views must be extremely unpopular with many business interests. For one thing, great numbers of close companies are formed with never an idea of appealing to the general investor. Thus the laxity of incorporation laws in protecting the investor really does no harm in thousands of cases because the investor is never called upon to finance them.

But what most appeals to business in the present system is the ease and convenience and, it must be confessed, the freedom from responsibility in case every promoter's and investor's dream fails to turn out well. If the incorporators, directors and officers of every new company were held responsible for a detailed financial statement at the very birth of the company the number of new corporations formed would be but a fraction of those now brought into being.

To discover a happy medium between severe restrictions that would cripple enterprise and initiative and the present chaos is one of the most puzzling and pressing of the relatively minor questions of to-day.

Nor is it made more simple by the fact that Germany underwent a tremendous industrial development, in which corporations played a large part, under incorporation laws of the most drastic character. Financial reports were required from the very birth of the company; annual statements had to be made; officers, directors and incorporators were held responsible from the start; and the amount of dividends and bonds was restricted. America cannot necessarily thrive on what Germany took to her bosom, but the facts are worth considering.



Before You Buy a Fan Belt

By Charles C. Gates, E. M.

IF your fan belt slips, it means a hot engine—no pep—so it doesn't pay to wait till your belt breaks before getting a new one.

You might head off a big repair bill by giving consideration to your fan belt now.

FIG 1

Do you know anything about the structure of your fan belt? It's very important to you.

Look at Figure No. 1. Notice how all the threads run lengthwise and crosswise of this belt.

The pull is all on the lengthwise threads. It has no elasticity, and as soon as it wears a little, it becomes loose on the pulley, and then your fan isn't running up to speed.

Compare this with the construction shown in Figure No. 2. Notice the weave of this belt is on the bias—that makes it elastic and gives it a firm grip on the fan pulley.

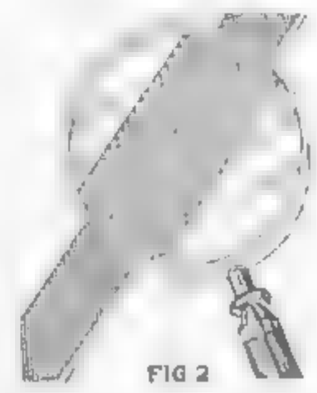


FIG 2

Such a belt always stays tight—and a tight belt means a cool engine.

This bias wove, elastic grip belt has been patented as the Vulco Process.

No other belt can be made like it—that's why more than 6,000,000 of them have been contracted for this season.

If your engine is not behaving just right on warm days—heats up too quickly—it will pay you to insist upon a Gates Vulco-Cord Belt to replace the one you are using.

Dealers everywhere—now over 35,000 of them—are able to supply you—and it makes no difference whether your engine takes a flat or a "V" shaped belt, there's a Gates Vulco-Cord Belt to fit it.

Any manufacturer whose product calls for small machinery belting is cordially invited to send us specifications. We will submit samples of Gates Vulco-Cord Belting specially designed to meet your requirements.

MADE BY GATES Rubber Company DENVER

"WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF FAN BELTS"

You don't have that "bundled up" feeling in a

Summit Town & Country Leather Coat

It won't "hold you back" when working and needs no "breaking in."

Although warm and close fitting, it allows the easy action of the body that is so necessary to men who "do things."

It is made for your convenience. The soft and pliable leather keeps out the cold and breaks the wind.

This common sense coat is an ideal combination of comfort, good looks and practicability.

The Universal Garment for out o'doors

GUITERMAN BROS.
SAINT PAUL, U. S. A.

Originators and manufacturers of wind-proof and cold resisting clothing.

The leading stores sell them. Write for ... le booklet C 32

TRAVELING THE OLD TRAILS

(Continued from Page 42)

taking up a homestead for his boss. Real-estate agents dealt in homestead rights. Then and there many an Esau signed away his birthright to Jacob.

Cowmen in the north, when they feared the range was getting overpastured, began to inclose enormous acreages with the newly discovered wire fence. They did some of the widest-handed and most liberal annexing ever known, even among American captains of industry. Then the Government began to order down these fences so that the little fellow could come in—the nester, as the cowmen called him. The Indian ring was displaced at Washington. The Indian leases in the Nations were terminated. There was no longer any need for the Cherokee outlet, because there was not a buffalo left on the range the Indians so long had sought. By 1885, when Dodge declared herself no longer a cow camp but a town, the knell of the old trade was sounded.

The railroads began to run north and south and the fluid product of the upper and the lower range interchanged. The old trail was about to pass into oblivion. The great stockyards companies in the Western packing cities pooled their issues, allotting to each eastbound railroad its share of freight.

Then came the dressed-beef shipments—and later the discovery of that wonder-working factor known as the by-products of the packing concerns.

Soon after it was learned that a northern steer at maturity would weigh almost double what the same animal would average as a coaster, the grading up of the southern herds began so generally that very presently there was not a longhorn to be seen—even in Texas. The shorthorn and the white-face became universal on the range.

Meantime the northern cattle associations had made an exact business out of the old, formerly loose range work. The great painted page of the old range was turned. Its story was quite as large and dignified and significant as ever it was lurid and thrilling.

We should think, then, of the old Cow Trail as starting not far from the Rio Grande and running north to the British possessions. Cattle often were bought in old Mexico and driven entirely across the United States. This was by no means on one continuous pastoral road, though at one time, such was the danger of the mysterious tick fever, it was proposed to set aside a strip of country along the trail throughout its entire length to which the Texas range cattle should be confined. Quarantine took care of that afterward. North of the Red River at least there was great divergence of the paths to the cow markets, which themselves were so rapidly shifting in the early railway days of the West. Competition of all sorts sprang up quickly. Fortunes were made and lost. It is old stuff to-day, the story of the Cow Trail, in times when we don't really need much but a suburban time-table and a knowledge of the closest business lunch; but perhaps it may not be unwelcome or amiss to have a look at a little of the old stuff.

Wild Villages of the Border

At one time or another trail cattle were marketed all over Central Kansas. At first Wichita, then Newton, just built on the new Santa Fé road north of Wichita, attracted the Texas drovers. Newton was a wild village in its day, with a record of an even dozen men for breakfast one morning. On north of Newton, on the lower line of the Union Pacific system across Kansas, was Abilene, also a place of wild border history in its brief day. This line, however, was to the east of what we might properly call the Long Trail of the range.

If you will look on a map of the United States you will see that Dodge, Kansas, is almost directly north of San Antonio, Texas, and also that Sioux Falls, South Dakota, is almost north of San Antonio, though usually we think of San Antonio as being farther to the westward than either of these points. Let us lay out our big trail, then, from a point just west of San Antonio, crossing the Red River at Doan's Crossing and running straight to Dodge, Kansas. North of Dodge and on the next east-and-west line of rails we begin to strike such additional towns as Hays, Ellsworth, and so on, all of them hot cow camps for a little while.

Our Cow Trail was headed for about the center of the South Dakota line, but it did not run straight so far to the north. A little to the west and north we now find, on the upper Union Pacific line, the town of Ogallala, which in its day was a great terminus for Indian beef that had come up the trail. Some cow village! And on to the northwest of that lay all of Wyoming and Montana, at first without a native head of cattle. That was a tremendous industry alone—the stocking of these territorial ranges and the grading up of the lower cattle with the heavier Northern breeds. It is this phase of the cattle industry with which literature has had most to do, and it is there that the average man has got his impressions of cow-punchers and cow-punching. The story of the old trail really lies ahead of that, but is much less known.

Long Trail Winds Into Oblivion

This will give some simple idea of the geography of the main trail, which really was an interwoven series of cow paths, with these long side shoots. In 1895 I saw the old Cow Trail marked very plainly in the Stillwater Valley of Montana. In 1886 I had seen it still more plainly marked across the Neutral Strip, or No Man's Land as it then was called—what is now the western end of Oklahoma. This was almost a thousand miles southeast of the Stillwater country; almost ten degrees of longitude east, almost ten degrees of latitude south. The Stillwater country, near the Crow Reservation, was not so very far from the upper end of the trail, though the Blackfoot Agency was still farther north. In almost forty years of wandering I have, largely by chance, followed or crossed the old Cow Trail—I was on the point of saying for every fifty or one hundred miles of its length. I don't think it ever was as clearly marked as some of the old buffalo trails.

In the spring of 1886 the trail was very distinct across the Neutral Strip and we followed it for a time. We were in there buffalo hunting, for at that time there were a few hundred head of buffalo still left in the southern herd. Our party was after calves only. I have killed antelope in the Neutral Strip or just below it in the Panhandle—I don't know just where it was—on the headwaters of the Beaver, one of the upper reaches of the Canadian. At those water holes each day ten thousand cattle would come in to drink. Usually they came in on a run, perhaps from points a dozen miles away. So plenty of men still living saw the buffalo and the antelope and the trail cattle all at the same time.

At the Black Hills, some twenty-five years later, I saw also the last of the great northern range herds coming in to be shipped to Eastern markets, never to be renewed. The last round-up had been held. Ranging cattle had ceased to be profitable in South Dakota. Thousands of splendid-looking animals—white-faced, deep-chested beef stock—were being driven in on their last drive by their owners, who were going out of the business. So, I presume, I might say that I have seen some of the upper and lower extremities and midsections, some of the last days and scenes of the old trail of the cow range. I did not myself ride that trail, though I lived in New Mexico in 1881 and saw much of the upper range in later years. I do not know any writer who ever rode it through full length, excepting Andy Adams, and his books about it are the only really accurate Western stuff I have ever seen which had to do with cow-punchers and cow-punching. Most of the Western range fiction is rot to real cowmen.

No one has marked out the trail of the cows. For the most part it is plowed under and gone forever. The Oregon Trail is marked out with historical accuracy to a large extent. We always have loved the Santa Fé Railroad, once capitalizing the fact that in part at least it followed the old Santa Fé Trail up the Arkansas. The Big Muddy still comes down from the fur country above old Benton and we almost feel that we can see the marks of Manuel Lisa's keel boats on the sand bars. But the old Cow Trail is gone, unmapped and unmarked, and few now know or care where it lay. The time-table is all we need.

(Continued on Page 173)

Do away with these annoyances.

Start the Heating Year Right—

Have Comfortable, Economical Steam Heat

LAST winter perhaps your steam radiators remained stone cold or only lukewarm in spite of a tremendous fire in the boiler. They leaked all over carpets and hardwood floors and ceilings below. Or sometimes they banged and rattled through sleepless nights.

That "perfect" steam heat system of yours did not do what you were led to believe it would—deliver economical, noiseless, leakless heat.

Why?

Because the air valves—those little nickeled things on your radiators—were imperfect, needed adjustment or were "tired." Such valves do not let cold air out of the system and so radiators become air bound—they can't heat up. Or if the faulty valve does open, it allows water to spurt out—or it gets stubborn and does nothing at all but remain shut tight—strangling the system—creating abnormal conditions and so noisy pipes or cold radiators.

These defects mean wasted coal—tons of it—and what is more—no heat. You can eliminate all these troubles quickly and at little expense by getting a good valve—one that is entirely automatic, and so durable it lasts for years.

Any good heating contractor can tell you all about the best valves—Hoffmans.

HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

There is a special **Hoffman Valve** for every type of steam system — whether simple or complex. The most unusual valve problems can be solved by a **Hoffman.**

Hoffman Valves let all cold air out of radiators—and do it noiselessly. There's no "banging"—the system is allowed to "breathe" quietly.

Hoffman Valves never leak scalding water, to ruin rugs and ceilings below. The thermostatic float takes care of that.

Hoffman Valves cut coal costs. They let the steam into the radiator and keep it there where it belongs, to radiate the heat you pay for.

Hoffman Valves are "Fool Proof" because they need no adjusting. Built and tested at the factory—their automatic perfection is sealed in.

If your system at home is the simple one-pipe type—you will want Valve No. 1. Your heating contractor has it in stock and can make a complete installation in a few hours. If you own a hotel, factory or office building—or are just a tenant—there's a special Hoffman Valve for you, too.

Send to our New York Office for this booklet, "More Heat from Less Coal." It treats, in a chatty, non-technical way, upon the ills of a steam system—and how each can be prevented or cured. It tells, too, how heating systems operate—things of real interest to us all.

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, INC., 512 Fifth Ave., New York

Los Angeles
215 W. Seventh Street

Chicago
130 N. Wells Street

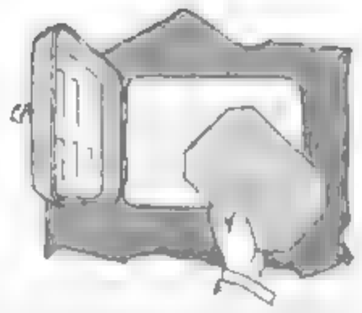
An Unqualified Guarantee

The satisfactory operation of Hoffman Valves is guaranteed for five years. If, for any reason, you are dissatisfied new valves will be furnished or your money returned, whichever you prefer—without quibbling.

A number of home builders have written us of late asking us to point out the difference between Asbestos and Asphalt Shingles. There are probably many more who also want to know—hence this advertisement.

Having made both Asphalt and Asbestos Shingles we are able to advise fairly—and to this point, that as between Asbestos Shingles and Asphalt Shingles—we recommend emphatically Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. We believe the tests below will bear out this judgment.

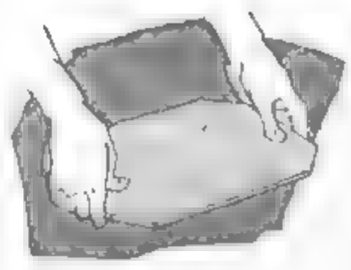
Four Tests that only ASBESTOS SHINGLES★ *can stand*



Throw one in the furnace

Here's a test too severe for even expensive tile or slate. The immunity of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles to fire is one of the biggest safeguards they offer.

No. 1



Try to bend one

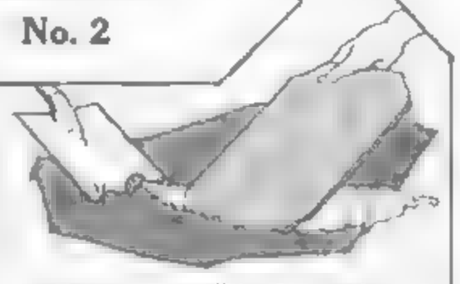
They are hard and strong—unyielding and yet tough, rather than brittle—just as you would expect of a material made of Portland Cement and Johns-Manville Asbestos Fibre.

No. 2

Scrape the surface with a knife

There is no protective surfacing. Simply a dense, all-mineral, rot-proof, practically everlasting stony slab—that can't crack, decay, curl or warp.

No. 3



Bury one. Dig it up in six months

A Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingle buried for months in damp ground—constantly wet and under continuous action of corrosives of the soil, emerges unchanged except that it is harder and tougher than when buried.

No. 4

Send for the booklet that gives the kind of information that a home builder wants.

A SHINGLE that is beautiful, everlasting and fire-safe. In three words, this is a specification for the ideal home roof. Beauty—in color, texture and shadowing, lasting in all sorts of weather without the need of repairs, and fire-safe, which to the progressively minded home builder is of vital importance.

Composed entirely of Portland Cement and Johns-Manville Asbestos fibre. Compare this composition with any other shingle on the market.

Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are applied in the same way as other shingles—by the same labor and over the same roof framing construction. Send for the booklet that gives the kind of information that a home builder wants.

★ *If you consider Slate or Tile as Shingles, remember when you read the tests at the left that these more expensive materials have not there been considered as shingles.*

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 63 Large Cities

COVERS THIS CONTINENT

Through—

Asbestos
and its allied products

INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs
CEMENTS
that make boiler walls leak proof
ROOFINGS
that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

(Continued from Page 170)

We all like to read lurid Western fiction, just as we like to read any melodrama, and for the same reason—personal egotism. We like to go along with the hero, our legs also in hairy chaparajos, a trusty six-gun on our right leg, low down, saying to ourselves as we read: "That is just what I would have done! I also would have eloped with the wealthy rancher's daughter, in spite of the rich man from the effete East who sought her hand! I also, a very deep handkerchief round my neck and with the aforesaid wealthy rancher's daughter across the horn of my saddle—a most uncomfortable but necessary position—would have smiled scornfully across my shoulder as casually I turned and with six unerring shots from my trusty six-shooter slew six outlaws on one hand, six rustlers on the other, and in the middle distance six of the pursuing henchmen of the wealthy rancher above mentioned! I would have been On-the-Spot-John whenever the range was threatened by rustlers, cow thieves or oppressive neighboring barons! I would ever have protected innocence if it had cost me my last handkerchief!"

Yes, I presume we shall always like to read about such things, because we all want to be heroes—and think we are heroes who have just been oppressed by fate; whereas likely enough we just haven't had sand enough to strike out on a long unknown trail for ourselves. For those mildly ambling souls who can stand a little plain prosaic truth once in a while there are a great many interesting things connected with the old Cow Trail.

Truthfully speaking, it was a devious pathway through the ages as well as through the lands. By our language we Americans can trace ourselves back to Rome and back to Northern France. In like way we can follow the old cowman's life and adventures back to Mexico and Spain and Northern Africa. The Long Trail actually began in Barbary.

The cow horse was the dependence of the cow trade. Without a horse no man could ever have branded cows or owned cows or trailed cows. In the dry short-grass country such a horse had to be able to live on dry food. The Western cow horse was almost as wild as the Western cow. He came from Spain, via Mexico, and his splendid courage and endurance, with his adaptability to a half-desert life, he got from the desert Arab horses of Northern Africa, which were taken into Spain in the Moorish invasion.

Horses Used as Currency

All the horses that the Indians had in the buffalo days came across the Rockies over such passes as the Kootenai Pass in Montana. Life, love and war for the Indians all depended on the horse. Horse stealing was his ambition in life. Horses measured his wealth. With horses he could buy women; the old-time schedule being, so to speak, plumb reasonable. There wasn't anything else much that he wanted, because with horses he could kill all the buffalo he needed and build all the houses he needed and keep down the high cost of living. He got all his horses from Oregon, Washington and upper California, which in turn got them from Southern California when that country was all Mexican. After the Civil War horses came straight north, east of the Rockies.

Though both the cow and the horse which came up on the trail met early changes, the customs and even the speech they brought with them proved singularly enduring. The cow trade was very largely Spanish and a great many Spanish words have moved north and become common in the West. Thus, latigo is Spanish, and so is cincha and cuerda—quirt. Chaps originally were chaparajos; and aparejos also came into the mountains from the south. When I lived in New Mexico a woman quite generally was called a moharrie—irreverent transcript from the Spanish mujer. Hombre we have come to learn from our returned Philippine soldiers. We never used to speak of a house but of a casa in New Mexico; and we did not say yes, but si. Some of these phrases passed north and lived for quite a while. I have heard poco tiempo in Kansas, and even "kin savvy"—the latter from the universal quien sabe of the polite Texan. Arroyo, rincon, salado, mesa—some of these phrases are common in Colorado or even farther north to-day. Still more general is the use of the word bronco—by proofreaders often spelled broncho, as though it were a throat disease. In Spanish bronco means simply wild not a bad shot at describing the average horse of the lower range.

Mañana, the Spanish word for to-morrow or "wait a while," did not stick well in the more energetic country where the climate was colder. Rodeo—the Spanish word for the round-up—did not get very far north of Colorado. The word mill—descriptive of the confused circling of cattle—came up from the South. It was Southern men who taught the Northern hands how to bed down their cattle on the drive and where to put the point men and the swing men on the trail. The North was not yet experienced and a whole new species of animals—and men—had come up from the half-Spanish South; a whole new industry, ready-made, a thing new and never repeated in our American big business.

You could tell the old cowman who came from the South. He would say "reckon" and "mebbe so," emphasizing the so. He never would say "I took" anything, but "I taken"—and he certainly taken plenty in his day. That seemed to him more elegant. You always heard "taken" for "took" all through lower Texas, and you even yet do throughout most of the South. In Kentucky the common people say "mounting," as being more elegant than mountain; and I even have known Southern little girls who spoke carefully of "cotting"—almost the only word in which they would pronounce the "g."

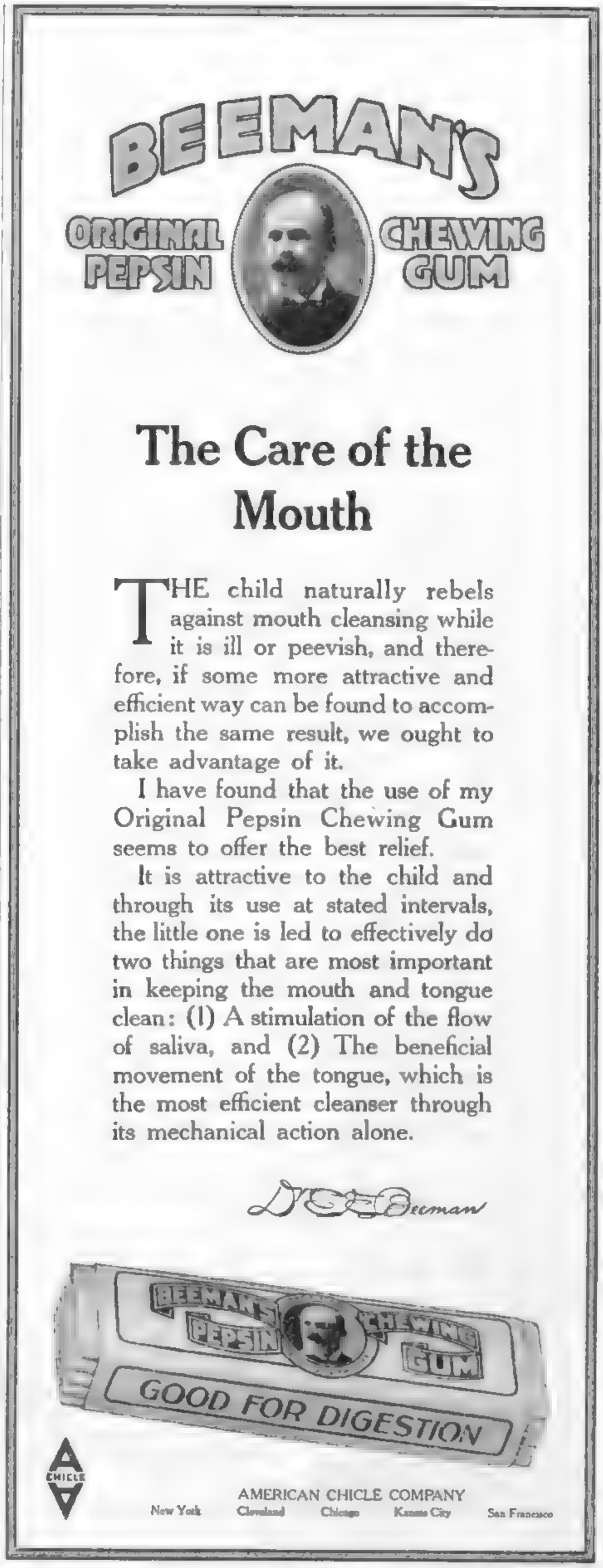
The Cowman's Open Shop

If the business of ranging and trailing cows was distinctly Southern, that also is to say it was distinctly American. I don't know how it is to-day on the remnants of the cow range, but as I knew it I do not recall that I ever heard among the cowpunchers a family name that was not clean American. I don't now remember ever having heard a German, Austrian, Russian or Balkan name. All those early boys at least were of straight early-American blood.

The men of the cow country in the cow days never originated the sympathetic strike or state socialism or the soviet or any I. W. W. propaganda. They never had any schools on the cow range deliberately and thoroughly teaching Bolshevism to school children by means of maps and mottoes. I wonder what would have happened to a man who had suggested to a good cow hand on the trail that it was time to quit at half past four? I wonder what chance any one would have had talking collective bargaining with a band of a dozen of these boys, trailing a quarter of a million dollars worth of beef at forty a month and found. Those men knew no time clock and never had heard of the euphemism "collective bargaining," but they knew what loyalty meant. If there came a run in the night, with perhaps five thousand cattle utterly mad with fright, loose on the plains, those men might go two days and nights without food, almost without water, riding as long as their horses could stand, trying to get together the scattered property of which they were the guardians. Do you suppose you could have told the foreman of a bunch like that that any man you brought in was just as good as any of the men he had and that he had got to pay him as much? Could you have told him what he ought to pay a man? Hardly! We were individuals in those days.

In that earlier and different day the cowman ran an open shop and he was his own judge about it. He didn't take any man's word for the ability of any of his hands to ride, rope and shoot—he looked after that himself. And those men who had ridden in the heat or in the rain till their lips were cracked and their bones chilled didn't come in the next day and ask for a raise. They took their medicine and they took their own place in the picture and they took their own chances—and they made good. That was a time of men. They knew perfectly well that one man was not so good as another; but they applied to every man the tests of courage and endurance and loyalty and faithfulness. A man had to stick to his brand.

That, to me, is the most splendid thing in all the story of all the Western trails—that evanescent hour of chivalry and faith. Adventure took most of our frontiersmen West, yes, but with it was mixed not a little sordid avarice and the general human desire for self-gain. Striking it rich in California was romantic; the fur trail was adventurous; but the north-and-south


BEEMAN'S
ORIGINAL PEPSIN
CHEWING GUM
The Care of the Mouth
THE child naturally rebels against mouth cleansing while it is ill or peevish, and therefore, if some more attractive and efficient way can be found to accomplish the same result, we ought to take advantage of it.
I have found that the use of my Original Pepsin Chewing Gum seems to offer the best relief.
It is attractive to the child and through its use at stated intervals, the little one is led to effectively do two things that are most important in keeping the mouth and tongue clean: (1) A stimulation of the flow of saliva, and (2) The beneficial movement of the tongue, which is the most efficient cleanser through its mechanical action alone.
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN CHEWING GUM
GOOD FOR DIGESTION
CHICLE
AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY
New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

Shave a New Way

—Easier, Quicker, Pleasanter

Then Compare It With the Old Way

Facts such as these convince the home shaver that harsh, slow ways are no longer necessary. Shavaid, the new, soothing beard-softener, replaces annoying and harmful operations, saves time, gives new delight. To learn its merit, send for a Free Trial Tube

HERE is a new, satisfying way to gain a comfort shave. A way now being adopted by men the nation over.

This welcome offering is Shavaid. It is a scientific preparation, perfected after countless experiments and tests.

It revolutionizes home shaving. It turns an irksome task into a refreshing pleasure. Once you try it you will never give it up.

Shavaid

Softens the beard instantly
—apply to dry face before the lather.

Saves time and trouble
—no hot water, no "rubbing in" of the lather.

Protects the face
—skin remains firm and smooth.

Removes the razor "pull"
—harsh ways age the skin prematurely.

Replaces after-lotion
—Shavaid is a cooling, soothing balm.

It Saves All This

Shavaid saves hot water applications. It saves rubbing the lather in. It saves waiting for the beard to soften. It saves doctoring an irritated skin with lotion afterwards. It means a quick shave, an easy shave, a luxury shave. It avoids discomforts in a close shave. It does instantly what old shaving methods took time to do.

If all this is so, you want it. You will never shave without it. No man abuses his face willingly.

Old vs. New

Simply coat the dry beard thinly with Shavaid, before applying lather. Note the cooling, soothing effect.

Note how the lather remains moist and creamy.

This way is quicker. Yet it protects the skin. Harsh treatments bring wrinkles too soon.

Hot water applications make the face tender and bring the blood to the surface. This may cause irritation. With Shavaid, you can obtain a close shave without irritation. The Shavaid way keeps the skin firm and smooth. The razor glides over easily.

And best of all, no lotions are necessary afterwards, for Shavaid is in itself a cooling, soothing, healing emollient. Its daily use keeps the cuticle in condition.

See If You Agree

We realize in introducing such an innovation that the quickest way for it to win its rightful popularity is to hasten its use by as many men as possible.

So we offer here, via coupon, a Free Trial Tube. It contains sufficient Shavaid for a convincing test.

After using this Trial Tube, and agreeing that you do not want to be without it, you can then buy Shavaid from your druggist at 50c a tube.

B&B

Shavaid

At Druggists—50c a Tube

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Free Trial Tube

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, Ill.
Mail free trial tube of Shavaid to

Name of _____

Street Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

1

trail of the cows was made by the man who stuck to his brand.

Through thick and thin—rich or poor, hot or cold, hungry or full, wet or dry—the cow hand stuck to his brand. He handled millions of dollars in raw property under all manner of hardships and dangers, and he never winced or whimpered or begged—not once. His life was hard and risky and no one coddled him or cared for him—but he never whined. He was an American. History may have produced more resplendent figures than these lank trail riders, men better educated, better clad; but I don't know of any country that ever produced any better stock of real manhood or one with better basic principles of personal honor. The cow-puncher was asked to ride and to shoot for his brand upon occasion; he was asked to rope and brand for his brand. He must hunger and thirst for his brand. He did it all cheerfully.

Men Who Stuck to the Brand

You could not have bluffed the old-time trail man with any sort of a threat. He would have told you where to go. He raised his wages when he thought the business would stand it and when he had good men who were worth it; and the men did not kick for higher pay all the time—they thought more of getting the herd through. And in those days on the range when we cooked a two-foot porterhouse steak in a trench we used to put it between a couple of other porterhouses so it would taste better.

What a country!

Let us form the herd once more! Send the boys out in the mesquite to get together three or four thousand head for the drive. Fifteen or twenty men ate at the home-ranch table yesterday—the foreman had picked his crew. The remuda, a hundred and fifty good saddle stock strong, is out on the creek across the hill. The cattle, driven in from their local ranges, are held loosely not far from the new branding pens. They are all in our own road brand now—and if we have luck we'll pick up a few head more before we strike Ogallala. The cook has packed his chuck wagon with canned tomatoes and sacked beans and side meat. His negro assistant once more is singing joyously: "Oh, then, Susannah, don't you cry for me!"

A new world lies beyond Doan's Crossing of the Red.

At full sun the dust streaks begin to show. The chuck wagon rolls out, the hobbles and beds under the canvas half-tilt. The point men go ahead with the first straggling bunch, the swings take the flanks at first more than a mile apart. Some cows stand and stare wildly, but turn and run toward the center, where the loose column is thickening from either side. A half mile, three-quarters, a mile long, the dust begins to stir. The herd is made and is on the move! The horse band follows on. We are bound up the trail.

"Oh, then, Susannah, don't you cry for me!"

Our cattle are off for a journey of a thousand miles and more on foot. They are wild, uneasy. They have fear of the mounted man, but strange trust in the mounted man as well. In time they break into the routine of the trail. There is no time clock on the trail, but the foreman divides his men so that bunk mates usually will stand the same night guard together. The work is made as nearly as possible fair and alike for all. It is not etiquette to kick. It is not etiquette either to ask or to offer aid.

The men all savvy cows. Each man is a real man. Everything goes gently, quietly; or violently, chaotically, as the case may be. The elements may take this thing in their own hands. One of the awful thunderstorms of the high plains may break, the air so full of electricity that it makes the cattle uneasy as they lie on the bed ground. The last touch of terror—and the dreaded run in the night begins.

Then perhaps heat, the dry march, dreaded as much as the run in the night. Hardships all the time. But never a kick, never a complaint. It is the creed of these men to be game—and to stick to their brand. And because they did stick to it they made that great pathway which is now a Homeric memory.

We have to meet life as it is to-day and not spend time weeping over the past. No time to lose now—we must all keep step; no time to make idle comparisons. Hard-boiled Bill did not do that—he changed with the changes. He has been graded up. He is no longer the lanky Texas boy, but a white-face, thick and stocky.

The Spirit of Hard-Boiled Bill

But just as the blood of every deep-chested steer in the stockyards now is in part the blood of the ancestral leggy coaster from Southern Texas, so remains and persists and endures the blood of the Cow Trail in us and ours. The sons of Hard-boiled Bill Robinson, millionaire banker and business man, ex-cowboy and ex-trail man, offered themselves freely when their country needed them. They stuck to the brand—the U. S. brand. He lost two of them; but he would have disowned them all had they stayed at home. The two who were killed in France were Harvard men. Hard-boiled Bill believes in education and in progress and he had seen to that. To-day is to-day.

No, Hard-boiled Bill himself, fresh from the chaste white barber shop of our rather decent club, is not quite the same man who in the cotton shirt and overalls once trailed northbound across the unsuspected farm lands of Kansas and Nebraska, the unsuspected oil lands of Oklahoma and upper Texas. But the same blood is his—American blood.

There are some in America who have not stuck to the brand, but they are not such men as Hard-boiled Bill. In all likelihood a lot of Bills quietly will continue to stick for this country and will not count the cost, come dry march, come night run, come fair or foul. The big hope of America's future will be the men with principles like those of Hard-boiled Bill, who never heard the word efficiency, but who were efficient for the sake of the brand and for sake of man pride.

For the Table

Perfection in table appointments at surprisingly moderate cost is possible with the Silverplate of Wm. Rogers & his Son, made in patterns of lasting charm and enduring beauty.

Quality Guaranteed

The Silverplate of

William Rogers and his Son

"The Best at the Price"

Made by

WM. ROGERS MFG. CO.

Also made in Canada by Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successors, MERIDEN, CONN.

With an unstropped blade
Seen under a powerful magnifying glass, an unstropped razor blade, after use, looks like a saw edge

With a stropped blade
Stropping keeps the tiny teeth of the blade in perfect alignment, and provides a smooth, keen edge for every shave

Can you average 42 good shaves from *one* razor blade?

—500 shaves from every dozen blades?

HOW many *satisfying* shaves do you get from one razor blade before it begins to pull and scrape?

On the first day, when the blade is fresh, your shave is smooth and cool. But every day after that first shave, your unstropped blade grows duller and duller. Soon the pulling and scraping are unbearable. You throw the old blade away—slip a new blade in your razor—and begin the same round again.

The real reason that blades grow dull

Under a microscope, a razor edge is seen to consist of hundreds of tiny teeth. When these teeth are in alignment, the blade is sharp. But the very first shave with a new blade bends these teeth out of alignment, and the blade begins to lose its edge.

With most safety razors, there is no way to smooth the delicate teeth back into alignment. The original smooth, fine edge of the blade grows rougher with every shave.

Today there is *one* safety razor that gives you a fresh, keen edge for every shave. With the AutoStrop Razor you will get at least 500 cool, clean shaves from every dozen blades—an average of 42 *satisfying* shaves from every blade.

Like a new blade for every shave

Built right into the frame of the AutoStrop Razor is a remarkable self-stropping device which *keeps* AutoStrop Razor blades keen edged as when new—day after day. It smooths the tiny teeth of the blade into perfect alignment, and gives you a freshly-sharpened blade in a few seconds—without taking the razor apart or removing the blade.

All the comfort of a fresh blade *every* day—that's what the AutoStrop Razor means for you! It ends the many shaving troubles due to dulled or dulling blades—"pull," aftersmart, tender spots on the face. Morning after morning it gives you a smooth, comfortable shave with a keen, freshly-stropped edge.

The AutoStrop Razor is the *only* safety razor that sharpens itself, shaves, and cleans without removing the blade. A touch of the thumb adjusts the blade for close, medium, or light shaving.

A few passes of the AutoStrop Razor over its specially-treated strop put the original keen, fresh edge back on the blade day after day

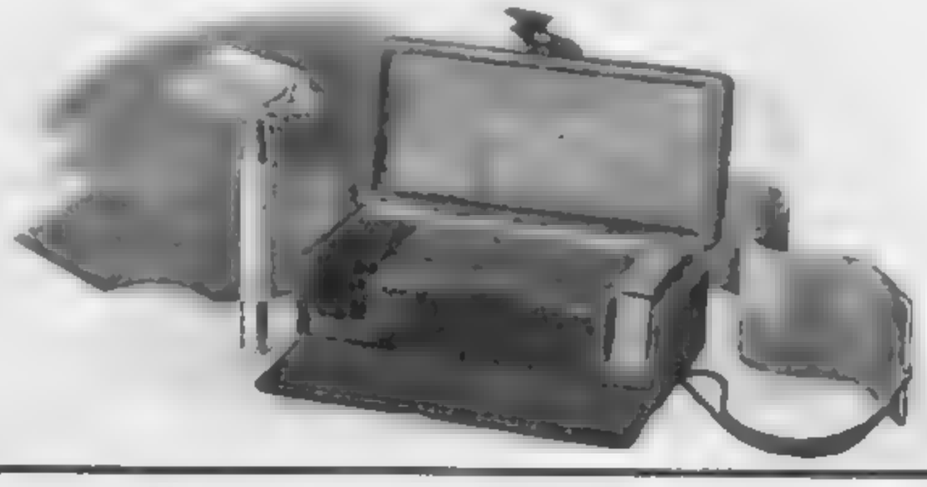
Don't put up any longer with the scrape and smart of unstropped blades. Begin tomorrow to get the comfort of a fresh, keen edge for every shave. Ask the nearest AutoStrop Razor dealer today about the 30-day free trial plan.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO.
New York Toronto London Paris

Which point is most sensitive in shaving—chin, upper lip, or throat? The places that most commonly give trouble are indicated by arrows. Only a freshly-stropped blade can prevent all irritation in these tender places.

AutoStrop Razor

—sharpens itself



Easy, Extra DOLLARS

Two facts especially please our representatives:

Curtis dollars are *easy to earn*.

The profits are *extra*—paid for their *spare* time.

If you have an hour or two to spare, let us pay *you* some easy dollars.

Big attractive publications, like *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, *almost* sell themselves. You can quickly obtain many orders. And the profits are very liberal.

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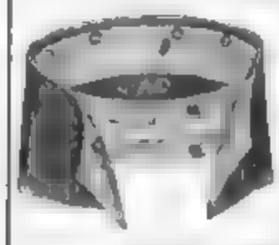

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RACE HORSE

Continued from Page 23

Then he opened up a big pocketbook and counted out a thousand dollars. He told my master to go down to the hotel about eight o'clock that evening and that he would probably see a man in the barroom who might be apparently under the influence of liquor. He said that this man would probably be talking very loudly and boasting about what a great race horse the Missouri Ghost was.

This man might offer to bet three or four hundred dollars at odds of two to one that the Ghost could beat any horse in my master's stable from one jump to the Rocky Mountains. He said this was the one man he trusted in that town, and if my master took up his defy it would start another race; because the minute the owners of the Ghost heard of this they would come piling in for some of the pie themselves.

I guess the doctor was a pretty wise man, because, in the first place, you notice he handed over his money to my master, which proved beyond a doubt that he was on the level; and, besides that, he was the only man who saw the race of the day before and sensed that something had gone wrong with the Grasshopper.

As it turned out, everything happened just as the doctor said it would. My master came home to the stable long after midnight. Barney was waiting up for him. He was very much elated, because he had bet all the money the doctor had given him at the average odds of three to one. He said that if he had had sense enough to wait a little longer and let them banter him some more he would possibly have got four or five to one. But, besides betting money, he had also bet the horses against one thousand dollars and the Missouri Ghost.

He laughed a good deal when he told Barney that they had chosen the doctor for stakeholder. He said that, of course, would not make any difference if he lost the race, because the doctor would pay over the money to whoever actually won it, regardless of consequences. He was absolutely square. It was just funny to think of them picking him for stakeholder; and incidentally, of course, it made him feel perfectly safe regarding the ultimate disposition of the money.

I confess I did not like the idea of forming part of the stakes for this race. I began to think that if anything should go wrong again, and we were beaten, I would change owners and lose the companionship of my dear friends. I lay awake most of the night and thought a good deal about this. It was the first thing I had on my mind in the morning, and I explained my fears to the Grasshopper.

He called me a chicken-hearted idiot and lectured me all over again on the crime of being afraid of anything. I really felt very much ashamed of myself when he had finished his dissertation. My gracious, that horse had the nerve of a lightning-rod peddler!

That afternoon, about three o'clock, we were all led down to the grand stand. I understood that bills of sale for all the horses, including the Missouri Ghost, had been drawn up, signed before a notary public and handed to the stakeholder.

Nearly everyone in town came out to see the race; but they all seemed to want to bet on the Missouri horse. They offered odds as high as five to one. My master must have secured some more money somewhere. I suppose he got it from the doctor, because when the odds went that high, just before the horses went to the post, he bet five hundred dollars against twenty-five hundred.

Since that time I have taken part in a great many races myself. Still, I shall never forget my excitement on that occasion. Sometimes I thought my heart would stop beating altogether. It seemed to get just too big for my body.

But I could not help admiring the Grasshopper as he went to the post. I must tell you he could canter just so slowly that he appeared to be just bobbing up and down in one place. He passed us on the way to the starting point, just arching his neck and pricking up his little ears, while occasionally reaching for the bit.

My master had a smile on his face. Anyone would have imagined they were both going out for a jaunt through the country lanes instead of about to do battle for everything the present and future held for them. That made me feel better.

Jane did not seem to care either. She bumped sharply against me and made as if she would kick me. She evidently knew what I was thinking about, because she snapped at me and called me a little fool. But just to show that I was preserving my mental equilibrium I told her that she was a hysterical hussy.

We had quite a passage of words, and she wound up by saying that I would have all my pertness taken out of me some day. Then I rubbed my muzzle against hers and told her to forget all about it which, after the manner of women, she did. I am not a woman hater, by any means.

Most of the Missouri crowd—that is, those who were interested in the Ghost—appeared to be pretty well under the influence of liquor. They stood round and bragged and boasted; one of them came up and tried to look into my mouth, because, he said, he would be my owner in a few minutes.

If you remember, I told you I knew how to use my front feet; and I let him have it. He went toppling over on the ground, but got up swearing a regular string of oaths and made as though he would kick me in the flank. Barney jumped forward and said:

"If you lay a finger on that colt I'll kill you!"

It wasn't the same Barney who was singing all the time. It was a different person altogether who uttered this threat. There was no doubt that he meant it. The tall Missourian backed away mumbling:

"You wouldn't kill nobody!"

But Barney did not deign to answer. Still, I noticed they all left me alone after that.

Up at the starting point the horses were curvetting round, each anxious to obtain an advantage. They must have stayed there fully an hour or more; even from where I stood I could see that their coats were dripping with perspiration.

My master appeared to be willing enough to break away; but the rider of the Missouri horse was taking no chances. I heard afterward that my master had kidded him a good deal at the post. He kept telling him to be very careful of that horse, because he was going to take him back to Canada and do his fall plowing with him.

Finally, after this long wait, they broke away together. I expected that Grasshopper would take the lead from the start; but he did not. The other horse led him fully three-quarters of a length to the upper turn. The Missouri crowd were, of course, yelling themselves hoarse; and they could yell too! If you ever heard the Missouri shrill war song you would know that. But all at once—and I cannot exactly describe how it was done, because it happened so quickly—the Missouri yelp of triumph died away as if it had been cut off with a knife.

I really thought something had happened to their champion, because, going round the upper turn, the Grasshopper pulled to the outside and passed him as if he had been tied to the fence. Then, while you could clap your hands, he was out in front by a clear length; and my, how he did run! Grassy's tail was spread out like a huge fan and my master was crouching low over his neck.

The boy on the other horse was whipping desperately, but without avail. The Ghost had met his match! Halfway down the home stretch Grassy was leading by three lengths—just galloping. I knew it was all over but the shouting, as they say; and Barney was doing that.

I looked over to where he was throwing his hat high in the air; and while it would be away up in the elements he would yell at the top of his voice:

"Come down here, you sportin' man's hat! Come down here!"

That's the last thing I heard as the Grasshopper flashed under the wire, an easy winner. When he came back to the judge's stand and my master saluted the judge—for permission to dismount—Barney rushed over and put both arms round Grassy's neck and kissed him.

After that the stakes were paid over and we all went back to the stable, taking the

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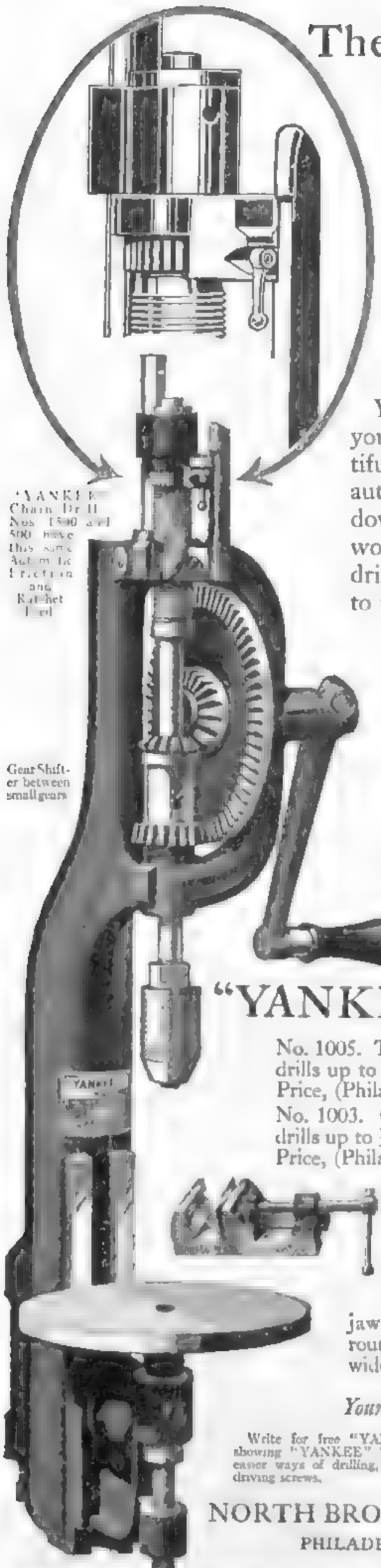

The "Feed" That is Easy on Drills

The upper illustration shows detail of the famous Automatic Friction and Ratchet Feed of the "YANKEE" Bench Drill. But no illustration—no description—can do it full justice.

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No. 1005. Two speeds, 3-jaw chuck, holds drills up to ½ in. Height, 28 in.
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NORTH BROS. MFG. CO.
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"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

Missouri Ghost with us. It was the first triumphal procession I ever took part in. My master appeared to be very much exhausted. If you don't think that sitting on a quarter horse at the post, keyed up to the highest tension, for more than an hour in a broiling hot Missouri sun is not a nerve-racking proceeding, you miss your guess. He lay on one of the little camp couches we used in the stables all the afternoon and watched Barney cool out the horses.

The Missouri people came along and wanted to buy their horse back; but my master would not talk to them at all. They were a pretty rough crowd and had used some pretty rough language in the making of the race. He did not want the horse, but he wanted to teach them a lesson.

They went away swearing vengeance. One of them said they would get back the horse anyway.

After dark the doctor arrived. Then he and my master divided their winnings. The doctor gave Barney five hundred as his share. But he told us that the Missouri crowd were all drunk downtown and getting pretty rough. He advised us to leave right away, because he said they were sure to come back sometime in the night to give us trouble. He said that, as they were down in their own country and surrounded by friends, they had a good deal the advantage of us.

It did not take us very long to get ready for our departure. We just saddled up and took only the horse clothing and what we could pack in our saddlebags. Barney rode the Missouri Ghost and led me. My master rode the mare and led Grasshopper.

We did not go out by the usual gate. Barney pried some boards loose from the back fence and we went through there. As I understood later, we were not very far from the Kansas line; and we headed due west, going at a brisk trot.

I imagine we had proceeded about five miles on our journey, and had stopped to get some water at a little creek that crossed the road, when Barney told my master that he thought he heard the sound of galloping horses. They both listened for a few minutes. It was quite clear that two or three horses were following us at a gallop.

There was a little clump of bushes to the right of the road, and my master decided that we should take cover there and await further developments. Barney dismounted and threw sheets over the horses' heads, so that they would not whinny and attract attention.

We did not have long to wait, for in a few minutes three men rode up to the creek. One of them was armed with a long shotgun. They pulled up to breathe their horses and let them have a swallow of water. We could hear them talking. In the moonlight my master and Barney recognized them as the former owners of the Missouri Ghost.

They were all very drunk; and it appeared from their conversation that they had followed our tracks through the sand road back of the fairground, from which they learned the direction we had taken. They never suspected that we were in hiding so close to them, but figured that we were still a long way ahead. After resting their horses a moment or two they set out again on a gallop.

Of course neither my master nor Barney knew anything about the geography of the country through which we were going, and therefore they could not figure on how soon our pursuers would get tired of a stern chase and retrace their steps. So we came out of the woods, went a few hundred yards down the main road, and turned off into a little bypath that apparently was not used much for general traffic.

Pretty soon we came to another clump of woods, through which the path took us. It wound round so much, however, that finally neither my master nor Barney could tell in which direction we were going. That really did not matter so much, so long as we kept clear of the enemy.

We traveled in this way for a few miles and again came out into a clearing. This time we found ourselves right on the edge of a well-traveled road. Whether it was the original one on which we had started out or not my master and Barney could not determine, but they decided to take a chance and keep on toward the west.

We proceeded upon our way for another mile down the road without interference of any kind. Then we arrived at a crossroad. Here we pulled up and debated as to which way would be the best to take. All the clouds had disappeared from the sky, the stars were out and the half-moon shone brightly overhead. It was easy to see plainly for a quarter of a mile down the roads in either direction, and not a sound broke the stillness.

However, just as we prepared to move on again a twig broke with a sharp crack in a clump of bushes on our left. A horse neighed and simultaneously a shot rang out. At the report the Grasshopper reared high in the air. He came down, apparently unhurt, as my master urged the mare forward.

For the first and almost the only time in my life I felt the sting of a whip. Barney had leaned over and struck me to get me into motion. We went off like the wind.

Twenty-five yards farther on another shot came from a fence corner on our right. It was a close call for me, because I heard the whine of a bullet as it whizzed past my head. Several other shots were fired from behind us, but they evidently went wide of the mark.

We raced down the road until we struck another bypath. Here we pulled in and stopped to listen. We could again hear the sound of galloping hoofs on the hard road, but it was only one horse this time. My master and Barney held a hurried consultation.

Then Barney passed the line by which he had been leading me over to my master, who took Grasshopper, the mare and myself a little farther up the path, where we could not be seen from the road. Barney rode back to the corner and waited.

We could hear the sounds of the galloping horse coming closer. He came on until he was almost opposite where we stood. Then Barney rode out to meet him. I could not see what happened right then; but afterward I learned that Barney had raced right beside the man who was pursuing us and knocked him off his horse with the butt end of his whip. He rode back in a few minutes.

Then we all started out again. Fifty yards down the road we passed the sprawled-out figure of a man lying in the dirt; and farther along a riderless horse was grazing in a fence corner. Neither my master nor Barney made any comment on this. They seemed to be more exercised about a bullet wound which the Grasshopper had received at the first fire.

Fortunately it was in the gristly part of his crest, however, and the ball had glanced off instead of passing through. Still, his pretty gray neck was all bespattered with blood; and it made me sick to look at it. Grassy carried that scar to the day of his death.

We went on through the night without further incident. Along toward morning we met a farmer going to market. He told us that we had crossed the state line and were now in Kansas.

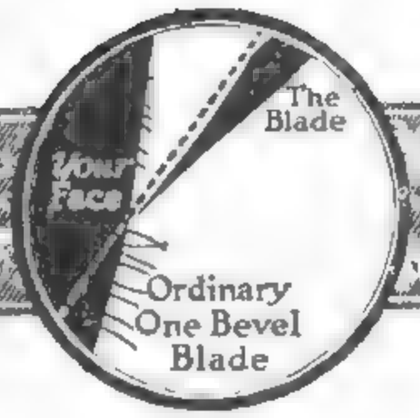
He appeared to be a nice-spoken man and said his farm was three miles back, on the main road.

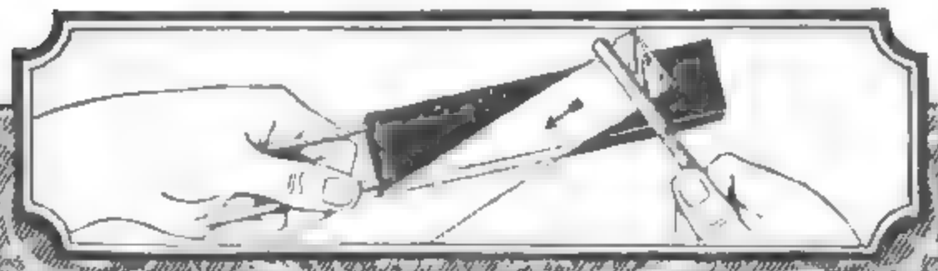
My master made a deal with him to let us stay there for some weeks, as he said he had good stabling. He noticed that Grassy was bleeding and my master told him the story of our adventurous night. So he turned his team round and personally conducted us to his house. Here he introduced my master and Barney to his wife, who was a pleasant-faced kindly woman.

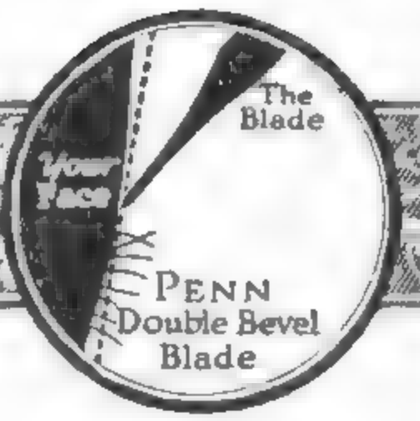
We were all made very comfortable; and I was not sorry, you may be sure, because I was footsore and leg-weary, as were my companions.

We stayed in this place, amid the pleasantest surroundings, for more than a month; and it was here that my education as a race horse really began. I will tell you all about that in the next section of this story.

(TO BE CONTINUED)







Penn Honing Strop makes your blades last long, $1.50

How I Discovered an Edge that Protects My Face

by A. C. Penn

I HAVE been in the cutlery business twenty years. During that time shaving edges have been my hobby.

Because I found that few men get satisfaction from the razors they use, I made up my mind to find a shaving edge with which any inexperienced man could shave himself as expertly as a head barber.

I made a long study of razor steel and edge grinding, both here and abroad.

* * *

One day in Europe I happened into a little old razor shop, where I bought a few razors to test, as was my custom.

Next morning I shaved myself with one of them.

It shaved differently from any razor I had ever used. It shaved with a keen, crisp, cracking sound. But I hardly felt the edge on my face at all.

When I had finished, my skin felt different. It felt as though something had been applied that *healed* the skin. It felt *better than before I had shaved.*

* * *

I went back to the old razorsmith and asked him why his razor gave such a cool, sensation-less shave.

He said, "Because I grind a *double bevel* on my blades instead of a single bevel."

"What does that do?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "a poorly made blade not only shaves off the beard, but also shaves off some of the skin. There is nothing to prevent such an edge from digging into the skin each time you pass it across your face.

"I make my blades with extreme care, adding a microscopic second bevel which lifts the shaving edge off the skin and guides it smoothly along the surface, shaving the beard off evenly, but not harming the skin.

"By thus keeping the edge lifted up from the face, you eliminate scraping, and do away with soreness after the shave. The Double Bevel *protects* your face."

The New Penn Adjustable Razor

I saw at once that this aged razorsmith had developed a shaving edge which millions of American men were looking for, an edge that *protects* the face.

It came to me that his double bevel accomplished the same result that the roller on a lawn mower does when it keeps the blades mowing the grass off evenly, but *not digging into the sod.*

You may criticize my comparing a razor blade with a lawn mower, but this comparison is the clearest way I know to tell what the double bevel does. No one would use a lawn mower that digs into the sod—why a razor blade that digs into the skin?

* * *

I made arrangements to build and market the Penn Safety Razor with double bevel blades ground just as this old man ground his. And I developed a razor which would carry this edge to the face in a natural manner.

If you will get a Penn Razor and try it you will realize the truth of the above statements.

If the store where you usually trade is not yet stocked with Penn Razors, we will be glad to supply you by mail.

Should the Penn Double Bevel blade not suit your beard, or should you find this razor unsatisfactory in any way, your money will be promptly refunded wherever you purchased the razor.

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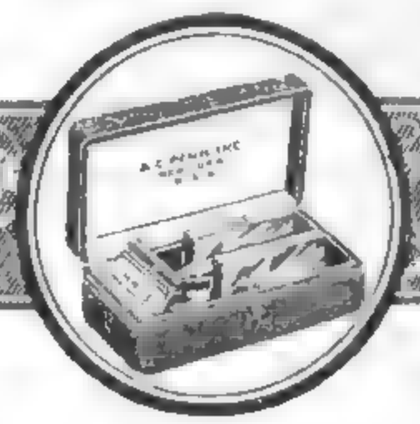
With the Double Bevel Blades

Penn Adjustable Razor with 10 Double Bevel Blades $5



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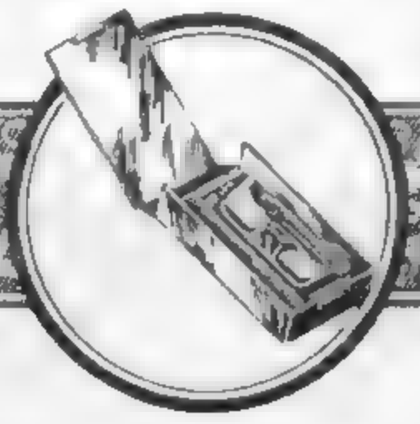
Penn "Vanitie" Vest Pocket Razor, with two Double Bevel Blades . $1



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How big a bag will *you* bring back?

THE difference between a bulging bag and a lean one is often a question of gun and shells and not of shooting skill.

Make sure you have the right game-getting combination—shells that kill when the aim is true, and a gun that enables the shell to make its best pattern

Good shell patterns are either *allowed* or *prevented* by the character of the gun barrel—the chamber, bore and choke.

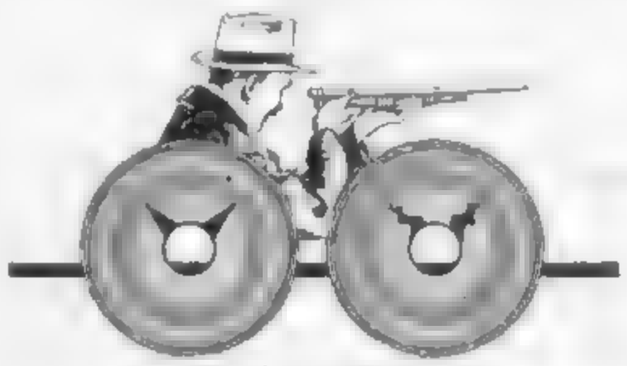
Faulty chambering even more than faulty choking tends to mash and "ball" the shot, making pellets fall short or fly wide.

And if a gun is faulty in its most vital part, the chamber, the chances are that the bore is also carelessly made.

From chamber to choke, the barrels of the famous Winchester Repeaters are bored to make the shell throw its highest pattern. They are free from shot-jamming defects. They let the shell do its full work.

"Line" test the barrel

Point a Winchester barrel toward the light and look through the bore. It looks like a highly polished mirror. Not a false shadow throughout the bore. Sight through the bore at a horizontal black line on the window. This line will throw a "V" shadow in the bore. Tilt the barrel till the point of the "V" touches



The "Line" test

Perfect bore of Winchester barrel revealed under "Line" test.

Irregularities revealed in inferior shotgun barrel under "Line" test.

the muzzle. The perfect "V" shows absence of irregularities.

This is the "Line" test of a perfect bore. No faulty barrel can pass this test—the "V" will be distorted.

What (P W) means

This mark on a Winchester barrel means that the gun has passed the "Winchester Provisional and Definitive Proof" test, having been fired many times for smooth action and accuracy, and strength-tested by firing 25 to 40 per cent excess loads. This stamp stands for Winchester's guarantee of quality, with 50 years of the best gun-making reputation behind it.

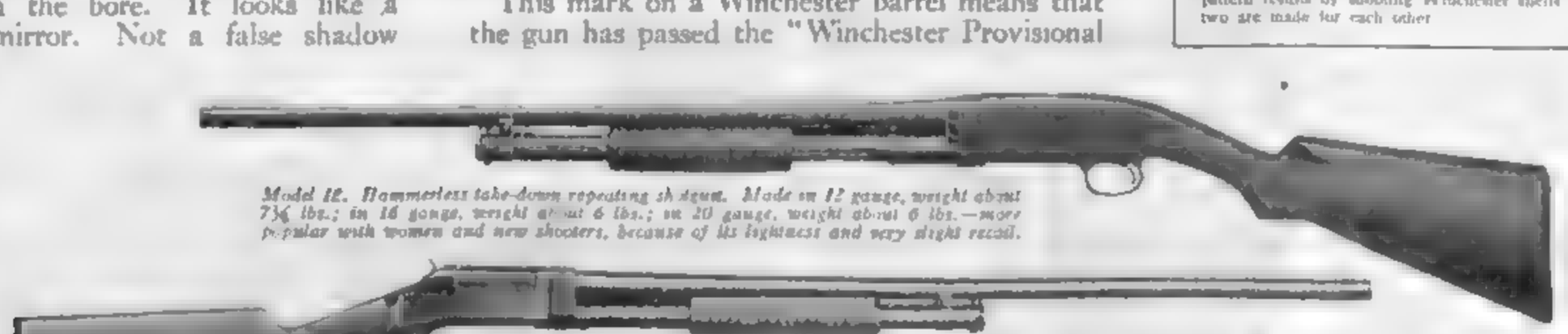
Your dealer will show you Winchester Guns and Ammunition

Before you take to the woods this Fall, get your dealer to show you a Winchester Repeater—Model 97 for hammer action; Model 12 for hammerless. Put one to your shoulder, try its balance; see how beautifully it handles. Your sportsman's instinct will tell you it's the best weapon you could choose. Leading hardware and sporting goods dealers in every community carry Winchester Arms and Ammunition. They will be glad to assist you in selecting the gun best suited to your needs. Upon request, we will mail you, free of charge, the complete catalog of Winchester guns and loaded shells.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
Dept. 128, New Haven Conn., U. S. A.

Important Notice

The chamber, bore and muzzle choke of all Winchester shotguns are *reamed* to micrometer measurements for the particular Winchester shells they are meant to shoot. You will get the highest and most uniform pattern results by shooting Winchester shells in Winchester guns. The two are made for each other



Model 12. Hammerless take-down repeating shotgun. Made in 12 gauge, weight about 7¾ lbs.; in 16 gauge, weight about 6 lbs.; in 20 gauge, weight about 6 lbs.—more popular with women and new shooters, because of its lightness and very slight recoil.

Model 97. Take-down repeating shotgun. Made in 12 gauge, weight about 7½ lbs.; in 16 gauge, weight about 7½ lbs. The favorite with shooters who prefer a slide forearm repeating shotgun with a hammer

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ACCORDING TO A PASSENGER

(Continued from Page 7)

and Albany, it began about 1878 to make its way stations and their grounds agreeable. It was the first to use stone ballast. In 1904 it brought over from France a French locomotive, and thereupon, in 1905, introduced the Walschaert motion—outside valve motion—on one of its heavy freight engines.

This equipment was first put on its express engines in 1906, dubbed "the grasshopper" by Pennsylvania employees, and is now the model followed all over the country in Atlantic and Pacific types of engine, as well as in the heavy freight types. In steps toward perfection it has nearly always walked first. In 1892 it was for a while behind the New York Central in the arrangement of its Pullman lavatories; a little later, for a while, its engines fell behind; and to-day its dining-car service is inferior to many.

I spare you the enumeration of further details, pausing merely to remind anybody who has forgotten it that during several years when the New York Central stuck stubbornly to a stupid patent mechanical drum brake which had to be reset each time it was sprung, the Pennsylvania was using the Westinghouse brake. The officials of the road in adopting it equipped their trains not with a bad thing but with the very greatest invention in railroads since the invention of railroads themselves—the application of compressed air to simplifying and safeguarding the control of motion.

From England in 1863 or '64 the Pennsylvania borrowed one great device for safety, the block-signal system, now making its way elsewhere in our country; in 1870 it borrowed the interlocking block; in 1871 it also borrowed the time-saving invention of taking up water between the rails instead of stopping to fill the tank. It was the first to adopt all these improvements. Many have followed it, except in taking up water; very few other roads use this.

At last we had developed a long-distance train equipped with six-wheeled trucks, vestibules, air brakes and air signals, steam heat, electric light and fans, sleeping cars, parlor cars and dining cars. Every one of these was an American invention, and every one has been adopted by Europe. Their cars have ceased to be light little boxes in which you are immovably locked, and which rattle along upon four wheels, one at each corner; they are nearly as long as ours, you can circulate through them by their corridors and vestibules; and, in short, Europe has borrowed all our good points and modified them where necessary to her usages.

Thus her long-distance train to-day beats ours in two of the three points: Speed as always, and comfort at length, because she has at length taken every advantage we had—except checking baggage; while we still fail to profit by certain of her points in which she is our superior.

Before coming to these I have a criticism that cuts both ways. The sleeping-car system in Europe—not England, where it is excellent—is highly illiberal and not very comfortable. It is an irresponsible monopoly. You have to travel first class to use a sleeping car. Our system of fares and tourist sleepers allows the comfort of a bed to many more travelers. On the other hand, our sixteen-section Pullman is an offense. Bulging curtains, bumping bodies, struggling trousers, multifarious underwear—what a mess! What an uncivilized vulgar mess! What a smircher of what was once American delicacy!

Do our people prefer this? Does the American woman really enjoy this sort of promiscuity? Is it unreasonable to wish, if not to hope, that a demand upon the part of the traveling public may some day make one or two compartment sleepers a matter of course in all-night express trains, and furthermore, that compartments for one may be generally available as once they were between New York and Boston? Or would this offend the spirit of democracy? To our dining cars I commend the European way of giving to passengers in advance a choice of hour and relay tickets naming the hour, thus doing away with that standing cue that chokes the corridor while it waits its unorganized turn.

In concluding I could instance many European railroads whose best trains surpass ours, and I will choose the last I used—from London to Liverpool on June 2, 1919—and specify its superior points. Besides every advantage our limited expresses possess, first, it had better chairs, in my opinion. Our Pullman chair fits your back less well, is more fatiguing. Second, its windows let down instead of pushing up. This is incomparably better. You can lower such a window all the way, or just a couple of inches from the top, or more inches, as you please. The air thus blows in above your head, doesn't flutter your book, doesn't disturb you at all. With our stupid and preposterous custom you shove your window up, thus letting the very first inch blow against you, and many of our windows cannot be opened more than a quarter or half at all. The mechanism of the European windows is smoother than ours, and all in all our window is a fool to it. The Pennsylvania Railroad had a car equipped with the French

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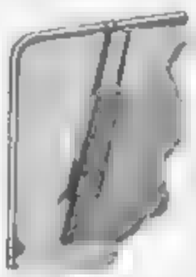

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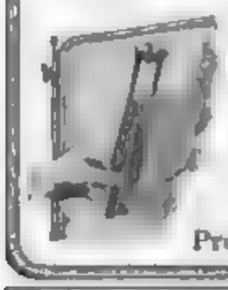

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pull-down window. They ran it for a while but it was unsatisfactory, and about the time we got into the war it was dismantled. The question is going to be taken up again in order to correct the defects that this particular trial developed. To this innovation the public will very likely object at first, just as it would probably object to the abolishing of promiscuity in the Pullman sleeper. The public seldom knows a good thing when it sees it, but the public can be quickly educated. Third, smoke and cinders are a pest with us. They cover us, blacken us, get in our hair, smutch our books. The Pullman wire screen keeps out air, but not smoke and cinders. It so happens that as I write these words I am sitting in the Colonial Express from Boston to Philadelphia, going over the Jersey meadows to the Manhattan Transfer, and copying my facts from life. Smoke, engine smoke all over the flats, Erie smoke, Lackawanna smoke, vomiting from locomotives. New Haven smoke and cinders lately defiled me; after the Manhattan Transfer, Pennsylvania smoke will defile me all the way to Philadelphia, unless I shut my window. Soon, on hotter days, smoke and cinders will make a dirty paste with my perspiration.

From London to Liverpool not a whiff of smoke, not a cinder came through the open window on that North Western train. Seldom anything but a clean white vapor escaped from English smokestacks. Why? The English have the advantage of a very good coal of uniform quality. With us coal is not uniform. This is one of our difficulties in the way of education of the men. It is almost impossible to keep any one particular coal in the hands of any particular set of men, so as to enable them to become accustomed to firing a particular coal. Nevertheless, we ought to improve our practice very materially by the education of the men. It would appear that the English stoker has more skill than the American. The introduction of the larger fire box, the brick arch, the superheater and the combustion chamber will ameliorate smoke and cinders, but not entirely eradicate them.

I have covered the main points of similarity and difference between the trains of Europe and our own. The sum total is that they have borrowed our good points, while we could still borrow to advantage one or two of theirs.

I had nearly forgotten the State Railway of France, government owned. It runs west and southwest from Paris, serving Havre, Cherbourg, Brest, St.-Nazaire, Bordeaux. You don't have to go to Bordeaux on it. There's a better way. It's the worst railroad in France. I skip figures showing the increase in employees and decrease in efficiency when the government took over the Western Railroad, as most of this was once called. I skip the deadheads that now fill our government-managed trains—most deadheads used to be forbidden by law when the railroads ran themselves. I'll merely select one personal experience on the Chemin de Fer de l'Etat.

It was July 8, 1914. Three of us arrived at five ten P. M. by automobile at Courtalain-St.-Pelerin. This station is a junction where branch lines diverge in three directions from the main line between Paris and Niort. Some forty trains leave or arrive there each day. Only certain main-line fast expresses pass without stopping; possibly eight. Two employees were in the ticket office.

"There's a train for Chartres at five fifty-eight?" I said.

There was. I had known this from the railroad guide, carefully read, as usual.

"Three second-class tickets to Chartres, please."

"No second-class cars on this train."

"Oh, yes, there are."

They stared. They little knew with whom they were dealing! My French misled them. They took me for a novice.

"Just consult your time-table," I suggested. "That's what I always do when I am ignorant."

They did.

"And now, please, three second-class tickets for Chartres." And I put down a hundred-franc note—twenty dollars.

"We cannot change it," said one.

"I've nothing smaller; at least not enough for three tickets."

"We cannot change it. The cash box has been locked up for the night."

Through the ticket window I contemplated them, these two perfectly good voters, whom the French democracy had seen fit to inflict upon Courtalain-St.-Pelerin.

"It doesn't regard us," I said, "that this station, whence several more trains are still to depart before night, is left by you without any change at five o'clock in the afternoon. If you can't sell us tickets we shall get on the train without them, and explain the reason clearly to whomever it may concern."

The two inside the window were now joined by another, and the three laid their heads together.

"At half past five you shall have your tickets," I was told.

I had them at half past five; but the slight exercise in arithmetic—the multiplying the second-class fare to Chartres by three and subtracting this from one hundred francs was too much for the brains of these perfectly good voters. They got out a pencil and paper, and ciphered painfully before learning how much change was due me.

During this process I remarked to the waiting room: "One sees well that this road is run by the government."

Then our train came, and we went to Chartres.

Table of Contents

SHORT STORIES

The Moral Weapon—*Will Irwin* 3
A Sunset—*Anthony Wharton* 8
Cock-A-Doodle-Doo!—*Octavus Roy Cohen* 12
Strictly According to Plan—*George Weston* 14
Tutt and Mr. Tutt—*Arthur Train* 18
The Worm Turneth—*Peter Clark Macfarlane* 20
They Grind Exceeding Small—*Ben Ames Williams* 46
Mary of Mulesback—*Helen Topping Miller* 50

SERIALS

The Autobiography of a Race Horse—*L. B. Yates* 22
Hunkins—*Samuel G. Blythe* 24
Trimmed With Red—*Wallace Irwin* 26

ARTICLES

According to a Passenger—*Owen Wister* 6
Clothes—*Kenneth L. Roberts* 10
Birth and Death in Industry—*Albert W. Atwood* 17
Our Drifting Railroads—*Edward Hungerford* 29
Traveling the Old Trails—*Emerson Hough* 36

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials 28
Everybody's Business—*Floyd W. Parsons* 32
Sonnets of a Soda Slinger—*Berton Braley* 45
Who's Who—and Why 57
The Poets' Corner 62

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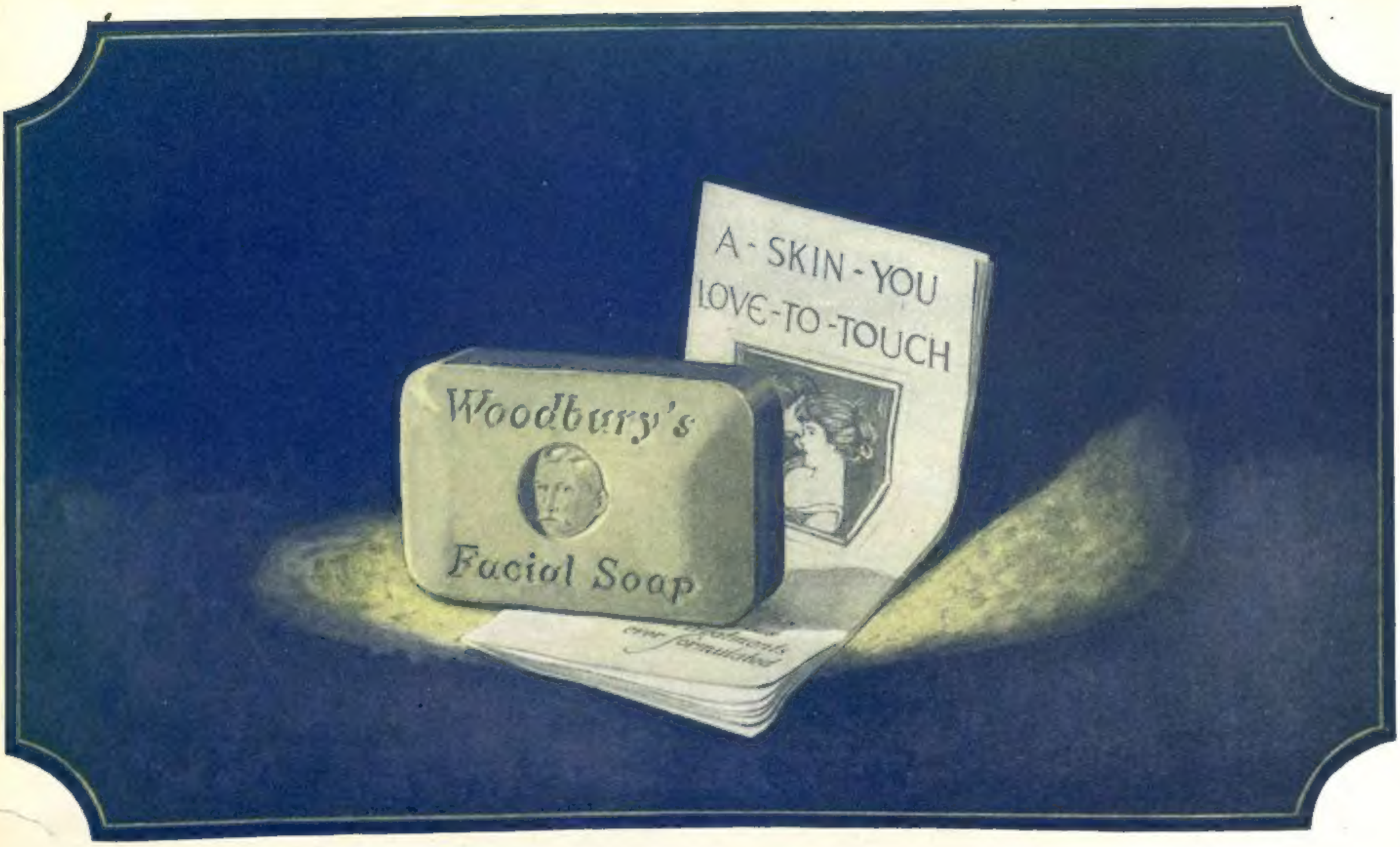

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CONTENTS

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Blackheads
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Sluggish Skin, etc.

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